

7:00 a. m. today, 74 per cent.  
 Barometer, Reduced to Sea Level,  
 7:00 p. m. yesterday, 29.92 inches  
 7:00 a. m. today, 19.99 inches.  
 Highest wind velocity for the tw  
 ty-four hours ending at noon to  
 12 miles per hour from the south  
 1:45 p. m.

**W. S. PALMER.**  
**Local Forecasts**

# HOPE TO SETTLE LINEMEN'S STRIKE

## Board of Works to Confer With the Arbitration Committee.

Members of the board of public works expect to hold another meeting with the arbitration committee of the Fort Wayne Federation of Labor late this afternoon, at which they anticipate a working agreement would be perfected under which the striking linemen will resume work on Monday. There was a conference last night at which the situation was gone over carefully and at which the board agreed to write to other cities and ascertain what wages are being paid. It is shown that the local linemen are not receiving as much as they are at other points then the advance will be granted. This was reported back to the federation and at the meeting called for today it is believed the men will return on the conditions named.

# Anniversary of the Reformed Orphans' Home, Thursday, August 10th.

# MOWS DOWN POST WITH MOTORCYCLE

Carl Fisher, at 60-Mile Gait, Wrecks Machine and is Painfully Hurt.

# ACCIDENT AT TRACK.

A young man named Carl Fisher was painfully hurt at the Driving park Friday afternoon when the motorcycle he was driving got beyond his control and in sweeping into the stretch at the back turn of the track mowed down three of the fence posts which skirt the track and piled itself up in a mass of wreckage. Fisher has a number of serious cuts and bruises, but he miraculously escaped fatal injury. The machine was one he was to have ridden in the races tomorrow, but it was a strange one to Fisher, and in order to familiarize himself with it, Fisher was "trying it out." In some manner when he went to slow down its speed he threw on the full power and the motorcycle took the turn at sixty miles an hour.

# TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

When moving from one part of city to another, kindly phone 173 and The Sentinel will be at your new location the first evening. Do not depend on carrier boys to have your paper changed.



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# BLUFFTON MOVES FOR STREET-FAIR

## Meeting of Citizens to Promote Enterprise Well Attended.

Bluffton, Ind., Aug. 5.—Nearly every business house in Bluffton was represented at the mass meeting held Friday night for the purpose of talking over plans for a street fair and fall festival. It was decided to give the fair during the latter part of September and committees were appointed.

# AGED PIONEER WOMAN ILL.

Bluffton, Ind., Aug. 5.—Mrs. Elizabeth Merriman, aged 90 years, is living at her home on North Main street in a critical condition as the result of a broken hip, which she received in a fall a few days ago. On account of her advanced years the injury is considered extremely serious and little hope is held for her recovery. She is one of the pioneer residents of Wells county and lived in the vicinity of Oeslin for many years.

# BLUFFTON MINOR NEWS.

Bluffton, Ind., Aug. 5.—Fred Hull, a well known printer of this city, is in a serious condition as the result of brain trouble. Little hope is held for his recovery. Alleging cruel and inhuman treatment, Mrs. Martha Thornburg has filed suit for divorce from her husband, Thomas Thornburg. The case will come up in the September term of the Wells circuit court. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Waring and Mrs. Martha Waring are visiting relatives in Indianapolis. Mrs. B. C. Kelley and children are spending two weeks with relatives in Rockford, O. Mr. and Mrs. James Clark, Mrs. James Watkins and Fred Clark have returned home from Lake George, where they spent two weeks. R. C. Culbertson left Friday for his home in Mitchell, S. D., after spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Redding. Dr. and Mrs. P. L. Robinson and Mrs. C. L. Snyder left Friday afternoon for Lancaster, O., for a visit of several days with relatives. Mrs. C. E. Hagler and daughter, Nondas, are visiting at the home of her parents in Webster county. Samuel Waddy left Friday for a trip of ten days through the eastern states. J. O. Johnson, of Rush county, is visiting with his brother, Henry Johnson and family. Miss Leota Conklin, of Elkhart, is the guest of Miss Fern Lounsbury and other friends. O. N. Reaton and family, Ben F. Reaton and wife and Miss Dorothy Reaton were guests of friends in Bluffton Friday. Otto Hink has returned from Port-Arthur, Mo., where he has been visiting relatives for several weeks. Miss Josie Dillmore, of Elwood, is a guest at the home of George Panas. Mrs. J. A. Wolfe, of Indianapolis, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bartemey. Mrs. Peter Pence left Friday for Elkhart to visit with her sister, Mrs. David Gottschalk. Mrs. Charles Dingley and son, Robert, returned home today from Indianapolis, where they have been visiting relatives. William F. Schick left Friday for Chicago, where he will spend several days visiting relatives. Miss Ethel Frutche, of Columbus Grove, O., is the guest of Rev. G. B. Garner and family. R. N. Prosserper is arranging to move to Louisville, Ky., where he has accepted employment as a photographer.

# WANTED—Cigarmakers; first-class hand workmen.

Cresto Cigar Factory, 2311 John.

# THE DEATHS.

# BREIMEYER.

Henry Breimeyer, 81 years of age, died at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon at his home, 507 West Jefferson street, from tuberculosis of the bowels, after an illness of eight weeks.

# FUNERAL NOTICES.

Brockerman—Funeral services for Thomas W. Brockerman will be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the residence, on Pitt avenue, the Rev. T. M. Hill officiating. Burkholder—Funeral services for John Burkholder will be held Sunday morning at 10 o'clock from the residence of Christian L. Gehert, a brother-in-law of the deceased, 1012 Rivermet avenue, and the remains will be taken to New Haven for interment at the I. O. O. F. cemetery. Services at the grave will be conducted by the I. O. O. F. lodge, of New Haven, of which the deceased was a member. Benga—Funeral services for Herman Benga will be held Sunday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from the residence, 2397 John street, thence to Zion's Lutheran church at 2 o'clock. Interment at Concordia cemetery.

# You can take "The Sentinel" with you on your vacation, 10c per week. Notify the circulation department by mail or by telephoning 173.

Recent experiments in France have shown that natural turf is an excellent material from which to form beds for filtering of sewage.

# SENTINEL WANTS ADS ALWAYS GET RESULTS.

# ROOSEVELT'S STATEMENT ON THE BIG TENNESSEE IRON MERGER

New York, Aug. 5.—The text of Colonel Roosevelt's statement before the steel investigating committee, is as follows:

"In the fall of 1907 there were severe business disturbances and financial stringency, culminating in a panic which arose in New York and spread over the country. The damage actually done was great and damage threatened was incalculable. Thanks, largely to the action of the government, the panic was stopped before it spread, and being merely a serious business check, it became a frightful and nation-wide calamity, a disaster fraught with untold misery and woe to all our people. For several days the nation trembled on the brink of such a calamity, of such a disaster, as you gentlemen doubtless remember. "During these days both the secretary of the treasury and I personally were in hourly communication with New York following every change in the situation and trying to anticipate every development. "I thought it was my duty, as administrator, to take every step possible to prevent appalling disaster by checking the spread of the panic before it grew so that nothing could check it, and events moved with such speed that it was necessary to decide and to act on the instant as each successive crisis arose, if the decision and action were to accomplish anything. The secretary of the treasury took various actions, some on his own initiative, some by my direction. Late one evening I was informed that two representatives of the steel corporation wished to see me early the following morning, the precise object not being named. The next morning, while at breakfast, I was informed that Messrs. Frick and Gary were waiting at the office. I at once went over, and as the attorney general, Mr. Bonaparte had not yet arrived from Baltimore, where he had been passing the night, I sent a message asking secretary of state, Mr. Root, who was also a lawyer, to join us, which he did. In the presence of the three gentlemen and myself, I dictated a note to Mr. Bonaparte, setting forth exactly what Messrs. Frick and Gary had proposed and exactly what I had answered—so that there might be no possibility of misunderstanding. This note was published in a senate document while I was still president and is already spread on the minutes of your record. "Shall I read it, gentlemen?" The chairman: "Just as you like, Colonel Roosevelt."

Colonel Roosevelt: "With your permission, I will read it." The White House, Washington, Nov. 1, 1907. Dear Attorney General: Judge E. H. Gary and Mr. H. C. Frick, on behalf of the steel corporation, have just called upon me. They state that there is a certain business (the name of which I have not been told, but which is of real importance in New York business circles) which is controlled by the steel corporation to purchase the stock of the only means of averting a failure. Judge Gary and Mr. Frick informed me that as a mere business transaction, they do not care to purchase the stock; that under ordinary circumstances they would not consider purchasing the stock, but because of the interest of the steel corporation from the purchase; that they are aware that the purchase will be used as a handle for an attack upon the steel corporation, and they are striving to prevent competition—not that this would represent with confidence, but that they might be recklessly and untruthfully be said. "They further informed me as a matter of fact, the policy of the company had been to decline to acquire more than 50 per cent of the steel properties, and that this purpose has been persevered in for several years. They stated that the steel corporation is now endeavoring to prevent these acquisitions, and as a matter of fact their proportion of steel properties has slightly decreased, so that this is not a business transaction, but the acquisition of the property in question will not raise it above 50 per cent. But they feel that it is immensely to the advantage of the steel corporation to have a responsible business man to try to prevent a panic and general industrial smashup at this time and that they are willing to be willing to condemn those who were successful in saving them from it. But I fully understood and expected when there was no longer danger, when the fear had been forgotten an attack would be made upon me. "At the time the relief and rejoicing over what had been done were well nigh universal. The danger was imminent and too appalling for men to be willing to condemn those who were successful in saving them from it. But I fully understood and expected when there was no longer danger, when the fear had been forgotten an attack would be made upon me. "If I were on a sailboat I should not ordinarily meddle with any of the gear; but if a sudden squall struck us and the mainmast jammed so that the boat threatened to capsize I would unhesitatingly cut the mainmast even though I were sure that the owner, no matter how grateful to me at the moment for having saved his life, would a few weeks later when he had forgotten his danger and his fear, decide to sue me for the value of the cut rope."

# Arrested the Panic.

"Furthermore, I believe that the action was emphatically for the general good, that it offered the only chance for arresting the panic, and that it would probably arrest the panic, as it did. I answered Messrs. Frick and Gary, as set forth in my published letter to the effect that I did not deem it my duty to interfere; that is, to forbid the action which more than anything else in actual fact saved the situation. The result justified my judgment. The panic was stopped, public confidence in the solvency of the threatened institution being at once restored. "Incidentally, I may mention that when I was in Birmingham last spring, every man I met without exception was competent to testify, informed me voluntarily that the results of the action taken had been of the utmost benefit to Birmingham and therefore to Alabama, the industry having profited to an extraordinary degree, not only from the standpoint of the business but from the standpoint of the community at large, and of the wage workers, by the change in ownership. The results of the action I took were beneficial from every standpoint and the action itself at the time when it was taken was vitally necessary to the welfare of the people of the United States. "In my judgment I would have been derelict in my duty, I would have shown myself a timid and unworthy public officer if in that extraordinary crisis I had not acted as I did. In every such crisis the temptation to hesitancy, to non-action, is great, for excuse can always be found for non-action and action means risk and the certainty of blame to the man who acts. But if the man is worth his salt he will do his duty, he will give the people the benefit of the doubt, and act in any way which their interests demand and which is not affirmatively prohibited by law, unheeding the likelihood that he himself when the crisis is over and the danger passed, will be assailed for what he has done. "Every step I took in the matter was upon the day and was known in detail at the moment to all the people. The press contained full accounts of the visit to me of Messrs. Frick and Gary and heralded widely and with acclamation the results of that visit. "Was Approved At The Time. "At the time the relief and rejoicing over what had been done were well nigh universal. The danger was imminent and too appalling for men to be willing to condemn those who were successful in saving them from it. But I fully understood and expected when there was no longer danger, when the fear had been forgotten an attack would be made upon me. "If I were on a sailboat I should not ordinarily meddle with any of the gear; but if a sudden squall struck us and the mainmast jammed so that the boat threatened to capsize I would unhesitatingly cut the mainmast even though I were sure that the owner, no matter how grateful to me at the moment for having saved his life, would a few weeks later when he had forgotten his danger and his fear, decide to sue me for the value of the cut rope."

# Anniversary of the Reformed Orphans' Home, Thursday, August 10th.

# ADDITIONAL SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Farber and son, William, of East Lewis street, will leave tomorrow for Wisconsin for two weeks' stay. Miss Mary and Eva Wagner, of Superior street, have gone on an extended trip to Augusta, Eau Claire and Madison, Wis., for the benefit of their health. Mrs. W. E. Keas, of Cleveland, O., who has been the guest of Miss Susie Wagner of Superior street, for the past week, left today for her home. H. C. Swift and children have returned from a visit in Chicago and Kenosha, Ill., where they were guests of E. M. Swift, manager of the International Hotel company. John McConnell, of Boston, and James McConnell, of St. Louis, are visiting their mother, Mrs. Anna McConnell, in Denver. Mrs. H. C. Keas, of Cleveland, O., who is the guest of Miss Lena Terry, of East Pontiac street. Many of the iron bridges on the Anning-Mukden (China) railway, now nearing completion, are of American make. The rate is Japanese made. In November next it will be only fifteen hours from Mukden to Seoul.

# Try Sentinel Want Ads

# BEGIN CRUSADE ON UNDESIRABLE FISH

## People in DeKalb County Trying to Clean the St.

Joe River.

# NEWS FROM AUBURN

Auburn, Ind., Aug. 5.—The citizens of St. Joe have organized themselves into a club for the purpose of ridding that part of the St. Joe river in DeKalb county of undesirable fish. They held a meeting recently at which a collection was taken to purchase seines and spears necessary to carry on the work. The task of taking from the river such fish as carp, dogfish, gars, bullheads, etc., will be under the direction of H. L. Dunkle, who has been commissioned a deputy game warden by State Commissioner Miles. No date has been set for the work, but it will be taken up as soon as the seines and spears arrive.

# FORM THEATRICAL CIRCUIT.

Auburn, Ind., Aug. 5.—Manager J. C. Henry, of the local opera house, together with the managers at Angola and Deane, have formed a theatrical circuit which will enable them to get a number of high class productions for their respective houses during the coming season. The manager at Kendallville will be persuaded to join the circuit.

# AUBURN PERSONAL NEWS.

Auburn, Ind., Aug. 5.—Miss Gretchen Stelling, of Chicago, is the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Karlo, in this city. Judge J. E. Rose, of Fort Wayne, was attending to legal matters in this city Friday. Mrs. E. M. Darling and daughter have returned to their home at Edgerton, O., after a short visit with friends here. Mr. and Mrs. James Swayne, of Coldwater, Mich., will arrive today to be the guests for a week of Mr. and Mrs. Frank DePew. Mrs. Frank Olinger, with Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Timberlan, who have been the guests of the Olingers for some time, have gone to North Manchester for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Fair.

# NEW HOME FOR NEWSPAPER.

Auburn, Ind., Aug. 5.—The work of excavation for a new two-story business block, to be erected by J. E. Buchanan on the lot adjoining the building occupied by his newspaper, The Dispatch, on North Main street, was begun yesterday. The new structure will be constructed of cement blocks and will be forty feet deep. What business will occupy the new building has not been given out, but it is said that Mr. Buchanan will move his newspaper plant into it, as his business is too large for the present quarters.

# AUBURN PERSONAL NEWS.

Auburn, Ind., Aug. 5.—Mrs. Clyde Swogger, of South Milford, while visiting with her mother, Mrs. Emma Zunker, near Corona, this county, Thursday night committed suicide by hanging herself to a rafter in the attic of her mother's home. The body of the woman was found by the mother Friday morning. Mrs. Swogger has been in ill health for some time and about two months ago made an unsuccessful attempt at self-destruction by slashing her throat with a butcher knife. Fortunately the wounds were not deep enough to be fatal, and she recovered. She had just returned from a sanitarium and apparently was enjoying fairly good health again. However, she had been in a melancholy frame of mind, but when she retired Thursday evening, she was, according to her relatives, in apparently good spirits. Coroner Briggs, of Butler, after an examination of the body and hearing of evidence rendered his verdict as follows: "Death was caused from strangulation from hanging with suicidal intent." Mr. and Mrs. Swogger resided for a time in Fort Wayne a few years ago.

# CITY BREVITIES.

Joseph L. Gruber is reported very ill at his home. A. L. Randall and eldest son, Alfred Jr., have returned from a ten days' outing at Mackinac and other points in the north. Miss Jane Walter, a professional nurse, has been called to Lake George to attend a child in the P. F. Dixon family, suffering from typhoid fever. Attorney T. J. Logan is at Lagrange, where as special master he is selling several thousand dollars worth of real estate under orders of the United States court. The following patients were admitted to the Lutheran hospital Friday: Mrs. E. Styne, 707 East Columbia street; Mrs. R. J. Meyer, rural route 15 and Mrs. H. J. Jackson, Butler, Ind. Mrs. Theodore Wentz, who went a few days ago to Canal Dover, O., for a visit with friends, sprained one of her ankles very severely in alighting from the train and is confined to the house in consequence. Mr. Wentz left this afternoon for Ohio to join her. Owing to the absence of so many merchants from the city the regular monthly meeting of the Merchants' association on August 7 will not be held and the association will not meet until the first Monday in September, when officers will be elected for the ensuing year. Dr. E. M. VanBuskirk, county health officer, states that diphtheria and scarlet fever cases are on the decrease in the county, and that only about six or seven cases of the two diseases are now under quarantine. One case of infantile paralysis has been reported at Monroeville. The venerable Isaac Johnson is seriously ill at his home, 114 Mehanic street. Mr. Johnson is a veteran of the civil war and a member of Slon S. Bass post, G. A. R. He is seventy-nine years old and his extreme age renders his recovery a matter of some doubt.

# ADMIRAL TOGO IS GREETED ON ARRIVAL



WELCOMING ADMIRAL TOGO.

Admiral Togo, of the imperial Japanese navy, arrived safe and sound in this country and appears to be delighted with his trip. To greet the distinguished warrior a notable party, on board the Seneca, the United States derelict destroyer, went down New York Bay. In the party, intended to escort him to the Hotel Knickerbocker were Major General Frederick Dent Grant, commander of the Department of the East; Mr. Chandler Hale, Third Assistant Secretary of State; Captain T. M. Potts and Lieutenant A. B. Cook, of the United States Navy; Baron Uchida, the Japanese Ambassador; Counsel General Midzuno; Commander Haragi, the Naval Attaché of the Japanese Embassy, and Mr. Hanibara, First Secretary of the Embassy.

# METEOROLOGICAL

# SUMMARY OF WEATHER CONDITIONS.

Local Office, Weather Bureau, Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 5.—Since yesterday morning heavy rains have fallen over the south Atlantic coast districts, and some scattering showers are reported from the upper Missouri valley and from Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma; over most other sections of the country fair weather has prevailed. Twenty-four hour rainfalls in excess of one inch are reported from Norfolk, Raleigh, Jacksonville and Tampa, the rainfall at Jacksonville having been 2.50 inches. Seasonable temperatures continue to be general over all sections of the country, very few stations reporting temperatures in excess of 90 degrees yesterday. In this section fair weather will probably continue tonight and Sunday, with slight changes in temperature.

W. S. PALMER, Local Forecaster.

# THE WEATHER ELSEWHERE.

The following table shows the state of the weather in other cities at 7 o'clock this morning:—

| Station      | Highest yesterday. | Lowest this morning. | State of weather. |
|--------------|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| Atlanta      | 85                 | 68                   | Clear             |
| Boston       | 65                 | 52                   | Cloudy            |
| Buffalo      | 82                 | 70                   | Pt. Clcy.         |
| Chicago      | 88                 | 70                   | Pt. Clcy.         |
| Cincinnati   | 80                 | 68                   | Pt. Clcy.         |
| Cleveland    | 82                 | 68                   | Clear             |
| Denver       | 86                 | 54                   | Clear             |
| Detroit      | 84                 | 70                   | Clear             |
| Fort Wayne   | 84                 | 70                   | Clear             |
| Grand Rapids | 82                 | 68                   | Clear             |
| Indianapolis | 82                 | 72                   | Pt. Clcy.         |
| Kansas City  | 82                 | 68                   | Cloudy            |
| Knoxville    | 80                 | 68                   | Cloudy            |
| Madison      | 80                 | 68                   | Pt. Clcy.         |
| New Orleans  | 92                 | 76                   | Pt. Clcy.         |
| New York     | 72                 | 68                   | Cloudy            |
| Oakland      | 84                 | 68                   | Rain              |
| Omaha        | 80                 | 68                   | Cloudy            |
| Pittsburg    | 80                 | 70                   | Clear             |
| St. Louis    | 82                 | 68                   | Pt. Clcy.         |
| St. Paul     | 78                 | 68                   | Clear             |
| S. Lake City | 84                 | 68                   | Clear             |
| San Antonio  | 74                 | 68                   | Pt. Clcy.         |
| San Diego    | 84                 | 68                   | Cloudy            |
| Seattle      | 64                 | 50                   | Pt. Clcy.         |
| Toledo       | 88                 | 68                   | Cloudy            |
| Washington   | 84                 | 70                   | Clear             |

Observations taken at 7:00 a. m., central standard time. Rainfall for twenty-four hours, ending at 7:00 a. m. State of weather at 7:00 a. m.

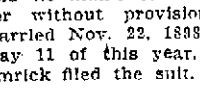
# THE COURTS

Anna Saravien is in her complaint against Louis Saravien that he has not provided for her and their four children and she is supporting them by her own labor. She charges that he drinks, has struck her and that he didn't care for her and left her without provisions. They were married Nov. 22, 1893, and separated May 11 of this year. Emerick and Emerick filed the suit.

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# Fort Wayne Loan Co.

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# With the Players

## THE MAJESTIC SEASON.

Opens With Indiana Play "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" Next Thursday Night.

In presenting "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" to the theater going public the management realizes it has attempted a feat almost gigantic in proportions not only for the Hoosier Schoolmaster, an American classic but is probably the most popular American book ever written, so well known is each and every character from Bud Means down to the little Shocks; that the reader feels that they are old friends and is thoroughly familiar with every characteristic, consequently in casting to portray these rolls the management

has household with the tuffy pulling going on; second act shows the Flat Creek schoolhouse; the third act is the interior of old Peg Leg Pearson's home, and the last act, the Clifty County Court yard with the court house seen through rows of overhanging trees. The engagement is for three nights with a Saturday matinee.

### MIZZIE HAJOS.

The Creator of Leading Roles in the Merry Widow and Chocolate Soldier, to be seen at the Majestic in the Spring Maid.

Mizzi Hajos, who sings the prima donna role of "The Spring Maid" whose tuneful waltzes, charming two-

greatly praised for the impersonations in different operas of characters that have been drawn from the people, vivid in gypsy-like spirit and seductive abandon.

The Spring Maid is announced for August 19 at the Majestic theater.

### "THE LIGHT ETERNAL"

In a New and Beautiful Scenic Dress Opens its Second Season in This City August 29.

It is always good to look upon robust young men, theatrically clad in golden breastplates, chain mail, roached helmets, tunics, and girt about with short swords carried beneath banners on which appear the world-conquering initials S. P. Q. R., meaning the senate and the people of Rome in the days of Caesars. Such a display is made in goodly fashion in "The Light Eternal" which opens its second season at the Majestic theater on August 29.

The inspiring drama of Christian martyrdom in the time of Emperor Diocletian, lends itself to the most magnificent stage adornment. It is held to be impossible to overornament plays of the Roman period, because when the spirit of a conquering people is to be shown on the stage, the salient facts of their lives must shine forth in any simulated depiction, so deeply impressed upon the modern consciousness is the period of Roman Caesars. Here the barbaric splendor of the east is combined with the warlike power of the west.

So much for the visual side of "The Light Eternal." As a romantic and historical story it has still other values. Few plays have so closely revealed the matchless spirit of the early Christian martyrs. The work makes no indifferent appeal to the beholder, he is of any faith, so long as he knows that goodness is and consists. Undeniably fine is the portrayal of the love of Artemia, Caesar's daughter, for Marco Valerius, to whom the light that never was on sea or land has come. The house top of the house of Valerius, where the martyr's son appears, is first pictured; then the villa of the Princess in the Roman campaign, where the rose of love first drives its first petals; the throne room of Diocletian, where eternal effluence plays about the unhappy lovers, and then that dismal scene in the corridor of the coliseum and the narrow sacrificial door leading to the dread arena. All this is powerful enough to move the stately dialogue, capably given by a more than ordinarily good company, the result is a splendidly impressive drama worthy of thoughtful consideration and appreciation.

### NOTES FROM THE WOODS

Probably no actor of today has done more to bring a serious consideration of Shakespeare and kindred works to the attention of the masses than Thomas E. Shea, who will tour again the coming season under the management of A. H. Woods in a repertoire of serious drama.

This eminent player will open his season at Detroit, Mich., on August 12, and will tour the Middle West and East in such well known dramatic successes as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Belles," "A Soldier of the

Cross," "Othello" and "Richelieu."

Always a student, delving deeply into the intricate emotions of the many characters he portrays, Mr. Shea has given the popular public splendid interpretations, and has brought upon himself the claim of America's foremost exponent of clean, legitimate drama.

The gross salaries per week for the actors and actresses supporting the A. H. Woods stars will reach \$31,000. With the money to be paid the stars, such as Julian Eltinge, Marguerite Sylva, Dustin and William Farnum, Eddie Foy, and several others who are under contract to Manager Woods, the outlay every week will be close to \$50,000. For a season of 40 weeks, nearly three million dollars will be paid by A. H. Woods to actors.

When A. H. Woods was in Vienna, during his recent trip abroad, he spent an evening with Franz Lehar, the composer of Marguerite Sylva's new comic opera. During the conversation the famous composer told the daring American manager that the best waltz he ever wrote is one which the public will never hear. It happened thus: Walking one day in the woods near Ischl, and listening to the song of the birds, he was suddenly inspired by a delicious waltz melody. The day was hot and he had taken off his collar. Almost without thinking he jotted the minims, crochets and demi-quavers down on his collar. Then a thunderstorm broke and he made a dash for home where he

placed his linen collar on the mantle in the dining room. Important business made him forget all about his collar. The next morning he suddenly remembered about it, with the notes of his waltz it was gone. The maid had sent it away as a dirty collar with the rest of the soiled linen, and the best waltz that Lehar said he ever wrote was washed away in the laundry.

### Al Hazzard's A Novel Cigar, 5c Straight.

AT THE COLONIAL THEATER.

This subject was suggested by the lines to Sir Philip Sydney, who, upon the field of blood, dying, gave the drop of water for the sake of brotherhood. Jim and John, long time friends, are the authors for the hand of Mary. Jim is a chap of exemplary qualities, while John is a weakling and given to drink. Fate has it so that Mary accepts John. After their marriage they start off across the plains for more promising lands, Jim going along as one of the party. On the way over the Great Desert, they are beset by hostile Indians. The fate of the party of outlaws hangs in the balance for a long time as they are enclosed in a stockade formed by the wagons, repelling the Indians until the supply of water gives out and death from thirst seems inevitable. A call for volunteers to get water is made. Jim and John both go in its quest. Jim has given his last drop to a feeble old man as he leaves the stockade, while John, meeting Jim perishing with thirst in the desert, gives up to him the last drop between life and death. This draught renews the strength of Jim, who finally succeeds in finding water, while John drops in the sand, a victim of his sacrifice. Meanwhile the troops have been notified and the party is rescued from the besieging Redskins.

### ROBISON PARK BAND CONCERT.

Packard Band Will Render Fine Programs Sunday.

The Packard band will give two concert programs at Robison park Sunday, the first at 4 p. m. and the other at 8 p. m. Director Verweire has prepared excellent programs with a popular flavor and the famous organization will be assisted by Ray Shreve in vocal solos. The programs: March—"Follow Me, B. P. O. E."..... E. Stoll

Selection—"Woodland"..... Luders  
Song—"Alamo Rag"..... Remick  
(Ray Shreve, accompanied by band.)  
Selection from "Madam Sherry".....

..... Hoschna  
Cornet solo..... Selected  
(John L. Verweire.)  
Intermezzo—"Adriatic"..... G. Voelker  
Medley—"Rags"..... Snyder

Intermission.  
March—"Irish Beauties"..... P. Warrich  
Selection—"The Chocolate Soldier".....

..... Strauss  
Song—"Mobile Bay"..... Snyder  
(Ray Shreve.)  
Selection from "Romeo and Juliet".....

..... Gounod  
Cornet solo..... Selected  
(John L. Verweire.)  
Grand Fantasia—"Southern Memories"..... J. Hecker  
March—"The Charleston"..... Ashley

### THE STAMBOUL FIRE.

The celebration of the third anniversary of the constitution at Constantinople was marked by another of those great fires that have figured in the his-

tory of the ottoman capital. It is a compactly built, populous portion of Stamboul, the largest and most important of the cities that compose Constantinople, which has suffered.

The fire started apparently in the square in front of the mosque of Suleiman I., of which the splendid domes and graceful minarets are easily distinguished marks from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora. Nearby are the buildings of the war department, soldiers' barracks and the commanding tower of Soraskier. The flames apparently did not sweep back toward the bridges of the Golden Horn which connect Stamboul with Galata. Instead they took a course along the valley crossed by the aqueduct of Valens and feed on the small houses on the two hillsides until they reached the sea. For this reason the grand bazaar, the American Bible house, the mosque of Sultan Bayezid II, which were not far from the starting point of the conflagration, have apparently escaped. Neither does there appear from the meager reports anything to indicate that the point of the Stamboul peninsula upon which are the Seraglio, Santa Sophia and interesting remains of ancient Byzantium was affected. The Golden Horn formed a barrier to the flames between Stamboul and Galata, the seat of Constantinople's foreign commerce, and Pera, the quarter of the foreign ambassadors.

Stamboul, it is estimated, has to be rebuilt on an average of every fifty years. It has suffered thirty times from devastating fires since the days of Constantine. It will be rebuilt again, and as there is said to be an unusual interest under the new government in the improvement of business and dwelling houses in Stamboul, it may be rebuilt better and more securely than ever before.—New York Sun.

Berkeley, Cal., Aug. 5.—This city will substitute an olive wreath made of cannon balls for the Spanish-American cannon which stands in one of the city squares. This decision was reached at a meeting of the city council last night in view of the signing of the arbitration treaty between the United States, Great Britain and France.

## Majestic Theater

OPENING OF THE SEASON.  
THURSDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 10.  
Matinee Saturday—12, 25, 35.  
Beulah Foster's Dramatization of Edward Eggleston's Book.

"The Hoosier Schoolmaster"  
See the Old Fashioned Candy Pulling.  
Hear the Hoop-Pole Quartet Sing.  
The Quaintest Hoosier Story Ever Written.

Great Cast. Beautiful Scenery.  
PRICES, NIGHTS..... \$5 to 75c  
Seat Sale Monday.

3 DAYS COMMENCING AUG. 29  
The Great Spectacular Devotional Drama.

THE LIGHT ETERNAL  
With EUGENE BLAIR  
And a Great Supporting Cast of 35  
Massive Scenic Equipment  
Gorgeous Costuming  
A Play That Carries Conviction

## Scenes from the "Spring Maid" Operetta

UPJOICE TWO LITTLE LOVE BELLS SING IN A BOW-BE, HEART-TING ON THE SWEET-HEART OF THE FAIR-EST FLOW-ER.



PRINCESS BOZENA & PRINCE ALADAR SINGING "TWO LITTLE LOVE BELLS"

ANNAMIRL AS "THE RABBIT"

ROLAND AND HIS TROUPE OF ACTORS



ACT II SCENE II BALLET OF THE WOOD NYMPHS

"The Spring Maid" with Its Entire Production and Special Orchestra, Comes to the Majestic Theater, Saturday Evening, August 19.

## Majestic Theater Saturday Ev'g. August 19



Manager Rice announces that he has secured for his first great musical attraction at the Majestic, Werba and Luescher's sensational Viennese opera which ran all year in New York.

## THE SPRING MAID

This exquisite masterpiece with its many tuneful melodies, fascinating story and joyous comedy situations, is considered the most captivating of all operas from abroad. It is absolutely without a rival in the musical world.

It will be produced here exactly as during its two season's success in New York with nearly 100 people and the Special Spring Maid Orchestra of 25.

—With—

## MIZZIE HAJOS

George Leon Moore. Dorothy Maynard. Leo Stark.  
Jack Raffael. Tillie Sallinger. Dorothy LaMar.  
Louis Miller. H. A. Barrows. Ralph Newman.

NOTE:—Mizzi Hajos, the captivating Hungarian prima donna, was imported especially for the role of Princess Bozena, which she created in Europe.

Prices for this engagement, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c. Mail orders with check or money order will be received from outside Fort Wayne and filled in order. Regular seat sale opens Wednesday, August 16.

## Colonial—Today

### "The Last Drop of Water"

A BIOGRAPH.

A story of the great American Desert that is better than "Fighting Blood."

## The Fort Wayne Sentinel

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY

By E. A. K. HACKETT.

Daily, 10c per Week. Weekly, per year, \$1.

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VOL. LXXII No. 310

## OUR TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms ..... 629  
Counting Rooms ..... 173

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1911.

## TONIGHT.

Amusements — Lyric, Fairy, Pearl, Casino, Star, Gaiety.  
Colonial and Hippodrome theaters, moving pictures:  
Robison park.  
Unions — Letter Carriers, No. 118; Iron, Tin and Steel  
Workers, No. 14.  
Fraternal — Rathbone Temple, No. 31, Pythian Sisters;  
Queen Esther, No. 234, D. or R.; Fort Wayne council,  
No. 237, National Union.  
Miscellaneous — United Commercial Travelers.

## AN INTERESTING MESS.

The farther the house committee gets into the affairs of the agricultural department concerning the pure food and drug laws and their enforcement the more patent it becomes that the inquiry was needed and will serve the interests of the country. The quiz has assumed much greater proportions and more vital bearings than merely concerning the justice or injustice of the attempt to bounce Dr. Wiley from his position. There are striking signs that the rather intricate machinery of the department has been extensively employed to serve the necessities of manufacturers of food products whose methods of manufacture were brought under scrutiny of the federal enactments. For instance it transpires that members of the notorious Remsen board were railroaded to Indianapolis at government expense to aid in the laudable work of overthrowing the Indiana law putting benzoate of soda under a ban. The case will be well remembered, though the most interesting details of it are just coming to view under diligent operation of the congressional probe. It has been fairly admitted that the Remsen board's chief duty is to aid manufacturers and to harry the head of the government bureau of chemistry. Solicitor McCabe, of the agricultural department, admitted in his testimony Friday that he personally passed on all of Dr. Wiley's cases against manufacturers proved by scientific investigation to be violating the law; that Wiley's recommendations as to prosecutions carried no weight and that the secretary of agriculture, as the final authority, was guided by his (McCabe's) recommendations. Altogether it is an interesting mess that is being uncovered and it is on all accounts to be hoped the house committee will not desist until the bottom has been reached and exposed.

## THE GARBAGE ORDINANCE.

It has been intimated to this newspaper that the committee on ordinances in the city council is reluctant to include in the new garbage ordinance a provision to compel householders to wrap their garbage in waste papers. It is felt by some of the committee, so the information comes, that it will be to put householders under stress of inconvenience and hardship to make such a practice mandatory. We believe the committee's sympathy to be misplaced and needless. This method of preparing garbage is followed with very satisfactory results in some cities. To drain garbage and enclose each small accumulation in a bit of waste paper operates quite as much to the advantage of the householder as to the city and surely it operates beneficially to both. It is no species of inconvenience and certainly it is not a hardship. It makes the garbage cans much more easily discharged of their contents and in winter is a sensible measure to prevent garbage cans from becoming loaded with heavy masses of ice that can be dislodged only by means that work great damage to the cans. In summer it prevents fermentation and odor and the breeding of flies. We believe that a vast majority of the women of the city can be brought to adopt this way of depositing their garbage without the compulsion of law, but here are others who will do no more than they are made to. If the thing is a good thing all should conform to the practice. At all events, we should like to have the ordinance committee make some inquiries as to the views of those whom such an ordinance will most affect.

## A TRUST WHICH HAS STRAYED.

It is made to appear from all the testimony given by the steel magnates that in the beginning it was no part of the purpose of the organizers of the steel trust to attempt anything like monopoly or put any restraint upon trade in iron and steel. If this be true, it shows with what perversity the "best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft aglee." Charles M. Schwab, one of the greatest practical steel men this country has developed, claims the honors of having first conceived the United States Steel company in the form which finally it took and now presents. He affirms that monopoly was not sought, but merely an adjustment to equitable and steadfast conditions. On the same hand we have had lately volumes of testimony that the grabbing of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company by the steel trust was not the looting of a rival to make the trust's monopoly tighter, but a magnanimous and patriotic enterprise to relieve some distressed gentlemen who were in a bad way for money and to spare the country a financial panic. The panic, however, was not to be cheated in that fashion and came anyhow. But the singular fact is that the steel trust has grown to be about all that, according to those who conceived and created it, it was intended not to be. Perhaps when the congressional committee shall have completed its investigation and the contemplated suit for the dis-

solution of the gigantic corporation shall have been prosecuted and decided a way may be pointed for the steel trust to get back to the ground on which it believed it was starting and which its credulous magnates seem somehow still to believe it now occupies.

Postmaster Robert B. Hanna, in his address to the Ninth ward civic improvement meeting, forcibly called attention to the condition of the approaches to Fort Wayne. He criticized the negligence of the city in permitting the ends of municipal thoroughfares that connect with the main traveled roads outside to go unimproved. In nearly every case of the sort the outer ends of the streets are in bad condition and some of the worst driving that people of the rural community encounter getting into Fort Wayne are within the city limits. We have taken occasion heretofore to call attention to these conditions. The city owes to itself and its tributary country some promptitude in getting them remedied.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Underwood probably have no issue between them that either has any just ground for irritating into a great internal quarrel of the party. The democracy faces a rather rosy dawn and it is up to both of the belligerent gentlemen to do what they can, if there is threat of occasion, "to push dem clouds away." At all events, there is no reason why the entire democracy should be made a party to the case, either as a partisan or an umpire. It is an issue that may very well be left to expire unattended.

The people of the Northside have launched their part in the civic improvement scheme most auspiciously. Now let them emulate the example of the East End residents and thoroughly organize their movement. Definite purpose served by thoroughly prepared means will count.

It is said that Mr. Taft most surely will veto any more tariff legislation that comes up the avenue. It is very evident that Mr. Taft is going to have one or two bright and shining opportunities.

## AN UNOFFICIAL SUPREME COURT.

(Kansas City Times.)  
The last New York legislature enacted a moderate Workman's Compensation law. The act designated certain occupations as especially dangerous. Provision was made that any workman in one of these industries, meeting with an accident, should receive a stated compensation automatically and without a lawsuit. Similar statutes are in operation in every country in Europe except Switzerland and Turkey. They are regarded as essential to every industrial community.

The highest court of New York, the court of appeals, decided that the statute, while desirable, was unconstitutional, as it took the property of employers without due process of law. From this decision there is no appeal in the state of New York. But the action of the court has evoked a most remarkable and refreshing document from a body of legal experts.

Professors of constitutional law in a dozen of the great universities have united in a document expressing the opinion that the New York decision is bad law. The reason for their opinion may be found in the full statement which is printed in the current issue of the Outlook. It will be referred to by persons interested in the legislation in question. But of even greater interest is the fact that these experts in law have felt it their duty to point out the errors in a state supreme court decision. They say:

The undersigned, teachers of constitutional law in some of the principal law schools and universities of the country, who have devoted years of study to the principles of American constitution believe that a compensation plan, as moderately and carefully guarded as that embodied in the law of New York is entirely constitutional, and they regard it as their duty to inform the public that there is professional opinion entitled to consideration which differs from that expressed by the court of appeals of New York, and which may and should be urged upon the courts of other jurisdictions. They unite in the following statement of reasons why the New York view should be rejected as unsound.

The document is signed by Percy Bordwell, University of Iowa; A. A. Bruce, University of North Dakota; F. J. Goodnow, Columbia University; Frederick Green, University of Illinois; J. P. Hall, University of Chicago; C. H. Hetherich, Leland Stanford, Jr., University; Isidor Loeb, University of Missouri; Roscoe Pound, Harvard University; Henry Scholfield, Northwestern University; H. M. Towner, University of Iowa; W. W. Willoughby, Johns Hopkins University. The conclusion is concurred in by Professor Hayes, of Cornell University.

These men have recognized a public obligation and have done a public service. When a high court goes wrong on a proposition of the highest consequence in the industrial development of a state it is of the utmost importance that its action be reviewed and criticized by disinterested experts.

The appearance of this unofficial supreme court is an encouraging event in American history.

## FRANCE OPPOSES DRINK.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)  
Even in France there has fallen some of the spray thrown high by the advancing temperance wave. Travelers returning from that distant land relate that its inhabitants spend their days toiling in the vineyards that at night they may sit in the cafes and drink the juice of the grape they have tilled. Soon those travelers, observers of matters alcoholic, must revise their notes.

France is getting ready now to prohibit the use of absinthe, to end the continual sipping for which her men are famous. She has listened to the words of a commission appointed to investigate the matter of absinthe drinking, learned from that body that the liquor is extremely injurious to those who drink it beyond moderation, and is likely to bar it from the republic. The proposed law forbids the manufacture, sale, transport, keeping in stock and importation of all liquors containing absinthe. The bill is to go into force two years after its passage, except as it concerns importations, which is to cease at once. The two years of grace will give farmers engaged in the production of the absinthe plant an opportunity to change their crops and adjust their business to the new conditions.

Recent action by Switzerland in prohibiting the absinthe traffic had its influence on the French. In fact, the French bill is modeled rather closely upon that which the Swiss made a law. But in France itself, it is evident, public opinion was beginning to turn against the use of absinthe, which showed a steady and rapid increase for the thirty years immediately preceding 1900, and in the decade following that decreased 30 per cent.

France is not afraid to face the issue once she has it raised for her. What her commissioners learned from the medical men evidently left the government no course but prohibition.

## COST OF RAISING THE MAINE.

(Pittsburg Post.)  
Removing the sunken hulk of the old battleship Maine from the mud of Havana harbor is going to cost the government far more than the original estimates. When the work was started the engineers in charge had an appropriation of \$400,000 from which to draw, and this sum, it was stated, would be ample for the purpose. Subsequent events have proved the estimates inadequate, and now congress is to be asked to appropriate \$200,000 additional. There is no certainty that this second appropriation will be sufficient, and by the time the last vestige of the wreck is removed it is probable that nearly a million dollars will have been expended. This heavy expense is the direct result of the government's failure to act immediately after the war with Spain. Then the hull rested on the bottom; now it is deeply imbedded in mud.

## Trustee's Sale of Real Estate

## An Opportunity to Make Money

We are offering for sale all the Real Estate of the late Charles Pape, consisting of 21 houses and 78 vacant lots, situated in Pape's Second and Third Addition.

All bids must be delivered to the Trustee on or before the morning of August 7, 1911, and must be for the entire property.

A list of properties and terms can be obtained at the office of the company.

The Trustees reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

## Tri-State Loan and Trust Co.

811 CALHOUN STREET

Charles A. Wilding, Prest.

George W. Pixley, Secy.

## PHILOSOPHY OF THE INDIAN WARS

To the question often asked why did the North American Indian tribes fight so much, eternally at war with each other, tribe against tribe, the Sioux fighting the Blackfoot, the Arapahoe fighting the Sioux, the answer was usually given, oh! I suppose it is their nature to fight, and then the old school primer was quoted from.

"Let dogs delight  
To bark and bite  
It is their nature to."

But "delight" was not the origin of the fight, in either case, the dog or the Indian, stern necessity the origin, the struggle for existence, something to eat the cause of strife. The Indians on the broad prairies of the west and the Indians that lived in the woods around Fort Wayne, might probably have all lived peaceably one tribe with another if the supply of game had continued sufficient, had always equalled the increase in the Indian population, keeping tally with the Indian babies born in the villages, but the supply of game did not increase as fast as the consumers multiplied. And then the old Indian chiefs would meet together in council and say something must be done, game too scarce, too many Indians to eat, must make war on neighbor tribe encroaching on our game land, and quite incidentally of course some of this tribe would be killed too, and lessening this also the number of mouths to be fed. Here, around Fort Wayne, the Indian had to find in "deer scarce, wild turkey hard to find in the bushes, squaw she raise some corn, Indian no like too much corn, must have wild meat, deer and turkey." And on the broad prairies of the west they would say "buffalo very scarce three years, must go fight Blackfoot Indian, Blackfoot kill too much our share Buffalo." And thus the wars would begin, east and west, to thin out the ever increasing population, to keep the supply of humanity only even with the supply of game, not overstepping it.

And a great "killer," a plain and out man killer, was always of necessity a great hero among the Indians, "great warrior" they called him. I saw this well illustrated in one of the great Edison "Motion Pictures" entitled, "The Legend of Old Scar Face," an Indian with a face dreadfully scarred from his fightings, and having an awkward limp in one leg. But for all that when he came to court the chief's handsome young daughter she readily promised to marry the hero, he, however, first pledging himself to go out alone and again show his prowess by attacking the neighboring tribe to bring some scalps. The next picture shows him paddling slowly down the river into the territory of that neighboring tribe, one of whom he overtakes in his boat, and stabs him to his death, so easily, so gracefully, without the least trace of any compunction of conscience, "killing" was his profession. But "Old Scar Face" didn't get the scalp of that Indian, for he fell out of his canoe and sank to the bottom of the river, so he paddled on farther down the river till he came to the village of the enemy, where creeping in among them at night he stabbed to their death two of them, took their scalps, and returned home in triumph to show his trophies to the chief and his handsome daughter, who showed great delight at the prowess of her suitor. And so they were married, living happily, ever after, raising

Packard Band, Robison  
Park, Sunday.

MONEY AT 5 PER CENT.  
on Fort Wayne real estate.  
Wayne Mortgage Loan Co.  
4th Floor, Elektron Bldg.

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

What the Sentinel Had to Say About Persons and Events Twenty-Five Years Ago.

The Grand Central hotel office is now elaborate and convenient.

Dr. H. S. Myers is announced today as a democratic candidate for coronator.

The court house roof is being painted red, with an occasional relief line in gold.

G. L. Potter is acting as master car builder of the Pittsburg road here, vice Israel Lee, deceased.

Christian F. Schaefer and Sophia Siebold, Abraham A. Fratenberg and Sarah L. Disler have been licensed to wed.

There are whortleberry marshes some miles up the St. Joe river and the people about there pick the crop for market.

The Fort Wayne commandery of Knights Templar go to Warsaw Saturday afternoon and camp out until Tuesday evening.

The literary society of Salem Reformed church will meet at the residence of Gustave Boeger, 24 McClellan street, next week.

Workmen are practically rebuilding the feeder dam, and when J. H. Bass' men get through it will be one of the most substantial river structures in the country.

The Jeffersonian club met last night with a great attendance. President Charles McCulloch feelingly referred to the death of Hon. S. J. Tilden and the following committee was appointed to draft resolutions: Mayor Charles F. Muhler, Hon. Allen Zollars and City Attorney Henry Colerick. Resolutions of respect to the late Col. George Humphrey were adopted.

Sam Jones gave Fort Wayne a hard blow in his address at Rome City yesterday afternoon. He referred to the number of places where liquors are sold, the low license and many other things that did not sound very well. With the exception of a few errors in his figures, Mr. Jones told the truth. We have too many saloons and, though we have a good set of city officials, they have not the sand or backbone to enforce the law. If the saloons in Fort Wayne were all closed at 11 o'clock at night and on Sunday, as the law directs, there would not be half the drunkenness that we have, and our city would not have the name it has all over the state.



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## MONEY

IN THE SHOAF BLDG.

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AT \$5.00 CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER LOAN COMPANY IN FORT WAYNE. Our loans are made in Fort Wayne and all surrounding country on furniture, pianos, live stock, etc. Our rates are \$5 lower than any other loan company on all loans of \$25 or over, and we can prove it.

All transactions confidential; no delay; loan can be made at your home as well as our office.

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Rooms 407-8 Shoaf Bldg.

4th Floor.

Phone 2889.

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# IN THE CITY'S CHURCHES

be held after the morning sermon. Rev. W. E. Stanley, presiding elder, will deliver a sermon at 7:45 p. m. Young people's services at 8:45 p. m. will be led by Homer Bell, subject to be "Job." The last quarterly conference of this year will be held Monday evening at the church. Prayer services on Wednesday evening. The Collaborators Bible class will hold its August business meeting at the home of Mrs. B. O. Perry, 1326 Jackson street, Tuesday at 2:30 p. m.

**Rescue Home and Mission.**  
Song and praise services led by Mr. George Crow will be held at the Mission tonight. Sunday school tomorrow at 8 p. m. Preaching by Rev. Sawyer tomorrow evening at 7:30 o'clock.

## PICNIC AT ACADEMY.

Annual Picnic of St. Vincent's Church Tomorrow.

The annual picnic of the St. Vincent's church will be held tomorrow at the Academy grove. A chicken dinner will be served in rich country style and other preparations have been made to make this picnic better than any of the previous ones. Late in the afternoon a gold watch and a five-dollar gold coin will be raffled off, and a contest between two young ladies of the parish, Miss Mary Tull and Miss Irene Urbine, will be decided. Rev. F. A. Sheridan, who is replacing Rev. J. Lynn, has visited prominent business men and obtained valuable prizes to be awarded the winners. Busses will convey Fort Wayne visitors from Robison park to Academy and return.

## MR. COOPER AT NEW HAVEN.

Rescue Mission Head to Preach Sunday in the M. P. Church.

Superintendent George I. Cooper, of the Fort Wayne Rescue Home and Mission, will preach Sunday in the Methodist Protestant church at New Haven. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. Hillis L. Avery, pastor of the New Haven church, wishes all of his congregation and the public generally to hear Mr. Cooper. Sunday school will be held as usual. There were 127 in attendance last Sunday.

## Third Presbyterian Church.

There will be no preaching services at the Third Presbyterian church during the first two weeks in August, but all other services will be held as usual. Rev. Edward Montgomery, the pastor, with his wife and family, will enjoy their annual vacation during the month of August, spending two weeks with relatives at Rockford and Argyle, Ill., and two weeks at the Wilona Lake Bible conference. He will next occupy the pulpit September 3. Supply preachers will be secured by the Third church for the last two Sundays in August.

## Will Give Social.

The Young Ladies' society of Emmanuel Lutheran church will give an ice cream social next Wednesday evening, August 9, at the corner of Broadway and Creighton avenue.

## Bible Training School.

Rev. C. W. Oyer will fill the pulpit at the regular Sunday morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 9:30.

## Bethany Presbyterian Church.

The regular order of services will be held at the Bethany Presbyterian church tomorrow. Morning worship at 10:30; evening services at 8 o'clock; Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Subject of morning sermon will be "Not Now But Afterwards;" evening sermon, "Lessons From the Trees." Miss Agnes Stemen will sing at the morning service. Mid-week service Wednesday evening at 7:45.

## Grace Reformed Church.

Services at Grace Reformed church, Dr. A. K. Zartman, pastor, are as follows: Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.; preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m.; Young People's meeting at 7 p. m. There will be no preaching in the evening.

## Trinity M. E. Church.

Communion services will be held Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock and every member of the church is expected to be present. In the evening at 7 p. m. Dr. M. Ensign will address the young people and at 8 p. m. Rev. J. A. Beatty, D. D., will preach. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Friends of the church are invited with the membership to make the day one of great help and blessing. The quarterly conference business session will be held Wednesday evening. Dr. Beatty presiding.

## Calvary United Brethren Church.

Sunday school will meet at 9:30 a. m. A. A. Bowser, superintendent, will preach at 10:30; subject, "The Sorrowful Christ." Communion services will be held.

# Bracelets for Summer

Not only are bracelets suitable for summer time, but they show to particular advantage with short sleeved gowns.

Investigate the beauties of our bracelets.

In all styles and prices.

## Trenkley & Koerber

Jewelers,  
Est. 1865.

Wallen stop, known as Stop 15. All visitors will find easy access to the picnic grove and everyone is cordially invited. There will be speeches by Rev. E. A. Bunner and W. A. Smith, superintendent of the Sunday school, and plenty of music by a band to be engaged.

The Huntertown, Ind., Epworth League will hold a special meeting Sunday evening at 7:45 o'clock. Miss Gladys Simons, leader. A musical program will be the feature of the evening, after which Rev. E. A. Bunner will deliver a sermon. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

**Christian Science.**  
First Church of Christ, Scientist, 915 Harrison street. Services at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:40. Subject for tomorrow's lesson-sermon, "Spirit." Golden Text, "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." John 6:63.

Wednesday evening meeting in the church at 8 o'clock. The reading rooms at 815 and 817 Snodgrass building, are open daily except Sunday from 1:30 till 5 p. m. for the personal or purchase of the Bible and the Christian Science literature. The rooms are also open on Saturday evening from 7 till 9 o'clock. All are welcome both to the church services and to the reading room.

**Al Hazzard's A Novel Cigar, 5c Straight.**

# REPORT CONDEMNS LEGAL KIDNAPING

Senate Committee Urges a Law to Prevent Hasty Extradition.

## TO HALT INJUSTICE

Washington, D. C., Aug. 5.—The process of "legal kidnapping," as in the labor cases of Moyer, Haywood and McNamara, was condemned in a report presented yesterday by the senate select committee, appointed to investigate the third degree methods of the police authorities of the United States. Senator Borah presented the report on behalf of the committee.

The committee said the practice of hurrying accused men from one state to another without giving them an opportunity to be heard should be prevented by prohibiting extradition until after the lapse of a certain number of days or by some other effective plan.

The only other recommendation was the cessation of "jury shadowing" by the secret service men. The inquiry did not extend to the police methods of the states or cities, the committee believing the jurisdiction did not include them.

## Liable to Great Abuse.

The condemnation of jury shadowing was based upon the committee's discovery that in important cases the department of justice authorized surveillance of jurymen to prevent their being tampered with. The committee in this final report condemned the practice by the government, even though it be by the defense, because it is "liable to great abuse."

The committee's comment on irregular extradition evidently was based on the course pursued in removing Moyer and Haywood from Colorado to Idaho on the charge of murdering Governor Steiengberg and getting McNamara from Indiana on the charge of destroying the Los Angeles Times building, but neither instance is specifically mentioned. They were spoken of as cases in which "no opportunity was afforded to test the legality of the proceedings or the jurisdiction of the court granting judgment."

"If the court before whom the person charged with crime is brought in reality has no jurisdiction," said the report, "and the person is deprived of any opportunity to test that question by reason of his hasty transportation to and custody in a remote part of the United States he has to all intents and purposes been kidnapped."

## Remedy by Congress Asked.

"We therefore recommend to the consideration of congress whether congress cannot constitutionally provide some remedy against the possibility of injustice in the execution of extradition."

"Whatever may be the facts as to the alleged administration of the so-called 'third degree' by the police of the states and cities," the committee ruled, "the congress of the United States is lacking in authority to legislate concerning the alleged practice, except where it is practiced by officers or employees of the United States."

The report was signed by all the members of the committee. Senator Borah, who presented it, was counsel for the prosecution in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone cases in Idaho, who were "kidnaped" in Colorado and taken to Idaho for trial on the charge of murdering Governor Steiengberg.

**Church of God.**  
Sunday services at the Church of God, Rev. H. H. Spahr, pastor, are as follows: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.; leader, Mrs. Minnie Turnbull. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; subject, "The Joy of Jesus;" at 7:30 p. m., "Assurance in God."

**W. Creighton Avenue Church of Christ.**  
On account of the absence of the pastor there will be no sermon at the morning services, and no evening services will be held. The Bible school will meet at 9:20 a. m. Communion services at 10:30 o'clock, followed by a meeting of the Christian Endeavor; Mrs. S. O. Likens, leader.

Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:45 o'clock. Friday afternoon the C. W. B. M. will meet at the home of Mrs. Will Kelsey, Friday evening at 7:45 o'clock the Bible school officers and teachers will hold their regular monthly consult.

**Salem Reformed Church.**  
Rev. E. A. Kiehlmeier has returned from his vacation trip to the Pacific coast, and will conduct the regular services tomorrow morning and evening.

**Plymouth Congregational Church.**  
Sunday services at the Plymouth Congregational church, Rev. A. J. Foley, pastor, are as follows: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. by Rev. Dr. Morey, of Winona, who will fill the pulpit in the absence of the regular pastor.

**Wallen Sunday School Picnic.**  
The Wallen M. E. Sunday school will hold a picnic next Wednesday, Aug. 9, in the Pratt grove, just east of the

# COLTON SAID HE SOUGHT A HORSE

He Also Said His Reputation Was as Good as "Some Folks."

## CITY COURT DOCKET

When John L. Colton, of 3433 South Harrison street, was arraigned in the city court today on a charge of loitering, and when asked why he had been disguising himself and playing detective in the neighborhood of his home for several days, he answered he was after a stolen horse and added that he had some other reasons.

Since Tuesday he has been in the vicinity of the home wearing goggles, an old hunting coat and a cap pulled down over his head and has been sneaking about through the weeds. His actions caused alarm and he was sent in.

He lives in the same neighborhood as Judge Mungovan and he took occasion to say he had never been in trouble, had always worked hard and was as good as "some folks" that lived out there. The case was continued for thirty days. Colton went with his family to Toledo some time ago and procured work there. His family returned and his wife thought he was at work until he appeared in disguise several days ago.

**Wanted to Rest Up.**  
Owen Hartnett, fifty-five years old and weary, applied to Patrolman Spillner to be locked up and said he wanted some place to rest and to get a bite to eat. His case was continued a week.

William Block, who has been annoying the police several weeks with his family troubles was locked up on a charge of public intoxication and his case was continued until August 15. His mental condition will be investigated in the meantime.

August Dow was given \$1 and costs for drunkenness, and Jake Gipe and Charles Smith were let go.

## ROOSEVELT TELLS OF GREAT MERGER

[Continued from Page One.]

discussion. Chairman Stanley announced, "and the committee desired Mr. Roosevelt's information relating thereto."

**Was Not Subpoenaed.**  
"Mr. Roosevelt did not come in response to a subpoena. He was advised of our desire to hear from him with reference to the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company. He kindly advised me that he would gladly come and we thank him for his appearance."

"After you had courteously said I should come at 10 o'clock, Mr. Chairman, I wrote out the statement I should like to make," said the former president, after Mr. Stanley had asked him to explain what knowledge he had of the Tennessee Coal and Iron absorption by the U. S. Steel corporation. "I would like to read this statement I have prepared."

"You may read it," said the chairman, "certainly, just as you choose."

## Reads His Statement.

Mr. Roosevelt then began reading, introducing his subject by a description of the financial condition in the fall of 1907.

"It was the utmost duty of the administration," he read, "to prevent by all means the spread of the panic before it became a disaster."

"The secretary of the treasury and himself were constantly in touch with the situation. During that time he learned that two members of the U. S. Steel corporation wished to see him in the morning. At breakfast the next day he was informed that Judge Gary and H. C. Frick were waiting to see him."

Mr. Bonaparte, then attorney general, he continued, had not yet arrived from Baltimore.

"I sent a note to Secretary Root to come over," the former president read, "and he arrived at the white house."

## The Note to Bonaparte.

The conference was brief, Mr. Roosevelt explained, and later he wrote a note to Mr. Bonaparte, stating all the facts of the conference. He then read to the committee the letter, afterwards published in the senate records of the hearing on the Tennessee Coal and Iron case in 1909. The letter set forth how Mr. Frick and Mr. Gary had submitted the proposition for the sale of the company and how he had expressed the opinion that he did not wish to see the U. S. Steel corporation take over a disastrous financial panic. The firm that was in trouble, Mr. Roosevelt said, had not been mentioned.

Mr. Roosevelt then went on to read his statement, going into details about the serious financial conditions in New York and told how he had taken the responsibility to permit the transfer of the steel company and did it on his own initiative.

**Prompt Action Necessary.**  
"It was a matter of general knowledge," he said, referring to banks and trust companies in danger in New York, "that they held securities of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company which had no market value."

The proposition of Messrs. Gary and Frick was continued, "that the United States Steel corporation should take over the Tennessee Coal and Iron company at once."

"It was necessary for me to act at once," said the former president, "to act at once before the stock exchange opened, or the transaction might prove useless."

He said he was satisfied that acquiescence by the steel corporation of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company did not change the legal status of the corporation.

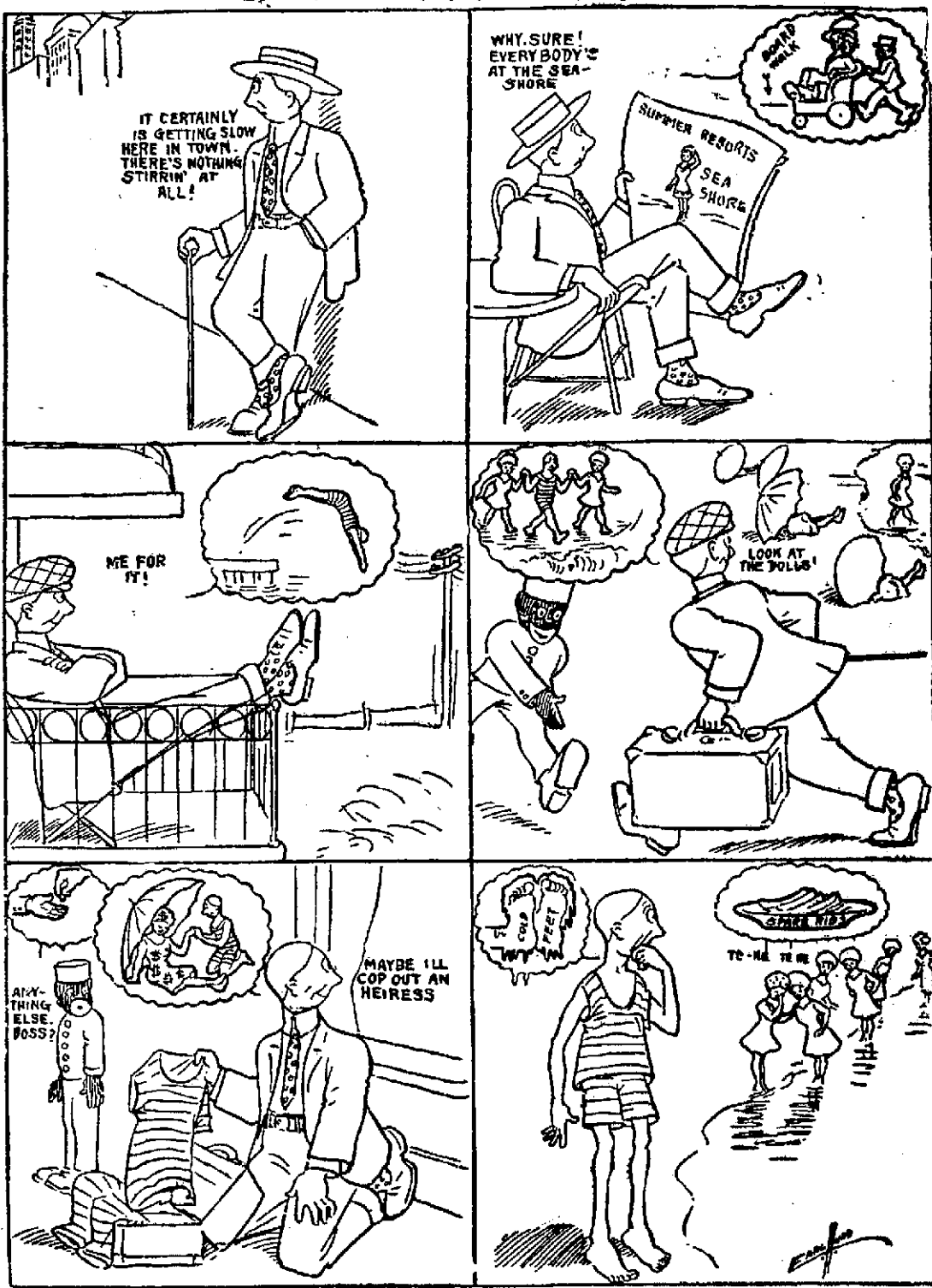
**Believes He Did Right.**  
"Furthermore, I believed it would be for the public good," continued Mr. Roosevelt.

"I answered Messrs. Gary and Frick that if matters were in such a state I did not want to stand in the way and the results proved that the act was a good one because the panic was stopped."

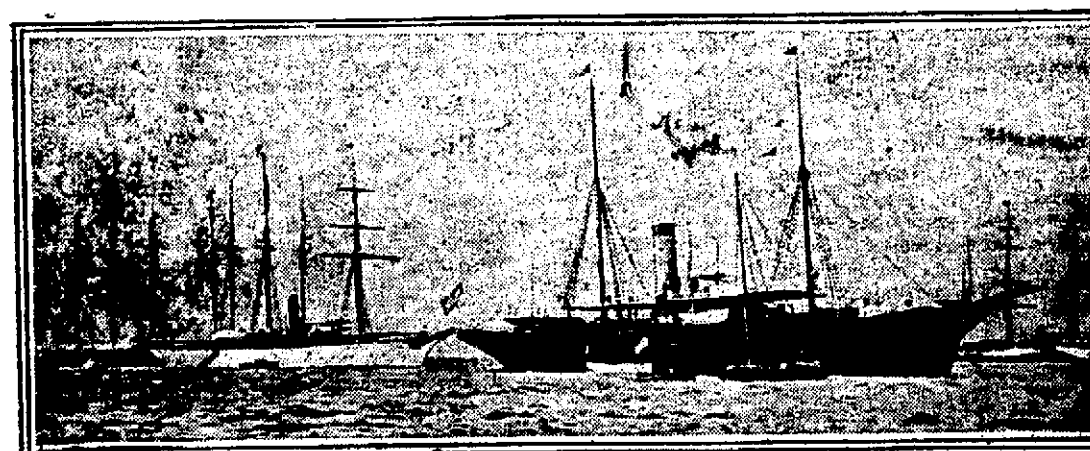
Mr. Roosevelt further said he had learned that the action was of great

# What's On Your Mind?

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## NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S BRILLIANT FLEET ON EXCURSION



COMMODORE C. LEDYARD BLAIR'S FLAGSHIP, THE DIANA (IN FOREGROUND), THE SAGAMORE, THE KARINA, THE ATLANTIC AND THE WESTWARD (IN BACKGROUND).

The New York Yacht Club's fleet is now on its annual cruise. Fair weather conditions roused the owners of yachts to great enthusiasm and the prospects are that this year's event will surpass anything ever held in the history of the club. Some of the boats entered are the Diana, the Sagamore, the Karina and the Atlantic.

benefit to the people of the Birmingham district.

"I should have proved an unworthy public officer if I had not done as I did."

"If I had not acted at once," he continued, "in that extraordinary crisis I should have been a mere titlle. In every such crisis the temptation to indecision, to non-action, always exists. There is always excuse for non-action. If a man is worth his salt he will give people in trouble the benefit of the doubt and act as the situation demands if the law is not violated."

## Every Step Was Open.

"Every step I took was as open as the deed."

Chairman Stanley asked the former president for more details as to the conference at the white house and about the trust companies in trouble at New York at the time.

"I think they mentioned only one trust company. I had previously been informed that there were two such companies and that the assets of a certain big stock brokerage company was threatened. They said they were fully convinced this company would fail if the Tennessee transaction were not completed. These securities had no market value at the moment, they said, and they stated that they were willing to purchase the property for the steel corporation; that the steel corporation did not wish to do it for the sake of a transaction itself, because it had been their policy to keep their proportion of the steel business at 60 per cent or less. As a matter of fact, their control was less."

**Wanted to Avert Disaster.**  
"They said they were willing and anxious to take over the property because they felt it was the only way to save the situation, that it would put the power of the steel corporation behind the company on the firing line and in a position to prevent disaster."

"You spoke of their mentioning trust companies," Mr. Stanley asked. "Did they mention any?"

"I think they mentioned none," Mr. Roosevelt replied, "and I did not ask them for the names."

**Put Questions to the Colonel.**  
Mr. Roosevelt declared neither Mr. Gary nor Mr. Frick advised him of the stock of the Tennessee Coal and Iron was preferred by them more than

any other industrial stock before the panic and said they did not tell him of their efforts in New York through the transaction to help out a stock broker.

"Did they describe the conditions in relation to this stock in Wall street, how the Tennessee had been kited about like a football?"

"Mr. Stanley," the former president exclaimed, "you must apply to some other than myself if you wish an expert opinion on Wall street," and then Mr. Roosevelt laughed heartily.

"Didn't they advise you that the week before they had offered to make a loan to a certain stock jobber who was in trouble on these Tennessee securities?"

"They never mentioned such a thing."

**Some Other Things He Didn't Know.**  
"Did they advise you that nine-tenths of this stock was locked up in the stock of multimillionaires on account of its value and that the stocks value had purposely been destroyed in Wall street by pegging and that only 30 per cent of this stock was involved in the houses that were in trouble?"

"Nobody talked to me on those lines you suggest at all," said Mr. Roosevelt.

"I ought to say," Mr. Roosevelt interrupted as the chairman was about to ask another question, "that several New York bankers had informed me that Tennessee Coal and Iron stocks were valueless as securities. Mr. Gary and Mr. Frick earnestly desired that the threatened institution should have the Tennessee Coal and Iron stock substituted in order to save a serious

crash. They said they knew of no way by which the panic could be stopped except by this transfer."

## PRESIDENT PLANS LONG POLITICAL TOUR

[Continued from Page One.]

Dakota, Minneapolis and Wisconsin, where he may see Pauline Wayne, the white house cow, which is to be on exhibition at the international dairy exposition in Milwaukee. From this point the party may turn again into Kansas and Iowa.

If the trip is to end in four weeks Milwaukee probably will be the last stopping place. If it should be extended the president will journey to Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake and the coast, taking in California, Oregon and Washington and returning east over a northern route.

**BIRTH RECORD.**  
Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Ranner, 2113 Thomas street, a son.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schroeder, Glasgow avenue, a daughter.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Grotrain, 436 Pontiac street, a daughter.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Will Leedy, Lasalle street, a daughter.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Noll, 1235 W. Berry street, a daughter.

Sentinel Want Ads Pay

## What Would You Give to Know

GERMAN FRENCH SPANISH ITALIAN  
You can learn a Modern Language within five months by the NATURAL METHOD OF INSTRUCTION, as taught by the SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES AND BUREAU OF LITERATURE. For terms, explanation of method of instruction, sample lesson, etc., address

PROF. GEO. J. LINDNER, Ph. D.

(Budapest and Heidelberg.)  
At the SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES AND BUREAU OF LITERATURE, No. 130 W. Wayne Street. Fort Wayne, Ind.

# SOCIETY

A lovely garden party was given yesterday afternoon by Misses Margaret and Sallie Vesey at their home in Thompson avenue in honor of Mrs. William Fielder, of Tampa, Fla., who is visiting her sister, Miss Blanche Bilderback. It was in reality a rose party for though the guests played bridge they did so in the garden at tables decked in pink roses and received corsage bouquets of roses for souvenirs, while prize winners found beautiful bouquets of roses were the reward for their high scores. There were a dozen guests.

Mrs. J. F. Delber, of the White apartments, entertained at bridge quite informally this afternoon. There were players for three tables and tempting refreshments were served after the game.

Miss Sadie Griffiths, of Des Moines, Ia., who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Griffiths, and Miss Cornelia Blaney, of Wabash, who is visiting Mrs. N. K. Smith, were the honor guests yesterday afternoon at a porch party for which Mrs. F. P. Glazier, of West Jefferson street, was the hostess. The decorations were of garden flowers and had been prettily arranged by Mrs. Auger. Delicious refreshments were served after the guests had visited over their sewing. There were present Mrs. John Thompson, Mrs. Claude Johnson, Mrs. O. L. Hutchins, Mrs. N. K. Smith, Mrs. Charles L. Olds, Mrs. T. L. Gardner, Mrs. Phil B. Colerick, Mrs. E. Reichert, Mrs. Arthur John-

son, Mrs. John Orff, Mrs. Robert Orff, Mrs. Charles Bushby, Mrs. Eric Peterson, Mrs. Edith Blake-Hedden, Mrs. William E. Griffiths, the Misses Jessie Orff, Mollie Johns, Pauline Raub, Helen Reichert.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Siebold have issued invitations to the marriage of their niece, Miss Myrtle Marie Ryan, to John Carroll Dowling, which will take place next Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock at the Cathedral. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ryan, of Chicago, but has always resided in Fort Wayne, where she is quite well known. Mr. Dowling, of New Haven, and like his bride, is very favorably known. For the past two years he has been clerk of the circuit court and by his integrity and close attention to his work has won many friends. After a two weeks' trip to Chicago and returning, Ill., the bride and groom will return here and be at home to their many friends after October 25 in a pretty new home now being completed at 1219 California avenue.

Miss Nellie Henry returned home today from a two weeks' visit with friends at Wabash.

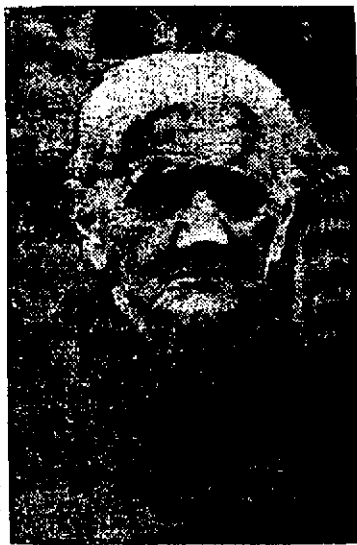
Miss Beatrice Benninghoff, of East Lewis street, is visiting friends at Lake George for a few days.

Miss Lora Walter, of West Creighton avenue, is at Rome City for an outing of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Haffner re-

## REACHES NINETY-SECOND MILESTONE

Mrs. Anna Mary Meyer, Resided at More Than Half a Century in Fort Wayne, Was Born Early in the Last Century.



MRS. ANNA MARY MEYER, AGED 92

In the city where she has lived for more than a half century and where her children have been raised and still live, Mrs. Anna Mary Meyer will celebrate the ninety-second anniversary of her birth on Monday, August 7, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Lepper, 1402 East Wayne street. Mrs. Meyer came to Fort Wayne to live in 1837 and with her husband, John M. Meyer, and family, settled at the corner of Harner and Madison streets, then on the outskirts of the city. Mr. Meyer prospered and his ambitious and energetic wife helped in making a comfortable home for their three children and in acquiring property as well. Today Mrs. Meyer is still in possession of excellent health and her faculties are little impaired, though she is slightly deaf. She reads, how-

ever, without her glasses and is able to get about pretty well.

Mrs. Meyer was born in 1819 in Auerhahn, Bavaria, and spent her childhood there. She was one of sixteen children. Bavaria was also the birthplace of Mr. Meyer, but their marriage did not take place until two years after Mrs. Meyer, then Anna Lepper, arrived in Baltimore, which was in 1845. It was ten years later when Mr. and Mrs. Meyer moved to this city. To them were born but three children but all are living and their children have married so that now Grandma Meyer counts as descendants sixteen grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. Mrs. Meyer's son and daughters are Mrs. Fred Lepper, with whom she makes her home; Mrs. Elizabeth Schmidt, of St. Martin's street, and William Henry Meyer, who lives on Oak street. Mr. Meyer conducts a machine shop on Clay street, and is a widely known business man. When the family first moved to Fort Wayne Mr. and Mrs. Meyer identified themselves with St. Paul's Lutheran church and were among the best supporters of that congregation. It attached to the aged woman to the church to which she has belonged for so many years, that in spite of the fact that she now lives east of the district included in that congregation, she still attends where she feels so much more at home. Mrs. Meyer has a sister living, Mrs. Eis-feller, of Chicago, who has added five years already to man's "allotted" time, three score and ten years.

There will not be any special celebration of Grandma Meyer's birthday anniversary on Monday. Members of the family will call and old friends may drop in to extend congratulations, while if the day is a pleasant one they will find "Grandma" in her easy chair sitting on the porch, smiling a cheery greeting.

turned today from a two weeks' outing at Rome City and Misses Evelyn Certia and Henrietta Mariotte, have gone to Cedar Point, Ohio, for a few days.

Miss Carrie Snively has come to Clear Lake to spend the week-end at Hazenhurst hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Davis left last night for an outing of several weeks at Potoskey and Bay View, Mich.

Miss Elizabeth Sailer, of East Perry street, is at Rome City for a few days' outing.

Miss Lella Lytle, of Delphos, Ohio, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. John T. Ferguson, of 1507 Crescent avenue.

Miss Hazel Dawson went to Rome City today to spend the week-end with Miss Helen B. Harner.

Mrs. Myron Duesinger is entertaining a young niece from New York City.

Mrs. W. T. Dickinson, of Hamilton, Canada, is visiting.

W. A. Keyser, of 2323 Thomas street, has come home from Aurora for a few days.

Miss Georgianna Harris, of West Wayne street, has gone to Winona Lake for a few days' visit with relatives.

Mrs. Philip Werstein and son, Jerome, and Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Ward and son, have gone to Rome City to spend a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Weber, of Douglas, have started today for a trip of three weeks' time to Atlantic City, Newark and other eastern points.

Miss Augusta Spiegel, of West De-Wood street, has returned from a fortnight's trip to the Thousand Islands.

Miss June Nail, of Chicago, is visiting her cousins, Misses Althea and Mary Stockbridge, of South Webster street.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Conine have returned from a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Pfeiffer at Lake Wauwassee.

Misses Dorothy and Otilie Sander, of 1614 Madison avenue, have returned from a month's visit in Hammond, Chicago and Edinboro, Ill.

Miss Ruth Huteblin, who was visiting her cousin, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. DeWitt, of West Perry street, has returned to New Castle, Pa.

Mrs. Jesse A. Greene and son, Campbell, are now at their cottage at Clear Lake, Mich. Mr. Greene will join

his family later in the season.

Mrs. Peter Certia and Misses Evelyn Certia and Henrietta Mariotte, have gone to Cedar Point, Ohio, for a few days.

Mrs. Ivers Leonard and daughters left today for Fort Leavenworth, Kan., to join Capt. Leonard and make their home.

Miss Phyllis Randall has returned from a visit at Clear Lake with Miss Eliza Hanna and has gone to Rome City to join her mother, Mrs. A. L. Randall and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Eggeman, of West Woodland avenue, are going to leave on Tuesday for a western trip. They will go to California for a time and will likely tour the Pacific coast.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Charles Meyer and daughter, Otilie, have gone on a fortnight's trip to Kansas and Hot Springs, Ark. They will visit relatives.

Mrs. Harry Offutt, of Broadway, went to Rome City today for a ten days' stay at one of the hotels. Mr. Offutt is making a brief trip to Oak Harbor, a Lake Erie point.

Mrs. C. D. Nolan and son, of Mac-leison avenue, leaves today for Fond-du-lac, Wis., to visit Mrs. Nolan's sister, Miss Acquinta Bueter, of New Haven, who is at a convent there.

Miss Nell Bleckman will spend the rest of the summer with Mrs. O. N. Gullin at Clear Lake and Miss Kate Bleckman went to Gled's mills today for a month.

Mrs. Bessie Clarke and brother, Alva Clarke, have returned to Dayton, Ohio, after a visit here with their aunt, Mrs. L. L. Jefferson and other relatives.

Miss Olive Spaulding, of Crescent avenue, will leave Monday morning for Minneapolis and Lake City, Minn., to visit friends and relatives for a month.

The members of the Priscilla club and their husbands picnicked at Robinson park last evening. The picnic supper was an annual affair of the club and a fine "spread" was enjoyed.

Mrs. John B. Yale, of Sparkill, N. Y., eldest sister of Charles McCulloch, will arrive in the city in a few days for a visit with her brother. Mrs. Yale is returning from a trip around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hadley and children, of Hoagland avenue, went to Clear Lake today. Mrs. Hadley and children will remain three weeks and Mr. Hadley will spend Sundays with them.

The Misses Celia Oddou, Ella and Mary, will be in the city.

Blue straw hat with white flowers and feathers.

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE.

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## The Boston Store

Today and Tomorrow

**we are going to offer**  
**1,500 yards of 75c to**  
**\$1.00 Dress Goods at**  
**59c a yard.**

1,500 Yards

**All Plain and Fancy Dress Goods that**  
**sold for 50 cents at 39 cents a yard.**

1,500 Yards

**All Plain and Fancy Dress**  
**Goods that sold for 25 cents**  
**at 19 cents a yard.**

**REMEMBER**

**These are Big Specials for To-**  
**day and Tomorrow only**  
**at these prices.**

WM. MAHN & CO.

## The Boston Store

### HINTS TO THE GARDENER.

Fashion, which exercises so powerful an influence over the garden, makes her influence felt in the garden, too. One cannot but observe that many are now giving a welcome back to plants which made the gardens of former generations, if not brilliant, yet full of quiet color and homely sweetness. Of great importance then were the spring and early summer stocks. They were so carefully grown as to be more like floriferous bushes rather than mere plants, a rich mass of bloom, and redolent of almost overpowering perfume. Only occasionally do we see them grown to perfection in an amateur's garden, and yet they are worthy of cultivation. The stock is one of the most telling of plants, either in a mixed garden, or better still, massed in a large bed. In winter the bed is neat, in spring interesting and during May and June a sheet of bloom. When the stocks are over their prime they may be taken by asters, reared on purpose to be ready at the time required, in order to furnish the bed with autumn beauty. Stocks are worthy also of being wintered in frames, three in each pot, and moved on for indoor decoration, or planted out to flower early, which is sometimes important.

Of the three different classes of stocks the annual includes all the ten week and pyramidal forms, the intermediate is valuable for growing in pots for spring decoration and the biennial provides the finest bed and border plants. Should it be desired to have a display of these next May a packet of seed of the best strain must be procured and sown at once, either in boxes or in the open ground. If the latter, sow the seeds in drills very thinly, and if dry soak the drills before putting in the seed. It is simple labor lost to water the surface of a seed bed in dry weather after the seed is sown; the watering should be done before, and then if the weather is very bright shade the surface until the germinating seed pushes through the ground, and no longer.

Vases are more in fashion every year, and they certainly help to break the monotony of the newly made garden, with its green terraces and highly colored walks. Set on proper pedestals, their prominence commands observation. The chief necessity is that they should be set with a due regard to taste and the relation they bear to the surroundings. Some never exercise their judgment to find out what things are fit and pleasing to blend with each other. A vase of a handsome character should not be placed in a hide-and-seek corner. There must be some scope of well kept lawn and beds and gravel to render it effective, or placed in a niche of a grass terrace beside a spacious walk and filled with some interesting plants, the whole would be in good keeping. Handsome foliage plants show well in such positions, but if flowering plants are used one kind is infinitely preferable to the Roman tile style of mixture once so prevalent. Plants of an upright character, however, may need to be draped with others of drooping tendency in decorating an object of this kind.

Mrs. Beverly B. Munford and other prominent women of Virginia have launched a movement to establish in that state a university for women, which shall maintain a standard of scholarship equal to that of Virginia's famed university for men.

### FROM NOW ON

Until the end of August, all Summer Millinery must go at any price. Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, worth from \$1.00 to \$20.00, may be bought now at from 25c to \$5.00. At such prices, it will pay any one to purchase one or even more than one Mergentheim hat now.

**At Mergentheim's**  
620 CALHOUN ST.

## POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED

## Domestic Bread

**Don't Forget**

Saturday is the last day of Battenburg Sale of lunch cloth, sideboard and dresser covers, 50 cents on the dollar.

## The Oriental Store

122 East Wayne Street.

## OUR CULINARY DEPARTMENT

MEATS AND RECIPES FOR HOUSEKEEPER'S DAILY USE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

Breakfast

Fruit.  
Cereal. Sugar and Cream.  
Broiled Bacon.  
Hashed Browned Potatoes.  
Virginia Corn Bread. Coffee.

Lunch.

Creamed Fish. Carrot Salad.  
Apple Pudding. Iced Cocoa.  
Dinner.  
Corn Soup.  
Boiled Corned Beef.  
New Potatoes. Stuffed Peppers.  
Waters. Cheese.  
Watermelon. Coffee.

RECIPES.

Virginia Corn Bread.

Dissolve one tablespoonful of butter in three and a half pints of boiling milk; stir in one quart of corn meal; when cool add half a pint of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and two eggs well beaten; mix well together and bake in two cakes. The time must be well but-

Apple Pudding.

Five large apples, chopped fine, one cupful of raisins, ground in meat grinder, one cupful of sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one cupful of flour, salt and vanilla to season. Bake slowly one hour and serve with whipped cream.

### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Is it a proof of decadence that we hurry greedily to try certain physical sensations which these commercial spirits who understand the public taste produce to their own exceeding profit? People who certainly ought to know better revel in the perils of the scenic railway at amusement resorts, of the rapid drop through space in which your breath departs and one half of your body seems miles behind the other half, and you fancy you are in danger, though you know you are not, for to be in actual danger to life and limb would be indulging in pleasure to an unseemly extent. It looks as if the modern world were not exciting enough for the taste of its inhabitants when we rush for sensations such as this. In ancient times, when an ordinary walk had its risks from wild animals and human enemies, when a man might be killed as easily as we kill a fly today, rest and security were probably accounted pleasures, rarity being an essential part of every true pleasure. If circumstances refuse you the sensation you crave, why not obtain it artificially? A great Italian writer declared that being in an aeroplane was like being in love.

Some other genius should express the feelings induced by a good switch-back, as without doubt the emotions it inspires are rather singular.

The Misuse of English.

In a current number of one of the magazines there is an article dealing with the blunders in grammar most common in modern publications. A special mention was made of the frequent use of pronouns in the third person plural after words like everybody, nobody, etc. This falling usually appears due to the lamentable want in the language of a pronoun the singular of they and it is, which may be employed for a human being without distinction of gender. Thus in the sentence, "A parent loves his child" or "Everybody appreciates his own company occasionally," we do not specially imply an individual of the masculine sex, and it is annoying not to be able to express our exact meaning, to be obliged to convey our thoughts so clumsily and imperfectly. Why the promoters of the feminist cause have not turned their attention to state of the dictionary as unfair to women it seems hard to understand, as even the language seems to have been created for man alone.

ORDER  
PERFECTION  
BREAD  
IT'S  
PERFECT  
BREAD

**YOU**

**Can't Afford to Bake**

A Fort Wayne business man, with income large enough for such an extravagance as home baking says:

"My wife feels she can't afford to use home-made bread when she can buy such perfect bread as 'Perfection' at such a small cost."

And this came from a woman who never had to do any close figuring to make both ends meet.

For genuine economy, BUY, and buy PERFECTION at any dealers.

**Perfection Biscuit Company**

Embroidered linen gown with Irish lace and antique embroidery.

**MISS BARRYMORE SUES FOR DIVORCE**

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE.

That Miss Ethel Barrymore has begun suit for absolute divorce against her husband, Russell G. Colt, and that papers in the suit have been served upon Mr. Colt is now positively known. Filing of the action marks the abandonment of attempts at reconciliation which have been made since Miss Barrymore closed her tour in California last month and returned to the east.

Mr. Colt and Miss Barrymore were married in the rectory of St. Mary's Church, Hyde Park, Boston, in March, 1900. Miss Barrymore was then appearing in Boston in "Lady Frederick."

**Don't Forget**

Saturday is the last day of Battenburg Sale of lunch cloth, sideboard and dresser covers, 50 cents on the dollar.

**The Oriental Store**

122 East Wayne Street.

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122 East Wayne Street.

# A Page of Interest to Women

## PLAIN TALKS ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

### SAVING WITH A PURPOSE.

Saving money to be worth while, both in acquiring a good habit and also in material result, must be systematic. We must not say, "I will put five dollars away when it is convenient for me to spare it or when I have no particular use for it." That day will never, or at least very rarely, come. The only right way to save is to lay by a certain sum weekly or monthly, according as one receives his salary. Pay day is the time to put it away. We should have a fund marked "Savings." One is surprised to see how rapidly such a sum grows by systematic additions.

In order to save in a systematic way it is necessary to plan one's money. No wage earner should be without an account book in which to record his receipts and expenses. If we once form the habit of planning our money, we will be surprised to see how much further it will go. Wonders can be accomplished by planning. Probably most of us will not have to figure as closely as did Whittier in the poverty of his youth. He reckoned his expenses so closely and planned his money so carefully that he calculated to have twenty-five cents left at the end of the year—and he had it.

We must have a purpose in view in saving. We should plan to invest our money in some way which we have a sum large enough. We must beware of fine sounding schemes whereby we may lose our hard earned money, but we should have in mind some safe investment in real estate, or, better yet, bonds and mortgages. There is always more or less trouble and expense attached to holding any sort of real estate. There is none connected with holding a mortgage. A guaranteed first mortgage is a thoroughly safe investment. We are sure of our five per cent interest in city property and usually six per cent in out of town.

If one has some such object as this in view he will take a vast amount of pleasure in saving for it. While he is doing so he should deposit his money in some good savings bank. While it is in the bank, being added to from time to time, he should determine never to touch it, unless in case of an emergency, such as illness or loss of position. If either misfortune happens it is a great comfort to have a bank account on which one can draw at will. It is far better than if the money is tied up in some insurance company, whose payments have to be met under all circumstances and conditions.

However, insurance is a good scheme for those who are too weak willed to put money away themselves. And, of course, there are other points in favor of insurance also. A bank account gives one a very independent feeling. The happy possessor of a bankbook need never fear "the rainy day," nor need he be afraid of being unpleasantly dependent on relatives or strangers in illness or old age.

While our main object in saving should be a fund of this sort, it is a good plan, if one can afford it, to have another smaller fund into which we can put a certain weekly sum to be spent "in a lump" when a certain amount has accumulated. Many a one has saved for a pleasure trip in this

way and hardly felt the expense, when it would have been impossible to take the money for it all at one time. Many a cynic person is taking great pleasure in saving for a trip to the west or to Europe, though he knows it will be several years before he can carry out his object.

In order to save in a systematic manner, it is necessary for most of us to practice strict economy, and there is no more excellent discipline in the world than this. Self denial is a splendid aid in character building. It is one of the chief elements in a strong and well formed character. Self denial, let us remember, not denial to others. The former is noble; the latter despicable. Let us never confuse the two.

Let us be economizers, but not misers. Many refrain from practicing economy because they associate it with meanness. Economy should not be confused with penuriousness. The former will never lead to the latter if it is not carried to extreme. It is only the mean, small man who becomes penurious. Indeed, the man who has been economical with himself usually has the means at hand to be liberal to others. Washington and other great men did not disdain to practice economy. Nature herself knows no waste—the autumn leaves fertilize the soil; with her nothing is lost. Let us learn the lesson from her.

The economy necessary to systematic saving should be carried on in households as well as by individuals; the young man or woman who has practiced it alone should not give up the habit when married. One accustomed to it will not be happy united to a spendthrift. What joy and pride do the young couple take in putting by a few dollars the first week of their married life and every week until they are able to buy a small piece of land and build a little a me of their own! The couple who receive the deed of a house, all furnished, as a wedding gift miles a vast amount of mutual pleasure that the poorer couple, struggling for a home of their own, enjoy. He smokes a pipe instead of cigars; she denies herself some extra bit of finery—and how they rejoice together over the few dollars thus saved! There is joy unequalled of planning the rooms and furnishing them in the imagination twenty times over. What pleasure in this common interest, what growing together of hearts in the offices and economy involved! Would you compare this kind of saving with the mistaken joy of the miser gloating over his gold? The comparison would be almost a sacrilege.

Let us ask ourselves three serious questions: Are we saving systematically? Have we a definite purpose in view? Are we denying ourselves and not denying others?

### DEATH IN ROARING FIRE

May not result from the work of firebugs, but often severe burns are caused that make a quick need for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the quickest, surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, boils, sores. It soothes inflammation. It kills pain. It soothes and heals. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c at all druggists.

## SMART COSTUME FOR CALLING



FROM BLOOMINGDALE BROS.  
Phot. by JOEL FEDER

One of the famous French dress-makers who is noted for the distinctive style of his garments is responsible for this handsome little suit of fancy patterned mohair, which has suggestions of the Moslem dress in the cut of the skirt. The underpetticoat of liberty satin wraps the figure closely and at the lapping side is laid in pleats to stimulate a sash. The petticoat is edged at the bottom with a four inch fringe. The width of the skirt, hanging straight, is about forty-five inches, but where the pleated sash panel overlaps the seam is left free for twelve inches, which increases the width when walking. The effect, however, is of a very narrow skirt, completely outlining the figure. The overskirt of fancy patterned mohair forms a long point to the left front, falling the full length of the petticoat. The little jacket is almost close fitting and has the characteristic, curious seaming of all models from this modiste.

## TRAMPING THROUGH THE HOLIDAY.

Two city girls, with boundless determination for a real vacation, plenty of independence and a rather slim pocketbook sandwiched in between the two, hit upon the notion of a hike holiday.

Without saying a word to their friends, who would have scouted the idea, they set out to get together the necessary equipments for a cross country tramp. These consisted of short khaki skirts, natural colored pongee waists, short tan tramping boots, one of the real sombreros that protect the wearer equally from sun and rain, a firm leather belt, and, to add to the picturesque phase of the dress, bright colored silk handkerchiefs knotted about the throat in true western style.

Rainproof knapsacks of rubberized cloth held a night dress, a change of undergarments and stockings, a few toilet articles and emergency remedies. Light raincoats to serve as havens in time of storm and as tents at night in case the wanderers were caught on the road and compelled to "camp out" completed the outfit.

Not wishing to catch the eye of the curious, the tramping took a train to a suburban village chosen as a starting point. A lake fifty miles distant was their destination, selected with a view to giving an object to their journey. They had seven days to cover the miles between, about seven miles a day, a minimum distance for even the slowest walker.

This meant that there was plenty of time for resting along the way, drowsing by sylvan brooks, exploring the cool depths of forests, reveling in all the joys of loiterers. How they enjoyed meeting the farmers' wives, who invariably entered into the spirit of their city visitors' fun, treated them to cups of fragrant milk from the spring house, and for a mere song gave them to eat of the choice vegetables from the garden, the ripest, richest fruit from the orchard and the triumphs of the oven.

And what of the nights? Were there ever such beds of ease as those beneath the farmhouse roof, with the rain pattering a lullaby against the shingles, or such starlight skies as looked down at them through the trees the three nights they "camped out." The heavens seemed to come close, to tuck the blue-black blankets of the sky close about them, while the mysterious night voices of the forest roused in them only the indomitable spirit of the first women of the woods.

So pleased were they with the experience when the lake was reached, a day ahead of scheduled time, that they determined to abandon their original plan to return by rail and hike back to the city by another route.

Two weeks later they returned home one evening at dusk. At first their families failed to recognize their tramp daughters in the two brown, travel stained and happy individuals who stood laughing in the doorway. The following day the girls returned

wrap in draped style, bordered with fringe and finished with a broad, flat fichu collar of white velours de laine. This model is developed in Permo crep in a beautiful shade of lavender blue, and the fringe is in matching color. The only contrast is found in the pure white chiffon fichu and the white wool on the wrap.

## SOME NEW IDEAS IN CLOTHES.

For a very long time men have been protesting against their mode of dressing, not openly, for it takes a great amount of courage to defy convention, but secretly rebelling against the stiff front shirt, the three inch collar and the ugly sombreness of masculine apparel.

The American man is not alone in his silent protest against convention, for in Berlin some brave reformers have started a Men's Dress Reform society.

They are making one more attack on the starched shirt and the black coat and the stiff collar. It is one more endeavor to persuade men that there are better, more comfortable and more beautiful ways of clothing themselves. How many such attacks and endeavors there have been in the last few years no one can tell, but the faithful reader of the papers recognizes them as old friends.

This new assault on the strongholds of convention is a wily affair. Recognizing that fashionable and official people are hard to convince, it is going to appeal first to those who may be suspected of possessing enough natural independence to make them careless of custom. It is going to reason with artists and musicians and writers.

The plan is good, but it does not strike one as being exactly a winning move in the game. For it is unfortunately true that these are just the people who incline already to the wild

er ways in dressing, who, therefore, are in no particular need of conversion. But perhaps the idea is to turn them into a sort of organized protest instead of a display of eccentricities.

Really it is rather strange that it should still be necessary to fight this battle, for almost everybody agrees in condemning the clothes that are worn at present. Men will say the fiercest things about them as they march to their tailors to order some more of the abominations. They will protest and complain and grumble all the time. But the unfortunate thing is that they all keep on buying them.

All that is needed, so say the reformers, is a little courage. If a few brave spirits would consult with a revolutionary artist and obey his orders the battle would be over in six months, but so few men are bold enough to face the thought of that period of trial, knowing as they do how infinite are the powers for persecution of the average small boy, how chilling are the glances of outraged propriety.

The reformation is coming, but it is not coming in the way laid down by the societies and the agitators. It is coming, shyly and self-consciously every time a man buys for the first time a shirt which will refuse to stand up like a board all over his chest. It is coming when, for the first time, he marks a holiday by wearing a soft collar. Of course it is a very slow business, but that is the way of the world.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Out from behind the locked doors of millinery rooms filters the fact that the first autumn hats are to be either very small and very tall or very large and very flat.

"There is no doubt," says one of the creators of "creations," "that plenty of range is given as to size and shape. There is no happy medium. Either it is the towering kind or the aeroplane model."

There seems to be little choice between the two extremes, according to those who have been studying them closely. Both are artistically correct so far as designing is concerned, so that it remains for the wearer to find which is most becoming to her particular style and make her selection accordingly. Small hats, fitting tightly to the head with a crisp of hair or a curl escaping here and there, are extremely smart and chic looking, besides being very comfortable in the wearing.

Broad brimmed flat hats are picturesque, a charming frame for the face and hair. Verily, the autumn girl is likely to be left in a quandary as to her head covering.

### A Beauty Hint.

The complaint that powder rubs off can be overcome with the exercise of a little extra care in the application of this first aid to beauty.

We hear so much about the injurious effects of cosmetics that the woman who hearkens to well meant but

ill spent advice turns to her powder box with fear and trembling. There is no need for this paralyzing in the use of what is, in fact, a protection and a supplement to a good clear healthy skin. This is only true, however, when absolutely fresh powder is used, and when all traces of it are removed upon retiring at night. Powder grows stale, and when stale has an irritating rather than a soothing effect. Pure rice powder, kept in a closed box with a sachet bag, or a stick oforris root, is fragrant and harmless.

Dry skins easily shed powder. For this reason it is better to use a foundation of a teaspoonful of glycerine to a half pint of rose water. Apply the lotion and dry off quickly, then see that the powder is evenly distributed.

Liquid powders, when pure, are strongly recommended for some skins. Under the evening lights they give a velvet transparency to the skin, besides which they have the advantage of not rubbing off easily. Extreme care should be used in their application to see that no white patches show, as will be the case if carelessly applied. A good liquid powder is made by slowly pouring a dram of glycerine over an ounce of oxide of zinc to make a smooth paste. Four ounces of rose-water are then added slowly and lastly fifteen drops of essence of rose. Bottle and shake well before applying the lotion to the skin.

## THE LATEST THING IN SLEEVES



SHOTS BY JOEL FEDER

FROM JOHN WANAMAKER

PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER

One of the very greatest French dressmakers is responsible for this quaint new style, bordering a little on the 1880 effect. The strikingly new feature is the boned sleeve, which is balloon shape at the elbow, the fullness being stretched on a bone or reed.

The bodice is in fichu effect, the drapery very flat over the shoulders and bordered with fringe. The skirt has a tunic, which wraps the figure in double lines, the edges of which are bordered by fringe and heavily weighted to make the draperies cling close to the figure.

Completing the dress is a small

## MID-SUMMER FASHIONS FOR LITTLE FOLKS



FROM OTTEFRIED COLLINS & CO.  
PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER

FROM OTTEFRIED COLLINS & CO.  
PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER

to work, five to seven pounds heavier, and infinitely stronger in mind and body for the outing. The hike totalled \$14 for the two, or fifty cents a day each.

### OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Silence is always more impressive than noise, and, carried to some lengths, it is far more injurious than the most turbulent of sound combinations; but a little island of silence in the midst of many not too insistent noises is one of the most soothing and most necessary things in modern life. The philosophers have ever recognized the value of silence. So has that mysterious tyrant, tradition. "Silence is golden," says the latter, with its eye on the negation of speech.

But silence as an external fact is also golden. Things happen in silence; they have time to breathe and grow. Silence gives elbow room to ideas; to dreams; it is the happy hunting ground of those who chase the significance of things and themselves. Women will do well to cultivate silence, for it is those who have no silence, just as it is those places which have no silences, that are least alive. Everything is on one surface, all the goods in the shop window; they lack substance, they are devoid of stock

Something new in a little girl's white frock is shown in this modish model of embroidery lawn and lace insertions. The chevron effect of the embroidery is unusual and striking; and the skirt trimming accentuates this effect. One of the hats is a lingerie affair of pleated lace; the other is made of lace frills with a satin faced brim.

they are empty—in them Nature tolerates the vacuum she abhors! We have all met the men who have no silence and the women who have no silence, and how they have made us suffer! They seem to close the gates of life. They generally rattle about nothing, but to rattle about anything is equally unbearable and unforgivable.

Many women fancy they lose caste by being silent. One, in particular, rises to memory; she deliberately chases through life on a torrent of chatter, in mortal fear that if she stop for a second the world will stop too. And the amazing thing about it is that no one ever remembers anything she says; the impression is of a rattle, a feverish rattle, hectic and anxious in its desire to impress; it is a diseased vivacity. She, and a great many of her sex, should learn the value of silence.

### OLD SOLDIER TORTURED.

"For years I suffered unspeakable torture from indigestion, constipation and liver trouble," wrote A. K. Smith, a war veteran at Erie, Pa. "but Dr. King's New Life Pills fixed me all right. They're simply great." Try them for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Only 25c at all druggists.



Christians said they quit, forsooth, because  
something got in their way. The  
persisted to this day. "Students  
would have become great se-  
but they tired of their books to  
preachers who would have to  
to the very front in their ex-  
holy calling—but they quit.  
too soon and began to fossilize.  
tors who would have become  
stars in their profession—but  
their high ideals too early in  
became common-places and  
sordid; Christian workers who  
have become great soul win-  
ners had lost persistence and  
and faithfulness. "Ye were  
well," said the apostle. "Most  
can do that for a time. "But  
hinder you?" Well, it dees  
so much difference who or  
was, the tragic fact is, that y  
And the quitter doesn't get to  
no matter how fine his piece  
the early part of the race—E



## THE SHOP AND RAIL NEWS

### 200 OPERATORS ARE MADE HAPPY

Pennsy Men Surprised by Notice of Increase in Wages.

### ANNUAL VACATIONS ALSO ARE THEIRS

B. & O. Engine Blocks the Tracks of Two Roads at Avilla.

Yesterday a bit of sunshine was injected into the business handled by the several hundred operators on the western division of the Pennsylvania, when a message from Division Operator Homer E. Reynolds informed them that the wage scale for operators had been revised so as to make the minimum wage \$70 per month. The same message also conveyed the information that all operators, whether affected by the increase or not, would hereafter be allowed a ten days' vacation with full pay annually. This bit of news came unsolicited and as a most welcome surprise to the men. Mr. Reynolds said this morning that the increase affected about 200 of his operators; that it became effective July 1 and that it would figure in the pay rolls at the coming of the paymaster in August. The average increase is about \$5 per month; the minimum \$1 and the maximum \$3. About two weeks ago The Sentinel published a telegram concerning an increase in the wages of Pennsylvania operators, but as Mr. Reynolds was out of the city and could not be interviewed and none other could be found who knew anything about it, it was supposed that the increase was confined to the southwest system and the lines in the north-west system were not affected.

#### TWO ROADS BLOCKED.

B. & O. Engine Leaves Rails at G. R. & I. Crossing.

At 12 o'clock last night a Baltimore and Ohio engine left the rails as it was crossing the Grand Rapids and Indiana tracks at Avilla, pulling a car with it and blocking both that line and the G. R. & I. several hours. Passenger trains 19, 20 and 5 on the Grand Rapids road were back of the wreck and had to make a detour, going via Waterloo and Kendallville over the Lake Shore tracks. The "Bond Lady," due here at 7:50 this morning, did not make a detour, but it was delayed forty minutes by the wreck. Nobody was injured, so far as could be learned here, and the property loss was not very great.

#### CAN'T AFFORD SIGNALS.

C. H. & D. Will Not Equip Fort Wayne Branch.

The Indiana railroad commission has issued an order exempting the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton company from equipping the Fort Wayne division with a block signal system, on the ground that the business of the line does not warrant such improvement. One of the other small branches of the C. H. & D. system was also exempted. This action was taken by the commission after the C. H. & D. had made the claim that the business of the roads would not justify it.

#### AN ENGINEER FOR A DAY.

Yesterday railroad business called Supt. W. M. Wardrop, of the Penn-

sylvania, to Crestline, and in accordance with a custom he took advantage of the opportunity to sit on the engineer's seat, and manipulate the throttle. The train was No. 15, a fast passenger, mail and express, and Mr. Wardrop took it over the entire subdivision, maintaining the high speed schedule throughout. On the return trip he assumed charge of the throttle of the engine pulling train No. 19 and brought it in the city on schedule time. Mr. Wardrop dearly loves this kind of work and has given it much study. He has passed the rigid examination required of engineers two or three times and his associates say he possesses all the requirements and more of a first-class engineer.

#### REPAIRED NINETEEN ENGINES. Pennsylvania Erecting Shop Comes Near the Record Mark.

Nineteen locomotives received general repairs and were turned out of the Pennsylvania erecting shop during the week ending today. They were 7445, 7459, 7532, 7715, 9034, 9045, 9057, 9056, 9369, 9383, 9940, 9946, 9952, 9958, 9959, 9966, 9978, 9979 and 9988. This output comes very near the record, being beaten only once before, when twenty-two engines were turned out of those shops in a week.

#### BIG FIGHT WITH PICKEREL.

From Baldwin lake comes news of one of the most thrilling fights with a big fish on record, the hero being Engineer Ed Wolf, who has been there a week or more with some comrades. Engineer Wolf hooked a pickerel while out in a boat fishing and in the effort to bring the monster up to the side of the boat so the boys could stick a garhook into it, he fell in the water. Luckily the water was not deep at that point, and Mr. Wolf kept the line taut and led the fish to the edge of the bank, where by a hold known only by experts it was landed high and dry. The pickerel weighed just thirteen pounds. In the boat with Engineer Wolf was Operator Norville Gorham and Engineer Charles Brommelmeyer, who were excited they could render no assistance.

#### AT COLORED CAMP MEETING.

J. F. Horrlick, Pennsylvania passenger conductor who is taking a vacation before resuming his duties on the road, has returned from Atwood, Ind., where he went to spend a few days fishing. Yesterday a colored camp meeting opened in the grove on the banks of Huffman lake and the good music produced by the large choir was more attractive to Mr. Horrlick than the uncertainty of catching some blue gills and perch and he quit fishing and went to the camp meeting. Rev. Taylor has charge of the meeting, which began yesterday and will continue twelve days and which will be attended by several thousand colored people from all the cities and towns in Indiana and many in surrounding states.

#### 625,000 MILES; NO REPAIRS.

The motive power department men of the Springfield division of the Wabash refer with pride to the record of engine No. 411, which covered 625,000 miles without repairs, a record they say that has no equal except in the case of Wabash engine 357, which is credited with being in constant service six years without general repairs. No. 411 has been in regular service between Decatur and Hannibal. She went to the shops at Springfield this week for a general overhauling, though it was claimed that in case of emergency she might have covered several thousand more miles.

#### WAS PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

The ice cream social and band concert given by Anthony Lodge, No. 804, B. L. F. & E. at Swinney park Thursday night netted the brotherhood a sum slightly above \$200. Besides the several hundred gallons of ice cream disposed of, the firemen sold twelve cases of pop, six boxes of cigars, many pounds of crackerjack and candy and some other stuff. In fact they completely cleaned up their stock and could have sold more had they been able to get it on the grounds in time. Nelson Garwood and L. M. Chaney, who had been off duty on account of the social, reported for work on the Nickel Plate this morning.

#### HELPED BUILD THE ROAD.

Samuel Scott, who celebrated the eighty-first anniversary of his birth at his farm near Monroeville, Ind., Thursday, was one of the first engineers on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago road. He helped build the road from Crestline to Fort Wayne and for several years afterwards was employed as a fireman and later as engineer on the line. The Monroeville Branch this week published an interesting biographical sketch of the aged man. No doubt some of the old employees of the Pennsylvania remember him when he was employed on the road.

#### WILL HAVE AN OUTING.

The J. S. club will leave Sunday morning for Lake James, where they will spend two weeks at Mr. La-Tourrette's cottage. The club consists of the following members: Clarence Hartman and Ross Thrasher, of the Fort Wayne Electric works; Arthur Engle and Waverly Cartwright, of the Packard company; Norman Gruber, Roy Gids, John Loshine and Elmer Washington, of the Kerr-Murray Manufacturing company; William Donovan, of E. A. Olenich's grocery; and Roy McKee, of the McKee Trucking

company. J. V. Gruber, of the Kerr-Murray works, will accompany the club.

#### JULY BUSINESS WAS GOOD.

Most of the railroads of the country are reporting a better business during last month than during the corresponding period of a year ago. In the case of the Wabash, which moved the past month 19,057 more loaded cars than during July 1910. The great portion of the excess consisted of grain. It was this increased business that induced the company to place orders for 1,000 box cars.

#### TWO WABASH MEN HURT.

Edward McCullough, a boilermaker at the Wabash shops, was operating an air motor yesterday afternoon when the bar used as a support to it slipped and the motor fell on his foot. The great toe was crushed and the flesh of the others bruised. John Stetter, a machinist's helper at that shop, had the third finger of his right hand caught in such manner that the flesh was cut and bruised most painfully. Dr. C. F. Kaadt attended both unfortunate.

#### GETTING UP WAGE SCALE

No. 232, Carpenters' union, has a committee at work upon a wage scale for 1912 and a new set of by-laws, in which a sick and injury benefit will be a feature. The union is taking in new members at nearly all of the meetings and the membership roll now has 252 names. E. E. Ludwig, W. J. Bakers and William Emberton were among those who joined the brotherhood at the meeting Thursday night.

#### LEG BADLY INJURED.

Louis J. Gronau, one of the old employees in point of service in the Pennsylvania car shops, had a leg badly bruised and possibly the bone slightly fractured this morning. He was handling a car axle when the wagon upset and the axle struck his leg midway between the ankle and the knee. A cab was called to take the injured man to his home.

#### TAKES JOB AT LIGHTS.

Loren Elmer Klingman, who has been employed in the electrical department at the Pass Foundry and Machine works, has resigned and next Monday morning will take a position with J. B. Mills, the head of the laboratory department of the Fort Wayne Electric works. The young man is a son of Supt. William Klingman, of the Pass foundry.

#### CALLED BACK TO SERVICE.

R. F. Lenwerz and M. V. Kent, Pennsylvania firemen who were furloughed three months ago, have been notified to report at once for duty. The list of men still on furlough is less than half the size of the original list, many of them having been reinstated on account of the increasing business on the road.

#### HIRES ANOTHER SWITCHMAN.

Yardmaster C. F. Malcolm, of the Wabash, has added H. Harley to his forces. Mr. Harley comes from Lexington, Ky., where he was employed as a switchman by the C. & O. company. R. F. Commer, a switchman for a few months, resigned his position with the Wabash.

#### SPECIAL RATES TO TOLEDO.

The Wabash has made a special rate to Toledo for the period between and including August 14 and 19. On those dates the Dramatic Order of Knights of Khorassan will hold meetings in that city and it is believed there will be a considerable travel on account of it.

#### WILL TOUR THE EAST.

P. F. Merritt, assistant chief clerk of the Pennsylvania motive power department, left this afternoon for the Atlantic coast resorts and cities, expecting to be gone two weeks. The most of the time will be spent at Atlantic City.

#### KNUCKLE BADLY CUT.

E. J. Kessman, a machinist in the Pennsylvania shops, had two gashes cut across the back of the third finger of his right hand, at the second joint, this morning. The wound reached the bone and will be very sore for a few days.

#### MACEDONIAN INJURED.

A piece of pig iron weighing twenty or more pounds dropped from a wagon onto the foot of Nicholas George, a Macedonian, at the Pass foundry yesterday, badly bruising some of the toes.

#### AN OUTING PARTY

Al Ringle and Fred Deran, of the Pennsylvania, and Tony Alliger, the grocer, with their wives, will go to Crooked lake tomorrow to occupy a cottage for a week.

#### INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

H. R. Grafmiller, a brakeman, has taken employment on the Nickel Plate.

Joseph A. Little and Philip Murray took employment at the Wabash shops this morning.

Fred Johnson and Earl Bricker, of the Electric works, will spend Sunday with friends in Chicago.

M. A. McMullen, engine caller at the Pennsylvania round house, has gone to Rome City to stay a week.

L. H. Stone, Nickel Plate brakeman, is kept from his work on the road by the serious condition of his little son, who is suffering from typhoid fever.

Machinist Harry Stahlhut, of the Pass works, has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., to do some repair work. He will be absent for several weeks.

Engineer F. E. Depey has returned from a week's outing at Baldwin Lake, Mich., and resumed work on the Nickel Plate.

J. Junk, Charles Volz, J. H. Kamm, C. F. Littlefield and A. Christen are new names on the Pennsylvania shops' sick lists.

S. J. Bacon, a pipefitter at the Pennsylvania shops, was called to Monroeville this morning by news of the death of his aunt.

Pennsylvania Fireman A. C. Berdoldman has taken a vacation and has

gone to his old home in Kosciusko county to visit friends awhile.

Lieut. John Neuffer resumed his duties on the Pennsylvania police force this morning. With his family he had been at Rome City two weeks.

Engineer T. E. Short, of the Nickel Plate, is at work again after being sick seven weeks. He underwent a surgical operation about a month ago. Yancy A. Shady resumed work in the Pennsylvania machine shop this morning. He was married two weeks ago and had been away on a wedding trip.

E. K. Allen, who with his wife and son Nelson, has been visiting his aunt at Wauseon, Ohio, for two weeks, will return home tomorrow and resume work in the Electric works Monday.

After a month's stay for treatment at a sanitarium in Grand Rapids, Conductor F. C. Crawford has returned to his duties on the Nickel Plate.

Boilermaker W. A. LaPointe received a blow on the forehead yesterday while at work in the Pennsylvania shops and is off duty as a result.

Al Potts, a molder at the Pass foundry, has a felon on his right thumb, which is just now passing through the most painful stages. He is suffering severely.

Engineer Joe W. Harber, of the Nickel Plate, and his family will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vordermark at Clear lake next week. They will go up there this evening.

Ross Thrasher, stenographer at the Fort Wayne Electric works, went to Lake James this afternoon to stay a week. Thence he will go to Detroit to spend a week with friends.

Nickel Plate Engineer Joseph Studer is off duty on account of the serious condition of his son. Dr. George J. Studer, who has been sick many weeks.

Conductor E. W. Hindle has returned from the Mt. Clemens sanitarium but he has not yet resumed duty on the Nickel Plate. He is well on the way to complete recovery, however.

The Lake Erie and Western had fifteen Niagara Falls excursionists out of this city last Thursday. They went to Muncie, where they were transferred to an excursion train over the main line.

Secretary W. S. Whitbeck, of the Railroad Y. M. C. A., went to Chicago this afternoon to visit his mother over Sunday. He will also attend to some association business while in the Windy City.

Yard Conductor Emmett McNally, of the Wabash, has gone to Chicago to visit a friend a few days and see the ball game tomorrow. Conductor John Malone, of the same yards, is also taking a few days' lay off.

Engineer J. A. Schwartz has recovered sufficiently to resume work on the Nickel Plate. With the exception of a week or two, he has been disabled by sickness ever since last winter.

Engine 7302, which was pulling the incoming freight train which figured in the wreck at the junction west of the city Thursday night, was taken in the shops for repairs today. She is pretty badly damaged.

The Lathers' union, No. 24, has gone on record as favoring an independent building trades council, believing that more benefits will be derived through an organization of this kind than through a continuation of present conditions.

Conductor Patrick, of the Wabash, in charge of second No. 32, a freight train, found a man who had been struck by a train Thursday night at 7:50 o'clock. The man gave the name of George Thompson and he was

found lying between the main tracks west of the Big Four at Danville Junction. His jaw was broken and his body was badly bruised.

Kurt H. Johns is here for a short visit with friends. Mr. Johns was for a year or more superintendent of the General Electric Lamp works in this city, but is now occupying a similar position in one of the large eastern factories of the company.

M. H. Stockberger, a Purdue student who has been employed in the testing room as the Electric works for the past two months, resigned today and will rest up a few weeks at his home in Milford before the fall term at the university begins.

A. B. Conn, Nickel Plate conductor, was called to Lépale Tuesday by a message stating that his aged mother was quite ill. She died soon after her son reached her bedside and was buried yesterday. Conductor Conn is still at Lépale.

Clerk Fred Schephorst, Mrs. Schephorst and their son, Carl, went to the lakes this morning to spend a week. Some other members of the Schephorst family went there a week ago and Fred and his wife will join them. He is chief clerk at the Pennsylvania erecting shop.

Engineer C. J. Lapp, of the Pennsylvania, has taken a ten days' lay off, which he will spend at Rome City with his family. Fireman E. B. Baker, of the same road, will go to Lake James tomorrow to spend a two weeks' vacation. Yard Engineer E. A. Jorndal has also arranged to spend next week at the lakes.

C. J. Hasel to Toledo and C. L. Mason to New Castle are a couple contemplated Sunday visits. These gentlemen were only recently called here to take positions in the Pennsylvania motive power office. W. E. Blessing, also a clerk in that department, has taken his wife to Muncie to spend a part of his vacation.

A card from Conductor Charles Rouzer, of the Nickel Plate, who is at Silver Lake, Mich., writes a friend that he is "doing things" in a piscatorial way. A post card represented Mr. Rouzer standing by a string of bass, each weighing upwards of two pounds, which he says represented one day's catch. There were twenty-eight bass on the string.

Section foremen on all the railroads in this part of the country have commenced to complain of the scarcity of good section hands. Americans are not to be had at all and the class of foreign labor employed in this work is unsatisfactory and not up to the demand. Some of the railways have tried to better the situation by increasing the wages, but the rise was not sufficient to attract attention from good American laborers and the shortage continues.

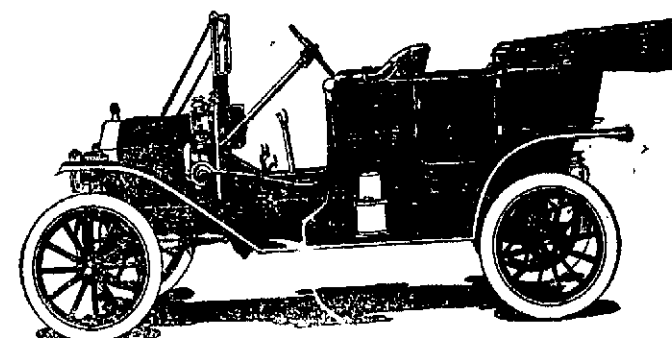
#### ALL SOLD

Our new houses on St. Joe Boulevard are all sold. The ones on Elmwood Ave. are now ready for sale. See them Sunday afternoon; payment plan. THE WILDWOOD BUILDERS CO.

A school of aviation is being opened at Pekin by the Chinese aviator Fu-Yu, who spent a number of years in the United States.

In addition to 1,255 gas undertakings in England, there were last year twenty British companies owning gas works on the European continent and in other parts of the world.

## FORD TOURING CAR COMPLETE \$780.00



Ford Torpedo ..... \$645  
Runabout ..... \$600  
Touring Car ..... \$700

(Prices F. O. B. Detroit.)  
Equipment consisting of top, wind shield, gas lamps fitted with electric light and trip speedometer, only \$80 extra.

#### Bargains in Used Cars

28x3 ..... \$ 8.70  
30x3 ..... \$ 9.30  
30x3 1/2 ..... \$13.70  
32x3 1/2 ..... \$14.65  
34x3 1/2 ..... \$15.90  
34x4 ..... \$22.80  
36x4 ..... \$24.80

Seconds inner tubes at 40 per cent off.  
Special Proposition on Diamond and Goodrich Tires and Tubes—Our Prest-O-Lite Gas Tanks Always Recharged with Prest-O-Lite Gas. It's the best. Exchange Your Tanks Here. Lowest Prices.

BROSIOUS-HOCKER AUTO CO.,  
117 EAST COLUMBIA STREET.

## WHEN OTHERS FAIL

Consult Dr. Wenger Specialist

Dr. N. R. Wenger

Office Hours—8 to 12, 1 to 5; Sunday Hours, 2 to 4 Only.

1206 Calhoun St. FORT WAYNE, IND.

Try Sentinel Want Ads.

## Reason Takes the Place of Butchery

### ANOTHER TRUST HIT.

For a long time it has been the impression that the surgeon's knife was the only method of curing RUPTURE, VARICOCELE, HYDROCELE, STRICTURE, PROSTATIC ENLARGEMENT, FIBROID TUMORS, and other diseases arising from hypertrophies and chronically diseased organs; and the surgeons (whose living depends upon op-



## The Surgeon's Knife Displaced by Skill and Science

erations) have carefully fostered this belief, until now there are many thousands of maimed and crippled persons who have been compelled to undergo unnecessary butchery, and many are worse off than they were before. Not only are many or most of these operations unnecessary, but most of the patients can very readily be cured without any loss of time from their usual work, without pain and without the necessity of the added hospital expense.

Long ago the idea occurred to me that the ALL-WISE CREATOR did not make man with any unnecessary or useless organs, and in His wisdom He has created natural methods of restoring a diseased condition to a normal one; and if diligent search should be made a way would be found. Working along that line, I have discovered new and original methods whereby these CHRONIC and DEEP-SEATED diseases can be cured just as I had suspected that they could. I have proved my theory in thousands of cases, and have saved many from the horrors of the operating table, and I can show you many testimonials from patients whom I have cured—enough to prove my assertion to anybody that is in earnest and desires to get well. Do you want to get well or not? Or would you rather submit to butchery and be maimed for life?

It costs you nothing to consult me. It costs neither of us anything to be seclude. You get the proofs for the asking. Come in and I will explain to you, tell you all that there is to know. Tell you just what it will cost you to get well. Or if I think your case is incurable, I will tell you so. For under no circumstances do I accept any case for treatment that I think incurable. I have no time to waste experimenting, and my methods are long past the experimental stage. I know just what they will do and what to expect.

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN and nearly all nervous diseases are the direct result of CHRONIC or imperfectly treated PELVIC DISEASES. By my special methods in the treatment of these diseases I not only remove every trace of the disease itself, but am able to restore to a normal and healthy condition the broken-down and devitalized nervous system.

VARICOCELE, STRICTURE, RUPTURE, PILES, FISTULA, ETC., cured without knife and without detention from business. BLOOD POISON—I use only the most advanced methods in the treatment of Blood Poison and kindred diseases.

ECZEMA and other skin diseases quickly cured. PROSTATIC ENLARGEMENT—This may result from a number of causes. The constant jarring and vibration of trains and trolley cars are a very potent cause. Bicycle riding and the use of riding implements on the farm are factors in producing this disease. In fact, the causes are so many and varied that fully 75 per cent. of all adults are afflicted to greater or less extent by this disease. The disease is so little understood, and as one of the principal symptoms is a pain in the back, it is usually called kidney trouble and treated with local applications or sedatives, which can do no possible good whatever. I reduce the enlargement and have been able to cure about 90 per cent. of all cases.

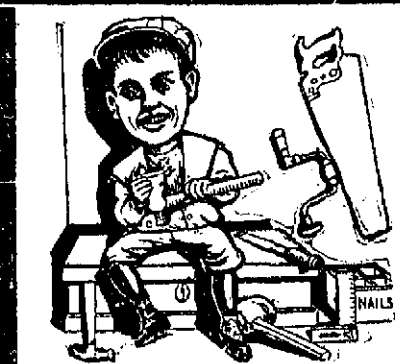
CONSULTATION AND ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.  
OFFICE HOURS—9-12, 1-5. EVENINGS, 7-8. SUNDAYS, 9-12 ONLY. WRITE OR CALL ON

West of Transfer Station  
Near Cor of Main & Calhoun

Dr. Hardman,

111 West Main Street,  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

NO OFFICE HOURS ON THURSDAY.



## By Looking at the Illustration IN THIS AD

You might think that about the only thing we carry in our store is a Superior line of Tools of every description, but not so. Every department is complete and stocked with just the kind of goods that will please you, both as to price and quality. You can always depend on it, that if Schlatter's haven't got it, it can't be found elsewhere.

Just Commit to Memory these few words:

I CAN ALWAYS GET WHAT I WANT IN HARDWARE AT  
C. C. SCHLATTER & COMPANY  
COR. COLUMBIA AND CLINTON STS.



## The \$25.00 or \$50.00 YOU NEED

would take some time to save. Why not borrow it from us and pay it back as you would save it, a little each week or month, as you have it to spare.

Any amount from \$5.00 to \$100. Interest only 6% per annum.

Owners of furnitures or a piano, horses and wagons, also mechanics and salaried people, advanced money on their own note without an endorser.

All business absolutely private and confidential.

Other loans paid off and more money advanced.

Indiana Loan Co.

211-212 Sheaff Bldg., Second Floor.  
Established 1875. Phone 953.

## NEWS OF FORT WAYNE'S NEIGHBORS

### THE HUNTINGTON BLACKLIST GROWS

Sixteen Are Placed on List of Ineligible—Some Asked for the Honor.

Huntington, Ind., Aug. 5.—Steadily growing since the return of saloons to this city several months ago, the list of men to whom liquor can be sold only as an invitation for a greater figure than at any time in the history of the city. In some cases without the consent of the men to whom protection is thus offered from the protection saloon-keepers and in others at his own consent, sixteen names have been placed on the list held by the police.

The "black list" received a good start at the time the saloons reappeared. With the prospect of repeated cases of intoxication for the same individuals and the unfavorable light which would thus be shed upon the saloons, the police attempted to assist in cutting down the cases against "old timers" by placing their names on a list furnished to the saloons. Notice was served and intoxication of the men now means that the proprietors of drinking places have violated the law in another way. Several men have been included at the request of wives and families. Others were marked up when their appearances in police court became too frequent. In several cases, the men themselves were willing to be included, realizing their weakness.

### ENTERTAIN FOR INSTRUCTOR.

Columbia City, Ind., Aug. 5.—Messdames C. L. Souder and John Keiser entertained forty ladies yesterday afternoon at the Souder home, west Van Buren street, in honor of Miss Mary Hoham, of Plymouth, for several years instructor in music in the Columbia City schools. The amusement was placed on cards, "500" being the game.

### ANOTHER WRECK SETTLEMENT.

Bluffton, Ind., Aug. 5.—Late yesterday afternoon another Kingsland wreck settlement was made in this city. The Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction company paid \$3,000 to Henry A. King, the father of Francis King, who lost his life in the awful catastrophe last September.

## HAY FEVER

Head-eze enables you to resist the hay fever poison.

Head-eze relieves hay fever by acting directly on the seat of the trouble. It soothes and heals the nerves and restores them to their normal healthy condition, enabling them to resist the action of the hay fever poison.

It cures the inflammation, stops the sneezing and excessive flow of tears, and clears the head. Look for the Head-eze guarantee—it authorizes your druggist to refund your money if you fail to get absolute and prompt relief.

Price \$1.00, sample pkg. 50c. If your druggist can't supply you write us direct. Guaranteed by the Head-eze Pharmaceutical Co., Cleveland, Ohio. Under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. "Comfortable days, restful nights."

Get a

TOURIST



The little one will then be

HAPPY

For sale at

INDIANA FURNITURE COMPANY  
121-123 E. Main

### SCENES OF SPLENDOR.

Winona Finishing Preparations for Mammoth Spectacle.

Warsaw, Ind., Aug. 5.—Gradually the canal that separates McDonald island from the mainland at Winona is changing from its ordinary, rather common-place appearance to a scene of Italian splendor. Gradually marble columns are appearing along the shores, flights of steps are appearing, balconies are building, and the tiers of seats are being erected.

Along the banks boats and floats are being constructed. One of these is forty-eight feet long and proportionately wide. In it will be the royal party at "The Marriage of Venice to the Sea." It is the royal barge. Another, almost as large, is the royal gondola. Then there are countless floats of the size and variety similar to those seen before on Venetian night, excepting that they are more graceful and expensive, and much larger.

That part of the canal between Auditorium boulevard and Twelfth street has been set apart and is called "The Silver Way." It is within this space that the floats will appear at their best. The bridge to the south of the Silver Way has been removed and two large stands are erected thereon. One of these will be for special guests and another will be for the judges. Special arrangements also will be made for reporters who do the actual writing of the news about Venetian night.

Preparations never were made for a more immense entertainment at Winona. The program promises to be the best ever offered the public at such a time.

### MRS. SWIGGER A SUICIDE.

In Second Attempt South Millford Woman Takes Her Own Life.

Kendallville, Ind., Aug. 5.—Melancholy over ill-health caused Mrs. Clyde Swigger, of South Millford, to commit suicide at the home of her mother, Mrs. Emma Zunker, three miles northwest of Corunna, yesterday morning by hanging herself in the garret of the country house. The discovery was made by her mother at about 7 o'clock when, becoming alarmed over her prolonged absence, she searched the home and found the lifeless form of her daughter suspended from a rope that had been securely tied to a rafter. The body was in a standing position, her feet just touching the floor, and the supposition is that she had carefully arranged everything to end her life some time before.

This was her second attempt to end her life, the first of which occurred Sunday morning, May 21, when she drew a razor across her neck while standing before a mirror cutting a gash four inches in length.

### MILL WHEEL CLOGGED.

Hartford City, Ind., Aug. 5.—Thousands of dead fish, including many bass, alleged to have been killed by poisonous matter from the local paper mills that has polluted the water, are lying along the banks of the Mississinewa river between Wheeling and Matthews. The dead fish have accumulated in great numbers at the dam east of Matthews. A four mill, operated by water power, is situated near the dam, and a mass of dead fish clogged the wheels until it was necessary to shut down the mill and remove the fish.

### RETURNED FOR TRIAL.

Portland, Ind., Aug. 5.—Jesse McCullum, self-confessed horse thief and the man who stole the outfit belonging to Al Shaffer, Thomas U. Goodson and Ellmer Stead, all of this county, will be returned here for trial. However, it is believed that since he was caught "red-handed" and has since aided in recovering practically all of the stolen property, he will not demand a trial in court, but will enter a plea of guilty and receive such sentence as the law provides in cases of this kind.

### ASSOCIATION DISBANDED.

Montpelier, Ind., Aug. 5.—The remaining active members of the Retail Merchants' association of Montpelier, met in regular session at the library and decided to disband the organization.

In the past year there have been several changes in business and a lack of interest in the association, which caused the action of the remaining members. The funds on hand will be divided pro-rata among the active members.

### NO CHANCE FOR RECOVERY.

Bluffton, Ind., Aug. 5.—Mrs. Elizabeth Merriman, one of the aged pioneers of the county, fell at the home of her son, Ezra Merriman, and fractured one hip. Owing to her advanced age there is no chance for recovery. Mrs. Merriman has been ill for some time but has been stronger of late and was able to sit up in a chair. She tried to arise and go to another chair when the accident occurred.

### VICTIM SLOWLY IMPROVING.

Kendallville, Ind., Aug. 5.—J. D. Lunceford and Al Krenning, of this city, who were the most seriously injured in the automobile accident northwest of town Wednesday evening, are still confined to their homes, but are slowly recuperating. Both are still very sore. Lunceford is nursing a number of painful bruises, while Krenning has a badly wrenched back and will be confined to his home for some time.

### DEATH RESULTS FROM BURNS.

Wabash, Ind., Aug. 5.—Mrs. Bert Sherwin, of this city, who was frightfully burned while attempting to burn waste paper in her kitchen range at her home, 455 Vermont street, early Thursday morning, passed away shortly after 6 o'clock in the evening.

### OLD SETTLERS' MEETING.

Albion, Ind., Aug. 5.—Plans are being completed for the annual Old Set-

## COMPLETE Treatment

Warm Baths with Cuticura Soap



For All Kinds of ECZEMA

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal amount of each, with 35-cent booklet on the cure and treatment of skin and hair, will be sent, post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. N, Boston.

Meeting which will be held at this place next Thursday. A special program is being arranged which will be of interest to every pioneer of the country and with good weather there will be a grand reunion. A prize will be given to the oldest settler present.

### GOSHEN GIRL SHOT.

Goshen, Ind., Aug. 5.—Freda Lueders, aged 15, was shot and instantly killed Thursday at the home of John Miley, north of this city, when Thos. McCarthy, in taking a revolver from a bureau accidentally discharged the weapon. The bullet crashed through a window and struck the Lueders girl in the brain as she was playing on the porch.

Columbia City, Ind., Aug. 5.—Dr. C. L. Souder, local health officer, began a round of inspection yesterday, accompanied by the county health officer, Dr. E. V. Nolt. The physicians found unsanitary conditions at the Charles Miller dairy and ordered the dairyman to make the necessary changes. Dr. Souder has five typhoid patients who, he claims, contracted the disease by using milk purchased from Miller.

Zinc etchings—Fort Wayne Engraving Co. 511-11

### IN FIVE MONTHS

Prof. Geo. J. Lindner Teaches His Pupils Proficiency in Modern Languages.

Prof. Geo. J. Lindner, Ph. D., late of Buda Pest and Heidelberg, has opened a school of languages and bureau of publicity at 139 W. Wayne street. Professor Lindner teaches by his natural method of instruction, German, French, Spanish and Italian. The scholar becoming proficient in five months or less. Professor Lindner is ably assisted by Dr. R. Guy Reid, M. B. C. M.

Al Hazzard's A Novel Cigar, 5c Straight.

\$7.50 NIAGARA FALLS AND RETURN. 28TH ANNUAL EXCURSION AUGUST 21, VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD.

Special train leaves 4:40 p. m. Tickets also good on No. 4 at 8:05 p. m. Twelve day return limit; 25 cents for validation of ticket. Attractive side trips. Full information of Agent or write F. P. Parnin, T. P. A., Fort Wayne, Ind. Aug. 5, 9, 12, 15, 17, 19.

Packard Band, Robison Park Sunday.

The best bargain in real estate ever offered in the city will be sold at private sale Tuesday, August 8th, at 619 Shoaff Block. Must sell at once to settle estate. 5-2t O. BIRD, Administrator.

S. M. Foster has let the contract for the erection of a business room on Barr street north of Berry. It will be occupied by the W. S. Hughes company as a marble and granite shop.

## Special Rates to Lafayette

Via



"WABASH VALLEY ROUTE"

Account K. of P. Encampment.

Tickets good on any train going August 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, and returning up to and including August 12th, 1911.

Fort Wayne & Northern Indiana Traction Co.

## OUR TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT



### Why He Became an Abstemious.

Dean Farrar, one of the best-known clergymen in the Church of England, thus tells why he became a total abstemious:

"About ten years or more ago I became a total abstemious because I was convinced that the use of alcohol was a necessity, and a great deal turns upon that. I saw, for instance, that whole nations had not only lived without it, but had flourished without it. I saw the remarkable fact that there were some 20,000 persons in England who, though many of them had made themselves mere funnels for drink, though many of them had been accustomed to drink from their childhood, though most of them had been brought to prison either directly or indirectly through drink, yet the very day that they gave up the habit of drinking they were entirely taken from them, and yet there was not a single instance on record in which any of them had suffered in consequence. On the contrary, men who had entered prisons sickly and bleached had been made sober by act of parliament, and after a few months left prison hale and strong and hearty; and women who have been put into prison perfectly horrible and hideous in their loathsomeness and degradation, after a short period of deprivation from the source of ruin, left prison with the bloom of health and almost of beauty. All these proofs and many others convinced me very speedily that it was not necessary for me to continue to touch any form of alcohol. 'Twas the great philanthropist and politically wise Benjamin Franklin who used these words: 'Temperance puts wood on the fire, meat in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, contentment in the house and clothes on the children.' Well, then, coming to these conclusions, believing that total abstinence would tend to simplicity of life, to health, to strength of body, to clearness of mind, to length of days, I then saw that for me, at any rate, it became a desirable thing to give up alcohol altogether, and I did so, for these reasons, with perfect gladness, and without ever having suffered in consequence of the fact so much as even a single day."—Charleston Messenger.

with open arms to a hospital grave by their friends of free trade in liquor; they can get their pictures in all of the newspapers and they can get an applause such as they do not get when they preach plain and simple lessons from some text of scripture.

There is possibly some difference of opinion among preachers as to the practical operations of prohibition just as there is a difference of opinion among men of all other callings.

But we think it is safe to say that there is no preacher, eminent or otherwise, who believes that prohibition is "contrary to the Bible."—Louisville Post.

### Self-Murderers.

Drunkards and gluttons come under the doubtful application which heads this article. A small percentage of gluttons or gourmands die before their time, usually by one of the diseases known to be the result of habitual gluttony or drunkenness; often they die of maladies which are common to all, but not generally fatal. The cause is that the drunkard or glutton, or the person who combines both drunkenness and gluttony, so weakens his vitality that he can not react from the attack, or respond to the medicinal or other treatment employed with the hope of a cure. These all risk the crime of self-murder.

This conclusion is supported by the fact that if a man were to confine another in a room and compel him to eat immense quantities of food, or to drink large quantities of alcohol, or to use all the alcoholic liquor that he could drink, until the victim died from these conditions, the man who caused his death would be put on trial for murder.

Self-murders of this type are numerous in all the civilized countries of the globe.

In addition to inebriety and gluttony.

## SAGE TEA, USED BY OUR GRAND-MOTHERS TO DARKEN THE HAIR

Restores Gray Hair to Natural Color, Stops It from Coming Out and Makes It Grow.

It is easier to preserve the color of the hair than to restore it, although it is possible to do both. Our grandmothers understood the secret. They made a "sage tea," and their dark, glossy hair long after middle life was due to this fact. Our mothers have gray hairs before they are fifty, but they are beginning to appreciate the vision of our

grandmothers in using "sage tea" for their hair and are fast following suit.

The present generation has the advantage of the past in that it can get a ready-to-use preparation called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy. As a scalp tonic and color restorer this preparation is really superior to the ordinary "sage tea" made by our grandmothers.

This remedy is sold under guarantee that the money will be refunded if it fails to do exactly as represented. This preparation is offered to the public at fifty cents a bottle, and is recommended and sold by all druggists. Special Agent, Meyer Bros. Co., Four Drug Stores.

We Furnish THE HOME ON EASY Payments

PICKARD HOUSE FURNISHING CO. 112 and 114 EAST COLUMBIA ST. Store only ONE SQUARE north and a FEW FEET east from the TRANSFER CORNER.

## The H. PFEIFFER & SON CO.

Are headquarters for Tools for all purposes—they are sold by the piece or put up in convenient chests—Buck Bros. Chisels, Stanley

Planes, Diston's

Saws, Irwin's

Auger Bits, Miller's

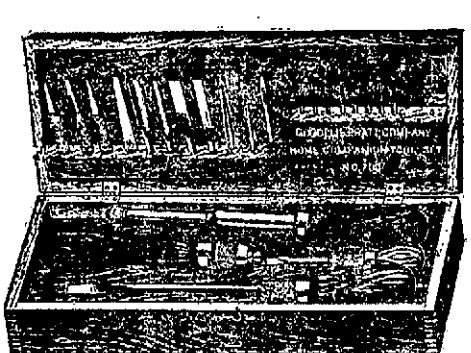
Falls Braces.

107 and 109 East

Columbia St.

2 Home Phones.

483 and 484.



\$1.75

Outfit Complete!

Casting Rod, Artificial Bait, Line that's a good one.

Let us fix you out on your fishing trip.

F.M. Smith & Co.



## Fine Fishing Tackle

That's Fit for Fishing.

Don't spoil your day's trip fishing by not having the kind of tackle. You can get a good outfit for little money.



## COAL AND WOOD

Best Grades of Coal—Coke, Charcoal, Wood and Kindling at Fort Wayne Coal Co. Phones 1082 and 1093. WEIGHTS GUARANTEED.

For best quality Anthracite and Domestic Coals at Lowest Prices, Call: OLDS COAL CO. Home Phone 6034. Bell 201.

City Coal and Supply Co. R. C. HEINF, Manager. Anthracite Coal, all sizes, Yards, Nickel Plate and Lafayette. Phone 3023.

Wm. Kaough Coal Co. COAL, COKE, WOOD, Etc. Yards at Lake Shore Tracks, West of Wells St. PHONE 502.

THE DUNN COAL CO. High Grade Coal, Coke and Charcoal. Main Office and Yards, 222 Harrison St., Phone 141. South Side Yards, 1308 Hayden St. Phone 992.

DR. MARY WHEERY PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office and Residence—404 Berry St., East. SPECIALTY—Diseases of Women. Telephone 470. Hours—9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

MANSON, FOWLER and RECORDER CYCLES \$22.50, \$27.00 to \$35.00



J. C. Peltier UNDERTAKER Both Phone No. 23 117 WEST WAYNE ST.

SCHONE & ANKENBRUCK UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS. Corner Berry and Barr Sts. Phone 27. Bell Phone 23. C. J. BOTT, Assistant.

D. C. FISHER Insurance, Real Estate and Loans. No. 125 West Wayne Street.

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## FORT WAYNE IN STORY

The Catholic Missionaries Who Preached the Gospel to the Miami  
a Century Before the White Man Came to Make This Region  
of the West His Home.

(By a Sentinel Reporter.)

### STORY NO. 4.

Prominent and picturesque in the early history of Fort Wayne and the region known as the Maumee Valley were, besides the Indian himself, five other characters: The explorer, the missionary, the trader, the backwoodsman and the emigrant. Each played a leading, an important, part in shaping the future of this then new world and connected with the lives of all, romantic as we view them now, there is a record that stands on the pages of history as an intensely interesting story in its details.

Something of the coming to this locality of the explorer has been told in these columns. He came with a commission from his government, France, to discover new countries that could be added to the domains of his nation, and in connection with the trader, open up new fields of commercial profit. The backwoodsman was the trapper, intent on the hunting of wild animals for their fur. His home was only a temporary one, being wherever it proved the most profitable. The same was true of the trader in a very large degree, universally so in the earliest periods.

The emigrant, who came at a later period, had the purpose to make this region his home. He was desirous of improving his condition in life, and purchasing a tract of land would clear parts of it and adapt it to farming purposes. He alone could be truly called the pioneer. The term "backwoodsman" as applied to him is an improper one to use. He was the real pioneer in the true sense of the word.

The missionary was a different character from any of those. He came not for personal profit or worldly gain. His mission was to do good, to carry the banner of the cross to a people who did not know Christ. And among the picturesque men of those early times the deeds of none were more glorious. There was a self-sacrificing life. They came here to serve God, to better humanity, to bring the teachings of the bible to a people ignorant of them, and that they accomplished a great work, boundless in the good done, history attests.

It is of this character, the missionary, in the early history of Fort Wayne that I wish to write in this article, before telling one of the stories of this series connected with the British ascendancy to the region of the Maumee Valley.

It was the zealous Catholic missionaries who first preached the gospel to the Miami Indians at this point and one among the earliest was Father Claude Allouez. Concerning the exact time of his coming here and the coming of previous missionaries, as is the case with most of those early events, there is a difference of opinion among writers. The Rt. Rev. H. J. Alerding, the bishop of the diocese of Fort Wayne, has given the subject careful research and in his splendid work, "The History of the Diocese of Fort Wayne," has this to say:

"There is no trace in the Jesuit Relations, which were printed down to 1875, of any knowledge of the Wabash river or the shores of Lake Erie. The relations prepared for the ensuing years to 1673, which I printed from the old manuscripts, in all they say of missionaries employed in the west, make it evident that no Jesuit ever reached the Wabash before 1680. The early maps of Joliet, their friend, and the companion of Marquette, do not indicate it.

"Marquette and Allouez reached the Illinois villages by the way of the Chicago river and the Desplaines, and the Recollets with LaSalle, Father by way of the St. Joseph's river, subsequently to being in the Illinois country, founded a mission on the St. Joseph's, where wandering Miami and Potawatomi had gathered from Green Bay, in which district he had long ministered to them and the Muskogees. The Marquis de Denonville in October of 1686 granted to Father Claude Dablon, superior of the Jesuit missions in Canada, a tract of land along the St. Joseph's at such a point as he might select for a chapel and residence. A modest chapel and mission house rose twenty-five leagues from the mouth of the river and here Father Claude Allouez died on August 25, 1689, and his remains, not improbably, repose within the limits of Indiana.

"Fathers Avenau, Gravier and Chardon continued the St. Joseph's mission until hostilities between the French and the Miami prevented their labors for a time. In 1719 Fort Outatenon grew up among the Outatenons, or Weas, another Miami tribe on the north bank of the Wabash, below the present Lafayette. Father Mermet had been their missionary, and may have labored here. Then Fort Miami was established where Fort Wayne now stands and finally, in 1739, the Post au Ouabache, at this last post a chapel, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, was erected and there seems to have been chapels at Fort Miami and Fort Outatenon.

"On the 22nd of July, 1741, a child was born at the last of these, who received in baptism the name of Anthony Foucher. This boy was destined to be the first native of the Wabash Valley, or, indeed, of the western country, who was raised to the priesthood. He was ordained by the bishop of Quebec October 30, 1774, and before he died, in 1812, a bishop from the southern end of the Ohio was receiving the faith among his countrymen on the river of his birth."

With this introduction I will endeavor to paint a word picture of one of the first meetings of the missionaries with the Miami at this point and for much of it I am indebted to that interesting historical and biographical writer, John S. C. Abbott.

The occasion, as will be noticed, was not the first visit of a missionary to this place. LaSalle was accompanied by a missionary when he visited Kaskaskia, but it was very early in the subsequent missionary work of the Jesuits among the Miami.

There were two of the missionaries accompanied by their Indian guides on this occasion. They came by the waters of the St. Joseph's in their birch bark canoes. Their approach was known to the Miami, one of whose number had seen them far up the river.

er. They knew them as missionaries from the black gowns they wore, for they had heard of their visits among the tribes.

The missionaries were met near to the shore where the canoes had landed, and one of them inquired of the leader of the Miami to what nation they belonged.

"We are Miami," was the reply, "and in token of peace we have brought you our pipes to smoke. We invite you to our village."

The village was only a short distance away and thither the missionaries and their guides went. The Miami chief met them at the door of his wigwam and inviting them in they entered. Formal words of welcome were exchanged and the missionaries then ex-



Father Allouez Meeting Explorers at Portage Landing on St. Joseph River in 1679.  
(Photo from Historical Painting in the Huber Studio, New York.)

plained their mission. This was afterward repeated in a public manner at a gathering of the tribe held in the open air on the council grounds of the Miami. There the warriors, the women, and the children were assembled. Mats ingeniously woven from rushes were provided for the missionaries on which they sat. The Indians spread out their blankets for themselves.

Then the chief arose and in a few appropriate words he the strangers welcome to his country, to which one of the missionaries replied as follows: "We have come as friends to visit you. God, the Father of us all, has sent me to communicate his will to you. He wishes you to acknowledge and obey him. My king, the great chief of the French, wishes that peace should reign everywhere, that there should be no more wars. We do not come among you to collect beaver skins, but to teach you to love and obey the Great Spirit. We will live as you do."

"We have not brought you any powder or balls. We do not wish you to fight your brethren. You are all children of the same Father. We have come to tell you of God, to tell you of his son, Jesus, who came to earth and became a man, and died upon the cross to atone for the sins of all men. He came to save you and me. And now, if you will come to do that which is wrong and love your Father in the skies. He will bless you and when you die you will dwell with Him and He will make you happy forever."

The reply of the chief to these words of the missionary was as follows: "I thank thee, Blackrobin, and thee also," turning to the companion of the missionary who had acted as spokesman. "For coming to visit us. Thou knowest the Great Spirit who made us all and we will be glad to receive thy teachings about Him and hear His word. Ask Him to bless us and dwell with us, that He may bless us and give us health and happiness."

"And now," continued the chief,

holding in his hand a pipe made of some highly polished red stone, carved and ornamented with feathers, the stem being a reed nearly two feet long, "I present to you this sacred calumet. It signifies that, wherever you bear it, you are the messengers of peace. All our tribes will respect it and will protect you from every harm."

Then, the formal ceremonies of welcome over, a great feast was given. It consisted of four courses. The first was Indian meal, served on a wooden plate. It was eaten with melted fat. The second was boiled fish, from which the bones had been carefully removed. The third was the tender cuts of buffalo meat.

The fourth and last course was one against which the stomachs of the missionaries rebelled and the chief considerably ordered it removed. It was a baked dog. This was considered a great delicacy by the Indians and was deemed the highest compliment they could show to their guests.

The feast over, the missionaries were taken to each one of the wigwams of the village and introduced to the inmates, after which they were given a wigwam of their own near to that of the chief.

Throughout the succeeding years, history bears evidence, the Catholic missionaries were always cordially re-



ceived by the Miami tribes. The Indians would listen patiently to the words and teachings of these holy men, manifesting an interest in the story of the cross as told to them. It was a new story to them and while it was slow in supplanting their simple faith in the belief held by them concerning the Great Spirit, the teachings of this new religion served as restraining influences that worked for great good, accompanied as it was by the kindness of the missionaries in times of sickness and misfortune.

Finally when missionary stations were established among them in all the principal villages the work of instructing the Indian was begun in earnest. On the days for the religious services the missionaries would assemble the Indians early in the morning and, after prayers, instruction in religion was given them, followed by singing. At the conclusion those desirous to remain took part at the mass.

During the forenoon the missionaries were generally engaged in visiting the sick and consoling the afflicted, and at noon another service was held. In the evening all assembled to hear the missionary and his service was given largely to the singing of hymns, a service that the Indians greatly enjoyed.

Some of the historical writers recording the earliest missionary events speak of Father Allouez as being one of the first missionaries to visit Fort Wayne. It seems probable, for he traveled extensively throughout the region of northern Indiana, being the earliest and one among the most famous of the early missionaries in this section of the west.

Father Allouez was born in France in 1620. Shea, the eminent historical writer, calls him "the Founder of Catholicity in the West." He was the predecessor of Father James Marquette, who accompanied LaSalle in his first explorations, and had carried the gospel to the Indians for several years before LaSalle entered many of their settlements. There is a

## A MOTHER'S DUTY

It is the duty of every expectant mother to prepare her system for the coming of her little one; to avoid as far as possible the suffering of such occasions, and endeavor to pass through the crisis with her health and strength unimpaired. This she may do through the use of Mother's Friend, a remedy that has been so long in use, and accomplished so much good, that it is in no sense an experiment, but a preparation which always produces the best results. It is for external application and so penetrating in its nature as to thoroughly lubricate every muscle, nerve and tendon involved during the period before baby comes. It aids nature by expanding the skin and tissues, relieves tenderness and soreness, and perfectly prepares the system for natural and safe motherhood. Mother's Friend has been used and endorsed by thousands of mothers, and its use will prove a comfort and a benefit to any woman in need of such a remedy.

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book still extant containing the prayers in French and the translations into the Indian language which Father Allouez prepared for the use of Father Marquette in his work.

Father Allouez labored among the Indians for thirty-two years. He was 75 years of age at his death, worn out by his heroic labors. His death occurred in 1693, one of the biographers says, "at the settlement near the St. John's river, in Indiana, where he was buried." He preached the gospel in their own tongue to twenty different tribes and is said to have baptized over 10,000 persons by his own hands. None of the missionaries dared more or traveled over a wider territory.

His life was one of grand sacrifice for the service of God, happy, however, in knowing the good he did, carrying the gospel to those who knew it not. It was a life of defects and triumphs, replete with dangers and hardships, but triumphant in the end. At times he had hard work to prevent the Indians from adorning him as a god; at others they were about to sacrifice him to their deities.

It is noteworthy that much of his trouble came from the Iroquois Indians, who murdered Joliet, Brebeuf, and other missionaries in the east, and who at that time were drifting towards the west.

There is an especial distinction to be awarded to Father Allouez. This grand early Catholic missionary, this lies in the fact that he was the first vicar general in the United States, this title having been conferred on him by Monsignor Laval, the bishop of Quebec. His jurisdiction extended over the entire western country, including Indiana, and embraced the French traders and the natives, all the Indian tribes.

It was such holy, self-sacrificing men, represented in the type of Father Allouez, who paved the way for Christian civilization in this region of the northwest. There was something exceedingly beautiful in the simplicity of the gospel of Christ they taught. This was their story:

God, in the person of His Son, came to earth and suffered and died to make atonement for human sin. All who will abandon sin, trying to abstain from doing wrong and endeavoring to do that which is right, He will forgive and make forever happy in heaven. God is no respecter of persons. In every nation he that loveth Him, fearing to do that which is wrong and working righteousness, is accepted by Him.

It is the same gospel our ministers are teaching today. Then, as now, it found its bitter antagonists. With the Indians, as is the case now in every city, town and hamlet, there were those who did not wish to be holy. They hated a gospel which demanded the abandonment of sin.

These Indians of the long ago, with bloody tomahawks and gory scalpings, sounding the hideous war-whoop and delighting in cruelty to their enemies, and who considered that the glory of their manhood depended on the number they had slain in battle, if they denounced the Christian teaching, were no more enemies of Christ and were less guilty in the sight of God than the men who today are laying barriers in the way of the advancement of His kingdom.

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At our first sale, which took place last Saturday, one-half of our lots in Dreier & Williams Addition were sold. We still have the other one-half and will offer them for sale Saturday, August 5th, at 2:00 P. M.

The good lots have not all been sold by any means and it will pay you to come out next Saturday and pick a lot. You cannot make a mistake when you buy one of these lots at the prices we are asking. Side-walks are now being made and a house is to be started on Sinclair Avenue this week. These lots are selling fast, so don't miss your chance. Come out Saturday afternoon and speak to Mr. Curdes or one of his representatives. Prices \$400 to \$700. Very easy terms.

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## PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES ARE PREPARING FOR CLASH IN HAYTI



GENERAL CINCINNATUS LECONTE.



MONS. FIRMIN



GENERAL FOUCHARD.

Serious complications are expected eventually over the presidency of Hayti among the followers of General Cincinnatus Leconte, Mons. Firmin and General Fouchard. At present the Firmin party is strongest in Port au Prince. General Leconte entered Gonaives with ten thousand men. General Fouchard is on his way to Cape Haytien from Berlin.

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At least \$130,000 will be expended in the construction of the addition to St. Joseph's hospital when that institution will enlarge to cover the entire square bounded by Broadway, Main, Van Buren and Berry streets. The hospital, now occupying half the square, has secured by purchase all the remaining realty save the Hoffman homestead and it is understood to have secured in option upon this.

Tentative plans provide for a thoroughly modern and fire-proof addition which will provide an entrance on Berry street as well as on Broadway. The sisters of the order of Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ are planning a bazaar to be held in September for the purpose of raising money to assist in the enterprise.

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CAR HITS AUTO; THREE HURT.

Henry Hilgeman's Overland in Mix-Up With An Interurban.

Returning from the plant of the Fort Wayne Brick and Tile company, north of the city at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, an Overland auto driven by Henry Hilgeman and carrying also John Suster and a Mr. Anderson, was struck by a Toledo and Chicago interurban car.

The auto was badly wrecked and the occupants were hurled out, but fortunately escaped with some slight cuts and bruises. Mr. Hilgeman was closely following another auto and did not notice the approach of the interurban car. His effort to get across the track in time was a failure, the car striking the rear of his machine and hurling the occupants from their seats.

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## WITH CARGO OF FOOD STARTS LONG CRUISE TO AID MISSIONARIES.



THE GEORGE B. CLUETT TAKING CARGO AT EAST 24 STREET.

With a cargo of food, medical supplies and books on board, the Grenfell Association's schooner George B. Cluett left New York on a long cruise to Labrador with provisions for Mr. Wilfred T. Grenfell and his associates, who are doing missionary work among the Eskimos.

Although the primary object of the cruise is to relieve and supply the missionaries in Labrador, the schooner has been chartered from the association by W. R. Stirling, of Chicago.

With his two daughters and two friends Mr. Stirling will take a pleasure cruise to the Hudson Straits, at the extreme north of Labrador, stopping at St. Anthony's to discharge the cargo of food, medicine and other articles for the missionaries.

Captain C. Mill will command the sailing vessel.

# The Social Whirl

By Eugene Wood



"An enjoyable evening was had by all."—Quotation from local paper.

**F**IRST place, by good rights, there oughtn't to be any such thing as all. You know that. You know that the best way to do is to lead the Simple Life. True happiness consists in eating much-and-milk out of a yellow bowl with a tin spoon, going without a collar, and hitting the hay at half-past eight.

But how well-nigh hopeless is the task of bringing this great truth home to other peoples' hearts and consciences! So blind they are to our own best interests.

As far back into history as you choose to delve you will find the greatest minds of every age, and those who had most men working for them, inculcating by precept and example (especially by precept) that it is not only our duty but our privilege, and it ought to be our chiefest joy, to take such an interest in our daily task that no time spent on it could be too long; that we should go right home afterward and not loiter on the way, and eat our frugal, sparing meal with that best of all sauces, hunger; and that afterward we ought to sit around awhile engaging in cheerful conversation relating to our several occupations until we begin to yawn and stretch; and then seek our couches, where to enjoy the sleep of the just, having first set the alarm for 4:30, partly because we want to get in another full day's work and partly because those early morning hours are by far the loveliest of all the twenty-four.

We ought to do this all the week till Sunday comes, when we may lie abed till 8 o'clock, which will give us plenty of time to dress for church; home again in time for dinner at 1 p. m.; then a nap on the sofa or a walk to the cemetery if the weather is nice; then Sunday evening supper, the simplest of the week; then Young People's Meeting, followed by regular church, and so to bed at 9 o'clock, because there's lots to do this week.

To be sure, there are works of necessity and of mercy, like needed repairs down at the mill, and opening up the grocery-store for a little while Sunday morning, and running the street cars, and such, but this one day in seven ought to be a day of entire rest for mind and body. This cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Entire rest for mind and body. One day in seven should be devoted to entire rest of mind and body. That is to say, the time ought to be put in at church, where you will always be welcome as long as you have a cent, and in taking a nap or else walking out to the cemetery there to read the tombstones, which say: "As I am now, so you might as well be."

I assert without fear of successful contradiction that Sabbath-breakers are invariably slow-mo-tioned on a Monday, and that they do not keep their minds upon their work as they ought to. They are utterly unamiable of the lines which express the wish:

"Oh, may it all my powers engage,  
To do my boss's will."

And if Sabbath-breaking be so demoralizing, what shall we say of the Social Whirl, its gay round of giddy frivolities, its mum-socials, its salmagundi parties, its tin weddings, its receptions to the State Organizer, its illustrated lectures, its G. A. R. reunions, its shut the door—its theaters, and card-parties, and dances?

If you but live the Simple Life, my young friend, two suits of clothes would be all you'd need, one for Sunday and one for week days, two sets of overalls, three white shirts, and half a dozen collars, three black calico shirts (these come with collar attached) and a neat, black, butterfly bow tie with a rubber string to fasten it on the collar button. Whereas if you plunge into the giddy vortex of the Social Whirl, had run with the gilded votaries of fashion, you will find that most of what you have left after you pay your board will go over the counter of Mr. Moe Bernstein's New York One Price Clothing Store for jockey light suits and colored neckties and flowered socks. It will go for ice-cream and soda-water for the girls, for their car-fares; it will go for admission tickets to home-talent concerts, or grand opera, the moving picture show or the lecture on Abyssinia or wherever she has hinted that she'd like for you to take her. And oh, my friend, you'll find it a long time till pay-day when once you set out on such a mad career.

## SAVING AND THE SOCIAL LIFE

A dollar spent upon a girl of an evening looks like a small amount to a young fellow of twenty-one. He never stops to think that one of these days he will be fifty years old, if he lives that long, when he will be mighty glad to have that dollar.

And that's not all of it. If he had taken that dollar and put it out at six per cent, compounding the interest every year (which he can easily do), by the time he is fifty years old that dollar will have increased to \$5.51! Think of that! Five dollars and fifty-one cents, unless I have made a mistake in my calculations. If a young fellow should during his twenty-first year have one thousand opportunities to take a girl out and blow in a dollar on her, but should say to himself: "No, I will not suffer myself to be played horse with," and should, out of his own fifty a week, put by the \$1,000 that he would otherwise have spent, compounding the interest on the same, year by year, he would have nearly \$5,000 by the time he was fifty.

The next year after he adopted this policy of thrift he would probably not have quite so many opportunities for saving, because by that time the girls would have sized him up as a scrupler. And the next year would afford still scantier opportunities; but even so, he could invest something, so that by the time he reached the half century, he would have maybe \$25,000, if nothing happened to the bank. And let me tell you that \$25,000 is an awful lot of money when you haven't got it.

But what's the use? What's the use? Though we all know as well as we know anything that if we worked hard and ate little or X'ing, and stay, I home evenings and went to bed early, and saved our money and put it out at 6 per cent, compounding the interest every year, we should be rich. We shouldn't need to work; only he who is one of us wise enough to follow this course of perfection. Ah me! I fear we're all of us too fond of having a good time while we are young enough to enjoy it. At the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, when our hard ancestors crossed the Alleghenies with the determination strong within their bosoms to let nothing get away from them that they could see their hooks into, what the movement began which will not culminate until the lining is ripped entirely out of this land so rich in natural resources, and nothing left for generations yet unborn but what has been covered by income-bearing securities, that which had been in previous centuries but the wise counsel to lead the Simple Life took on the sanction of religious dogma. Whisky-drinking might then be a lamentable weakness, like a (X)ency in the family to wooden legs, but dancing—Oh my! Yes! Yes! Yes! The Old Boy was surely hot-foot after all that dance!

Though dancing has been from immemorial time the natural method of securing an enjoyable evening for all who assemble and meet together for that purpose, yet over a large part of the United States other devices have had to be employed than "hugging set to music," as this diversion has been classically characterized.

Delicate cookery has long been known to flourish best in those lands where roast beef is hard to get. It was starvation that invented the salad, for example. Somebody had to eat grass or (X) hungry, so he put vinegar and oil, pepper and salt on it, and lo! it made dry bread seem like a dinner.

One way it makes you feel proud of your own people's ability to beat the Devil around the stump, you going one side and he the other, and you getting there ahead of him, and another way, it adds you to think of all that ingenuity which might be utilized in advertising schemes, promoting mining propositions and orange groves—in a word, selling for a whole lot what cost next to nothing—going to waste, sir, absolutely going to waste on little footy plans to keep the people awake till it comes time to serve the indigestibles.

The minds which have succeeded, for instance, in making the Sherman Law mean something entirely opposite to what it was intended to mean, differ neither in kind nor in degree from those of our ancestors who, when the Anti-Other-Folks-Enjoyment Society decreed that the minuets and Old Dan Tucker were wicked and lascivious, promptly invented little innocent sports for which no fiddler was necessary, for they sang:

"Oats, peas, beans and barley-oh,  
Oats, peas, beans and barley-oh,  
Kiss her quick and let her go,  
And don't you bump her nose-oh!"

suited the action to a double shuffle, but surely there was no harm in marching around the room, now arm in arm, now the men by themselves on one side, and the ladies themselves on the other, and coming together again while they sang:

"Come, Philander, let's be marchin',  
Every one his true love's archin',  
Stretch the hills and valleys over,  
Call her by name, and say you love her."

Or maybe it was:

"There was a dusty miller  
Who lived by himself,  
And the turning of his mill  
Was the gaining of his wealth.  
One hand in the hopper,  
And the other in the bag,  
As the mill goes 'round,  
He shouts out 'Grab!'"

And then you'd let go the girl you had and grab another one. Much quieter than dancing. Not so rowdy.

Or, if you scrupled to play singing games, why, there was Postoffice, which is a pleasant way of passing the long winter evenings and not a word against it in the Dis-cip-line. All the girls would be in one room, and all the boys in another, and one boy would be appointed Postmaster. You had a fancy, let us say, for Susie Snickelfritz, which you signified to the Postmaster, who thereupon called out: "A letter for Miss Susie Snickelfritz!" and Susie would come into the room, blushing somewhat maybe, but real pleased and interested, and you'd kiss her smack in the mouth. And so 'twould go. And they do say that some of the homelier girls would get right pouty when the Postmaster hadn't much mail for them.

If you danced "Money Musk," you know right well that you were headed straight for perdition; but who could find a fault with "Love in the Dark"? The room the boys were in would be black dark, and the girls would be let in one by one, and as each one came in she was kissed. By whom? That was just it. By whom? That was what she had to find out solely by the sense of touch, and the fellow mustn't speak or snicker whatever happened. A real nice game.

So was "Watchdog," where one fellow had a rope around his neck and stood by a girl. As fast as anybody came up to kiss her, if she didn't care for the suitor the watchdog had to growl and snap; but when the right one came along, he whined and frolicked, and permitted the imprint of a chaste salute upon her rosy lips.

There are no longer in vogue in the best society, it seems. They were rather elemental, come to think of it. But "forfeits," which was coeval with them, still lingers among us with its:

"Heavy, heavy, heavy hands over your head."  
"Fine or superfine?"  
"Fine."

Dear! Dear! Makes you think of the days when you started your first whisks, fuzzy little tabs, one in front of each ear. I have never seen the ancient penalty inflicted of:

"Bow to the witliest,  
Kneel to the prettiest,  
And kiss the one that you love best."

in which there is food for thought, but I know that it gets kind of noisy around there when Jennie Snyder has to eat soap and Leander Higgins goes around the room on all fours, barking like a dog and snapping at the girls' ankles. It makes me squeal.

Some of these games of an enjoyable evening are clever enough for anybody to play at, I don't care who. Take now, that one where you say: "I've got something in my mind," and the company has twenty questions and three guesses to find out what it is. "Is it animal? Is it vegetable? Is it mineral? Is

it in this room?" and so on. Be the thing so recondite as the ink on the last "n" in Benjamin Franklin's signature to the Declaration of Independence, the careful questioner can find it out in the number of questions and guesses allowed. I'll bet Aristotle and Alexander played at that, or Socrates and Nero. And charades call for wits too. And what's this one, "Land, Air, and Water"? You're it, we'll say, and call out "Water" and point your finger at some one, and begin to count ten. He has to think of something that lives in the water before you get done counting. If he doesn't, then he's it. You'd be surprised to find how quickly people count when they point fingers at you: "WuuthtreeffisixsevenayntEN!" while you're mumbling out "fish." And that won't do. You've got to say what kind of fish. Or there's "My ship comes in laden with B," tosses you her knotted handkerchief, and you've not only got to catch them but think of "butter" or "beer" or "best stew," or some other word that begins with the letter the ship is laden with, or else it's you for "Heavy, heavy, heavy hangs over your head."

And there are these fake secret societies, like the Boot and Shoe Club, where you make a fool of yourself trying to imitate your initiator, prancing around and squalling out: "Boots without shoes!" till all of a sudden you take a tumble to yourself, and own that the laugh is on you for being so dumb. Or you're taken in to meet Colonel Roosevelt. You walk in and the rest of them sit there bursting full of suicker, and you are led up very impressively to where the fellow stands with specs on, and moving his mouth around to different parts of his face, showing panoramic views of his teeth. And your introducer says: "Colonel Roosevelt, let me present Mr.—" whatever your name is, and Colonel Roosevelt barks at you "Dee-light-tudd!" and puts out his hand, and you put out yours, but he gives you the slip and shakes hands



Those parlor games are much quieter than dancing, and not so rowdy.

with the introducer. And you feel so green! Laws! You'd like to sink through the floor, and they all set up a howl, and you sink off, but ready to set up a howl when the next sucker comes along and is introduced to Colonel Roosevelt.

Right along the lines of making a laugh by making the other fellow feel like a fool (the only legitimate method, by the way) come parlor tricks. Matches, for instance, are laid out thus and so, and you are to take away three and still leave four perfect squares, and you puzzle over it and puzzle over it, and try this way, and that way, and have to give it up, and the demonstrator does it, and it is so simple you could kick yourself. And that pleases the demonstrator and helps make an enjoyable evening for all, because they have suspected this good while that you were more or less of a false front and now they know it.

Tricks with cards work on the same principle. "Draw a card. Any card. It doesn't make any difference which one." Any card? As soon as you hear a select the card you must have to get all mushy. You those words your mind begins to most toward you (a fine illustration, by the way, of the Doctrine of Free Will), and you look at it ever so slyly, so's he won't know which one it is, and put it back in the middle of the pack, and he monkeys around a while, and pretty soon he blows on the pack, and there on the bottom of it is the one you picked out! It makes you feel awfully foolish.

So foolish that either you try to spoil the next trick for him, or else you begin to talk about mind-reading. You know, I wonder they don't do more with it than they do. Why, think what a convenience it would be if you could just sit in your office chair and send out through vibrations, and the fellow up in Oneonta that had shipped you those grapes would know that they arrived in such bad order that you had to have them dumped in the bay, and please remit for the freight-charges. All without having to hire a stenographer and typewriter, or to buy stationery or stamps. Wouldn't need to be any post-office, wouldn't need to be any telephones or telegraphs, wouldn't need to be any language! Nothing! Just sit there and vibrate your mind like one of these milk-shake machines. Fine!

It would be as broad as it was long though, for the fellow up in Oneonta would know, without hiring a detective, that you were getting extra fancy prices for his grapes and putting the money away at six per cent and compounding the interest, the way commission men do. Even so, it would be a great thing. They ought to teach it in the public schools. Lots of people have the power of mind-reading to a degree, and all it needs is cultivation. You for example. I bet you right now you have telepathic powers. Did you ever try? Well, how can you tell till you try? Tell you what you do: You go out into the hall, and we'll think of something, and you come back and see if you can't guess it.

So you go out into the hall and stay there a while till we call you in. Miss Barker kind of takes charge, because she's a little that way, quite a bright girl, reads palms, and tells you the most wonderful things. "Now you must all concentrate your minds," says she. "Just keep thinking intently of—"

"Sh!" says everybody. "Don't tell him what it is." Miss Barker gives them a look that says: "What do you think I am?" and "Who's doing this, you or me?" all in one, and proceeds to instruct you very seriously that you are to leave your mind a perfect

blank, just the way it usually is, and not to try to think at all. "Now stop your giggling, you girls. This is a psychological experiment."

So you trow out your mind all nice and smooth, and yet leave it soft so that if any thought does start across it, it'll get mired. Hummm. The corner of the table. The lampshade. The paper-cutter. A rolling stone was not built in a day. The— The comb in Miss Barker's hair. The— The comb in Miss Barker's hair. Wonderful how that thought seems to stick in your mind.

"The comb in Miss Barker's hair," you say boldly. Instantly there is a wild babble of delight. "How did you guess it? Well, isn't that wonderful! Right the very first crack out of the box!"

"Jessie, you moved your lips."

"I didn't either. I pretty near did, though, I was thinking so hard."

"No, I wasn't watching Miss Jessie's lips," you say, and wonder why you hadn't noticed them before.

Kind of alluring, eh? Pity those old games have gone out.

"How did you come to think of it?"

"Oh, I don't know," you answer modestly. "It just came into my head."

You try it again, and yet again. And every time, as soon as they concentrate their minds a thought comes into yours and you speak it out, and it is exactly what they were thinking of. Maybe there's something in it after all.

"Now, let Miss Barker try it," some one suggests. So she goes out into the hall. And the next thing is, what'll we think of?

"The scarf-pin in Mr. Gillespie's tie," you say. (It isn't a regular, formal full-dress affair, you understand.)

"No. The vase on the book-shelf." And though you think the scarf-pin is a pretty good thing, yet the rest seem to like the vase the best, so you give in.

Miss Barker returns, looking kind of solemn and dreary. She corrects her hands and shudders. She stands very still. All of a sudden she wheels around, flings out her arm with a dramatic gesture, and cries out: "The vase! The vase! I know it's the vase!"

Now will you believe there's something in mind-reading or will you keep on being pig-headed and obstinate?

One way to do is to let you think it was a sure-enough psychological experiment and that you do possess occult powers, and so to have the secret laugh on you forever; but they're not so mean as all that, and they get it to you somehow that whatever you said they would have all whooped it up with: "How did you guess it?" and that the vase was decided upon by Miss Barker the last time you were out. All framed up.

Bright girl that. She can't sing for sour apples, and her playing is worse, but she can always help to make an enjoyable evening for all with her palm-reading, and the life-line and the heart-line, and she squeezes your finger-tips and jolies you along, and

whom Nature had dished out an interior sort of brains, not the money-making sort but the sort that makes music or monkeyshines or whatever will keep the lower jaw of the "tired business man" from sagging, and his palate from stretching itself with a disconsolate, "ho-ho-ho-hum!"

When the Anti-Other-Folks-Enjoyment Society has bade dancing, it went on dancing just the same; when the A.O.F.E.S. took water, and conceded, "Well, square dances but no round dances," it quit quadrilles, and went in for waltzes.

And now, if you'll drop in upon the average evening party it will be waltz, two-step, waltz, two-step, waltz, two-step, from the time the professor first puts his foot down on the loud pedal till they all go away in an aura of gasoline. I'll tell you how to tell the difference between the modern waltz and the two-step. Count to the music. If it counts: ONE, two, three, ONE, two, three, ONE, two, three, it's a waltz; if it counts: ONE, two, three, four, ONE, two, three, four, it's a two-step. That's the only way to tell. You're just wasting your time watching the dancers. You can't go by the step; it's the tune.

If you gaze upon the pensive, not to say pitiful expression of the performers' faces as they glaze the room, and round the room in a sort of glaze system effect, trying not to get bumped into very often, you grow more and more puzzled in your mind to know why such an exercise should be prohibited in Lent. Why, it's just the thing for Lent. It's got the Seven Penitential Psalms lashed to the mast for melancholy.

Where they don't dance they have some sort of a game that they're alive who say: "Marcy, yes! They grow up, most before you know it. Makes you feel terribly old." But where they do dance, only they have anything to do whose report card you signed last week. Or was it last year? Oh, once in a while, Papa, who is an awful cut-up, and does the card-stuff things you ever heard of, will drag M'ma on the floor. You grow more and more puzzled in your mind to know why such an exercise should be prohibited in Lent. Why, it's just the thing for Lent. It's got the Seven Penitential Psalms lashed to the mast for melancholy.

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## THE OLD TIMES ARE GONE

Oh, well, that's all past and gone, I s'pose. Those who sit around the sides of the room, and look on and talk among themselves about how they'd never know why were getting old if it wasn't for the young. They can't see a fat for they feel as young as ever, might as well acknowledge that they're old codgers and codgeresses. There's no fun for them any more. Not the way they dance nowadays.

But if they were to put on some of the square dances such as they learned when they went to dancing school away back in "the airy days" of this country when Garfield ran for President, when they were raising fuzzy tabs of side whiskers in front of their ears or just had new dresses let down to their shins, I'll bet they'd get up on that floor and show 'em a thing or two. They'd show 'em that there was something to dancing besides just going round the room and round the room in a sort of solar system effect, trying not to bump into too many. A poor way—a poor way to do, I say. I don't call the modern waltz and two-step "social dances"; I call 'em anarchic dances, planless, unorganized, every fellow for himself, no team work, undemocratic, afraid somebody'll be in your set that hasn't as much money as you have.

Never mind. You just wait.

## THE REFRESHMENTS

Let me see. . . Have I left out anything? Oh, the refreshments. Well, they're always essentially the same, something you ought never to eat and drink at that time of night.

And, after they're all gone, each with: "We've had such a pleasant evening. Thank you ever so much," and "Yes. Thank you, I will. Good night!" you draw a long breath and look around upon the scene of havoc, and say: "Let it be till morning. We couldn't do anything that if I was to die for it. For mercy's sake, will you look what time it is! Let's go to bed and get what sleep we can. There's lots to do to-morrow, and we'll all feel like we'd been dragged through a knothole."

For to-morrow will be another stint of living death, another bead strung on the thread of life, dull, drab, and dreary. Don't you care. We had a lovely time for this evening. You can't just work, work, work all the time. You've got to have some fun once in a while, even if you don't get rich. You'll never be young but once.

(Copyright, 1910.)

Albert H. Scheumann, Assistant.  
380 E. LEWIS ST.  
Office 'Phone No. 900; residence,  
6186 and 1210.





## Last Call on Shirt Waists

We have priced for speedy clearance our entire remaining stock of white shirtwaists, including plain tailored styles and dainty lingerie effects, all in this season's most approved designs. Long sleeves and short sleeves, high necks and low necks, all at prices reduced to the limit. This is a rare chance. Take advantage of it.

Lingerie Waists, handsomely trimmed with laces and embroidery and plain tailored Waists, \$1.50 values for \$1.00.  
Tailored Waists, in plain, pleated and tucked effects, \$2.00 values, for \$1.50.  
Lingerie Waists, exquisitely trimmed, and Tailored Waists of pure linen, \$2.50 and \$2.75 values, for \$2.00.  
Lingerie Waists, embroidery and lace trimmed, and Tailored Linen Waists, \$3.50 values for \$2.50.  
Fine Lingerie Waists, elaborately trimmed, and fine Linen Tailored Waists, values up to \$4.50, for \$3.00.  
Hand-embroidered and lace trimmed Lingerie Waists, and hand-embroidered Linen Waists, values up to \$5.50, for \$3.50.  
Marquise Waists, beautifully embroidered and lace trimmed, values up to \$7.50, for \$5.00.

These Waists Are All Displayed on Tables For Quick Choosing

### PONGEE COATS

New models, with large collars, in contrasting colors, beautifully made garments and exceedingly desirable for motoring, traveling and street wear; values up to \$25.00, now \$10.00

### HOUSE DRESSES

Ginghams, lawns and percales in stripes, plaids, figure effects and plain colors; made in pretty styles for house wear. These dresses are good value at \$2.50; buy them for \$1.75

### SILK WAISTS

A lot of fancy silk waists in taffeta and messaline; all good styles; in plaids, stripes and Persian effects; not many of them. They were sold as high as \$3.50, now \$3.95

All Children's Coats at Reduced Prices

The Rurde Dry Goods Co.

## DRIVES WIFE WITH MULES AT HARROW

Missouri Farmer Held for Shocking Brutality to Spouse.

### FLOGGED THE WOMAN

Liberty, Mo., Aug. 5.—A crowd which filled a court room saw Mrs. May Choat strip up her sleeve yesterday and show the judge the black and blue bruises that her husband, Lafayette F. Choat, had made with a club.

She told how he knocked her down, tied her hands behind her, and forced her to walk with his mules while he harrowed six times around a big field. Choat is 31 years old and his wife is 26 years old.

"The children and I went down to the railroad to get the paper, and we met Frank on the way," Mrs. Choat testified. "He is a flagman on the railroad. The children had become acquainted with him, and he often took them riding up the railroad track on the gasoline car. While we were all walking along my husband came along and he tried to fight Frank, but could not."

"Then he knocked me down three times, and took me to the house, and struck me and tore my hair down. He made me carry my boy and go to the field with him."

Driven With Mules by Husband. "When we got there he tied my hands behind my back. Then he started the mules. He was harrowing and he made me follow him walk around with the mules. He held one end of the rope and when I walked slow he punched me in the back with the handle of the railroad flag Frank had dropped and he had picked up."

"He made me go around the field six times and he kept cursing me. When I fell down once he kicked me and made me get up. Then he tied me to the harrow while he unhitched the mules."

"He took me to the house and slapped me. He went out and got a whip and kept me awake all night. The next day I took my babies and went to Kansas City."

"Did he hurt you much when he prodded you with the stick?" the court asked her.

"Yes, he jerked me against the harrow handles and hurt my side," Mrs. Choat showed the judge a mass of bruises almost the whole length of her arm. As she stood showing her forearm her husband got up and examined it closely. Mrs. Choat said her husband had told her often that he would kill her if she ever caused him trouble.

Choat, sitting in his chair with his elbows on his knees, began the cross-examination of his wife.

"What business had you to walk with Frank?" he asked.

"Why, he had been good to the children."

"You think so," he said, with a sneer. "So you say before these people that I took you to the field and whipped you like a dog?"

"Yes, later," she answered, in a low voice, "you whipped me worse than you would whip a dog."

Choat held under bonds.

Choat took the witness stand and testified that he was working in the field when he saw his wife and two children going down the road with a man. He went out and when he met them in the road the man ran. He threw some stones at the man as he ran.

"My wife said she was going to the man," said Choat. "I told her she would not. She said she would. I hit her twice. I made her go to the field with me. She said again she was going to the man and I took a rope and tied it to her wrists behind her and led her with me over the field as I harrowed. When I was through I tied her to a post and when the mules were unhitched I led her home and cut the rope off. That's all there is to it."

Choat was held to appear before the Clay county grand jury in November. His bond was fixed at \$2,000.

Al Hazzard's A Novel Cigar, 5c Straight.

BIG ESTATE; NO WILL.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 5.—George R. Andrews, who was killed in an automobile near here July 12, left an estate worth approximately \$150,000. There is no will. The only heirs are two brothers and a sister, Matthew P. Andrews, of Baltimore, Md., and Charles W. Andrews and Sally P. Andrews, of Shepardsdown, Va.

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Deposits made during the first five business days of August bear interest at 4 per cent. from August 1.

The Peoples Trust & Savings Co.

## CITY BREVITIES.

Crawford Griswold has been named as delegate to represent Lawton-Wayne post at the annual G. A. R. encampment at Rochester, N. Y., late in August. A number of his comrades of the post will accompany him.

Isaac Johnson, a pioneer resident of the city, is very ill at his home, 114 Mechanic street.

Bennett Hallenstein, of Chicago, en route eastward on a motor trip, was the guest of his brother, I. M. Hallenstein, in this city yesterday.

Clarence Long, of the Wayne Oil Tank company, was painfully burned about the face and arms yesterday in an explosion when he lighted a match to examine an oil tank in which some oil had been left.

The five-year-old son of Daniel H. Hensinger, a teamster residing at 325 Brandriff street, fell from the wagon beneath the feet of his father's horse yesterday and was frightfully kicked and trampled before he could be gotten away from danger. One arm was broken, there are numerous bruises and lacerations upon the body and it is feared the skull is fractured. The accident occurred in the alley between Wayne and Berry streets west of Broadway.

Justice Michael Tancey is spending his vacation at Buffalo.

Mrs. E. J. Hammer, of West Main street, has been removed to her home from St. Joseph's hospital.

Edward White, of the White Fruit Store, leaves tomorrow evening for St. Louis to attend the big auction sale held by all the leading manufacturers of graniteware. No doubt the Big Store will have some big graniteware bargains in the near future.

Half-tones—Fort Wayne Engraving Co. sli-1f

Packard Band, Robison Park, Sunday.

LOW RATES TO CHICAGO AND RETURN, VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD.

Aug. 13, 14 and 15. Good to Aug. 21. International Aviation meet. Ask Agent. Aug. 5, 9, 12.

REMEMBER

If your automobile needs repairing, bring it to us. We have expert wood-workers and machinists.

FORT WAYNE AUTOMOBILE MFG. CO.

Phone No. 290, 709 Clay St. 5-20-wed-sat-th

FIRE FIGHTER LOSES LIFE.

Forest Ranger Found Dead in Track of the Flames.

San Bernardino, Cal., Aug. 5.—An unidentified fire fighter, fatally burned, was found by a patrol yesterday, lying where he had fallen exhausted on the San Bernardino mountain fire lines.

At least 100 sick and disabled fire fighters with their shoes burned from their feet and their clothes in rags, are stranded here. The government makes no allowance for claims for expenses in caring for injured fire fighters.

ALL SOLD

Our new houses on St. Joe Boulevard are all sold. The ones on Elmwood Ave. are now ready for sale. See them Sunday afternoon; payment plan.

THE WILDWOOD BUILDERS CO.

WANT LEMON TARIFF RETAINED.

San Diego, Cal., Aug. 5.—The San Diego chamber of commerce yesterday telegraphed to Senator J. D. Works a strong protest against the removal of the present tariff of 1 1/2 cents per pound on lemons. Many fruit growers and business men also sent like telegrams.

I have high-class investments in Local Bonds and Local Stocks. C. F. Pfeiffer, Sheaff Bldg.

MYERS TONIC

Acts directly through the stomach, enriching the blood, building up the nervous system, generating vitality and imparting strength and vigor to the whole body. Price, 1.1. For sale by D. & N. pharmacy, H. F.

Get Interest On YOUR Money

1911 AUGUST 1911

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Deposits made during the first five business days of August bear interest at 4 per cent. from August 1.

The Peoples Trust & Savings Co.

913-915 CALHOUN ST.

## WOLF & DESSAUER

### You'll Want One of These Casseroles at 98c

Never before has a Casserole been offered at 98c. We were fortunate to get a limited number of this Casserole which we place on

SPECIAL SALE MONDAY AT 98c

The Baking Dish is of white-lined brown ware, with fitted cover. The frame is an attractive form, heavily nickeled on brass. These Casseroles are of good size and look like those sold regularly at \$2.50. See them displayed in west window.

### After-Supper Specials From the Bargain Basement

CALICOES, 1 1/2c YARD

American and Simpson Calicoes, light and dark colors; put up in ten-yard bundles. 1 1/2c yd.

BRASSIERES, 19c

One lot of brassieres, well made and lace trimmed; sizes 32 to 44. Special... 19c

Sample Handkerchiefs, 2 1/2c

One lot of sample handkerchiefs, including ladies' hemstitched plain lawn and men's handkerchiefs—

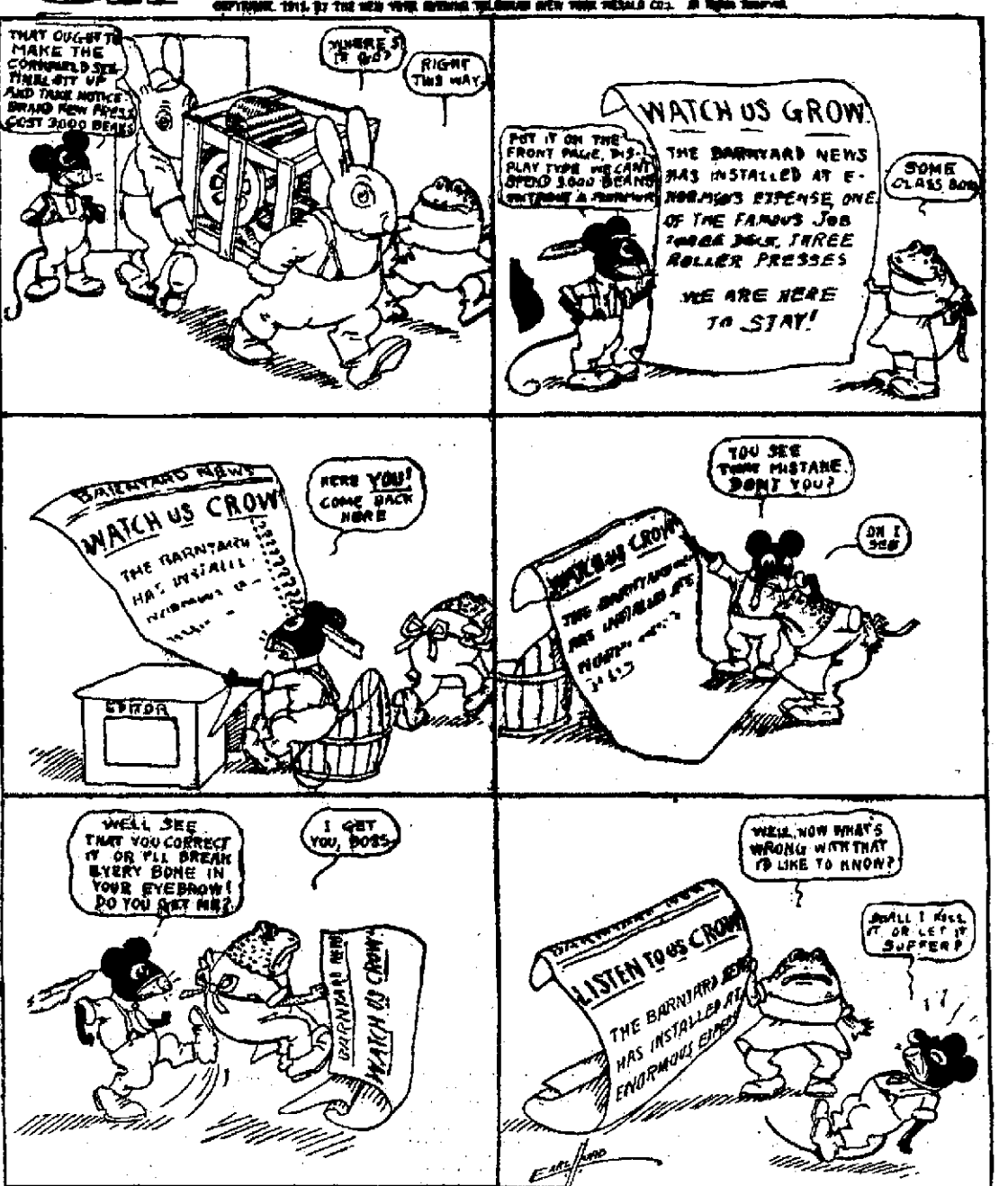
Choice, 2 1/2c

Sample Handkerchiefs, 10c

1,000 sample handkerchiefs, beautiful embroidered effects; regular 25c and 50c values—

Choice, 10c

## TRIALS OF EDITOR MOUSE



### WHERE THE EGYPTIAN LEGISLATORS GATHER IN CONGRESS



DELEGATES TO EGYPTIAN CONGRESS OUTSIDE THE HALL AT HELIOPOLIS

In view of the appointment of Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum, to the post of British Agent in Egypt, this recent picture of the Egyptian Congress, held at Heliopolis, the new suburb of Cairo, has exceptional interest.

## Chickens Dying

Hundreds of chicks dying every day. The loss of one chick will pay for a box of our Condition Powder. This with our balanced feed will keep your flocks healthy and growing. Our Lice Powder will cleanse the nests and drive the lice off the fowl. Remember that White Diarrhoea is guaranteed to cure White Diarrhoea.

S. BASH & CO.

## DR. WELLS

229 EAST BERRY STREET. THE BEST PLACE TO SECURE TREATMENT FOR ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

Dr. Wells treats all chronic and private diseases of men and women and invites those who have been unable to secure satisfactory results elsewhere to call and see him. Consultation is free.

WOMEN suffering from maladies peculiar to their sex are assured the best possible treatment by non-surgical methods.

MEN who are in need of reliable advice or treatment for any weakness, rectal disease, private or blood diseases are cured in the shortest time possible.

Call or send for books.

TUBERCULAR AFFECTIONS of throat, lungs, joints or glands treated by rational methods that succeed when old methods fail.

OXYOLINE, the new electrical product, better than a change of climate for all respiratory diseases.

SKIN DISEASES—I cure more bad cases of eczema and other skin diseases than all other specialists in Fort Wayne. I cure many cases by the new Light Therapy that have resisted medical treatment for years. Hundreds of Fort Wayne references.

PNEUMONIA cured by the new intravenous method. When all other methods fail I will cure you. The first treatment will help you.

CATARH, DEAFNESS—My treatment for Catarrh and Deafness is the best. If your case is curable I can cure you.

EYE DISEASES—I treat all diseases of the eyes and ears. The best place to get glasses. Eyes tested free.

STOMACH TROUBLES—My electric treatment for stomach troubles cures when drugs fail. Try it if afflicted.

ELECTRICITY—Largest and most perfect electric equipment in the city, including X-ray and every electrical device known to be of use in the treatment of disease. Cure many diseases without the use of drugs, narcotics especially.

HOURS—9 to 12, 2 to 8 and 7 to 9. No Sunday hours except by appointment.

## DIVORCED TWICE IN QUARTER HOUR

New York Man's Second Wife Waits in Court for No. 1 to Get Decree.

### THOUGHT FIRST DEAD

New York, Aug. 5.—Haled to court by a woman he supposed had been dead for seven years, Charles R. Hoffman, 103 East Twenty-ninth street, Manhattan, was yesterday divorced by his first wife, Mrs. Dolores Hoffman, before Supreme Court Justice Crane of Brooklyn.

The young girl he married only a month ago, not by waiting for her annulment suit to be called.

Mrs. Dolores Hoffman, who lives at 54 Irving place, Brooklyn, testified that she married the defendant on October 8, 1908. She said they lived in Manhattan for a year, when Hoffman abandoned her. She said she had not seen or heard of him since the time he left until he appeared in court in response to a subpoena.

Mrs. Hoffman is a Red Cross nurse and served in the Philippines.

Hoffman, who holds the record of being legally separated from two women in fifteen minutes, is a gray-haired, slender little man. He was nervous when he took the stand, for he didn't know what Justice Crane was going to say about his bigamous marriage.

"Thought Wife Was Dead."

"My wife's account of our marriage is correct," Hoffman said. "It is also true that I abandoned her. For years I have been in the shipping business, spending much time abroad. In that way I lost track of my wife. When I returned to this country some seven years ago, I tried to find her, but I was unable to do so. I then consulted a lawyer, to conduct the search. It developed nothing, and I supposed she was dead."

Only recently, Hoffman continued, he met the girl who later became his second wife. She was Miss Grace L. Gillet, 292 Danhook street, Brooklyn. They were married at Stamford, Conn., on June 21. The second Mrs. Hoffman was a witness next in her own suit to annul her marriage.

Learns Truth on Honeymoon.

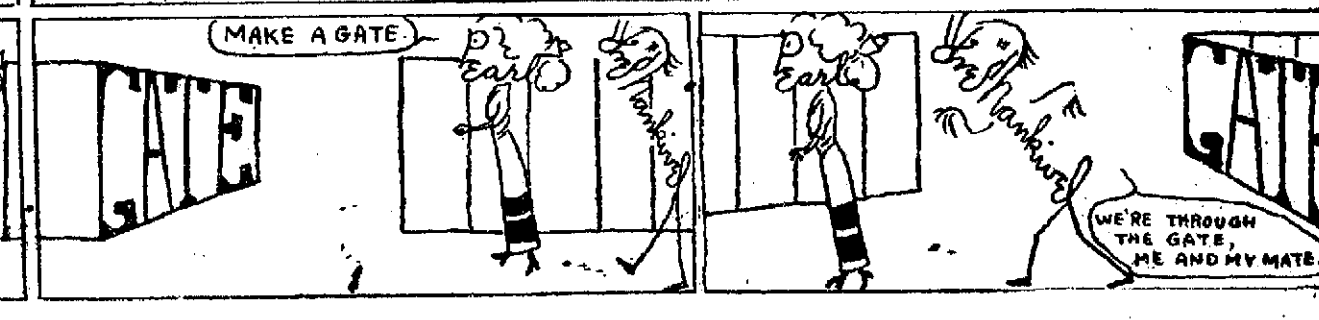
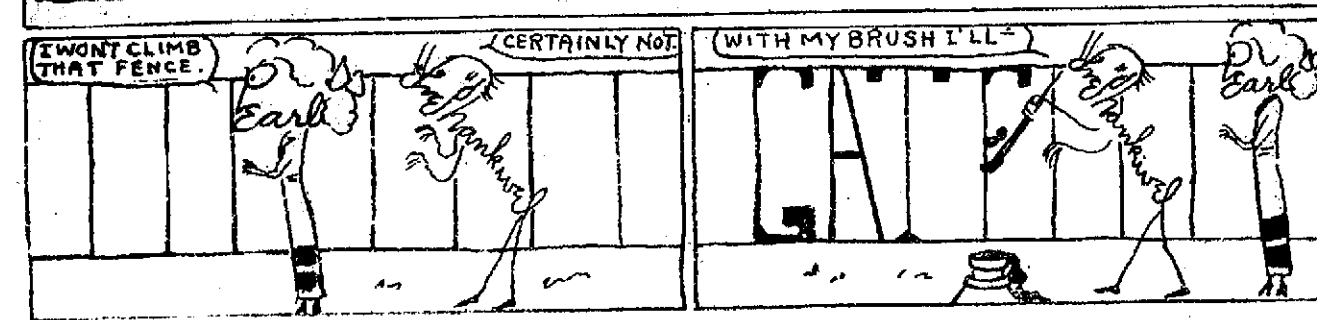
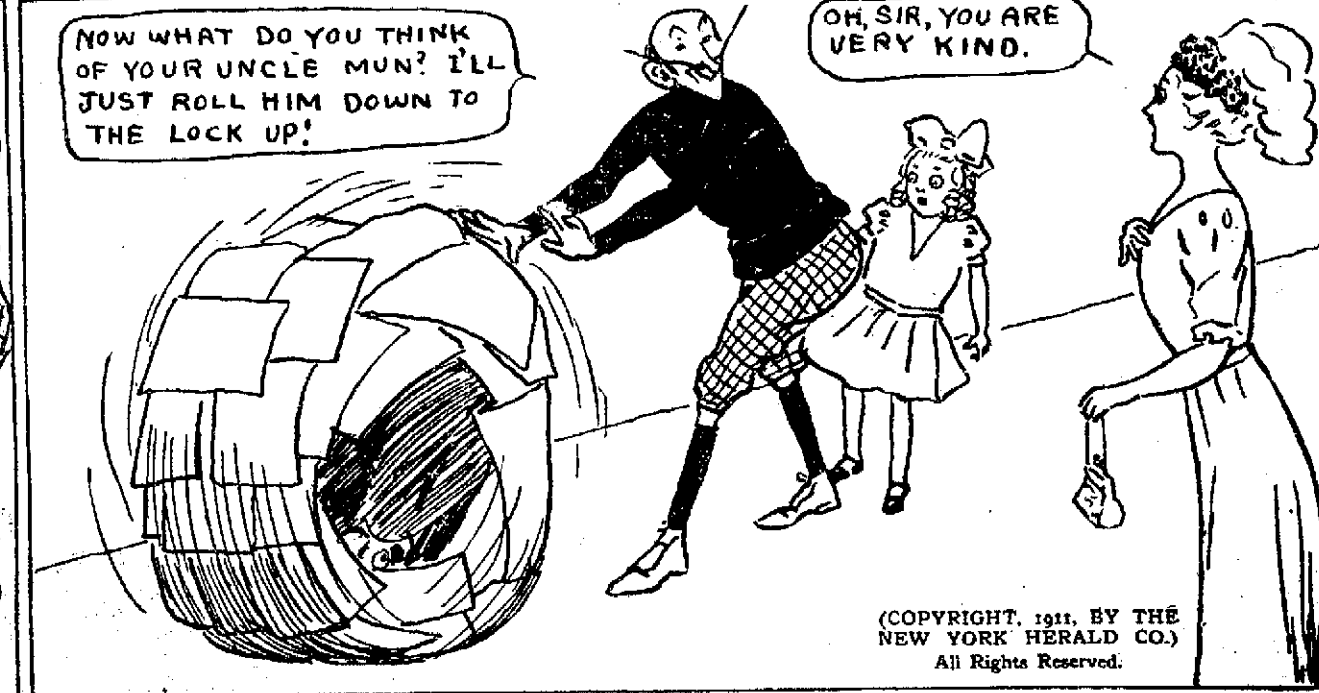
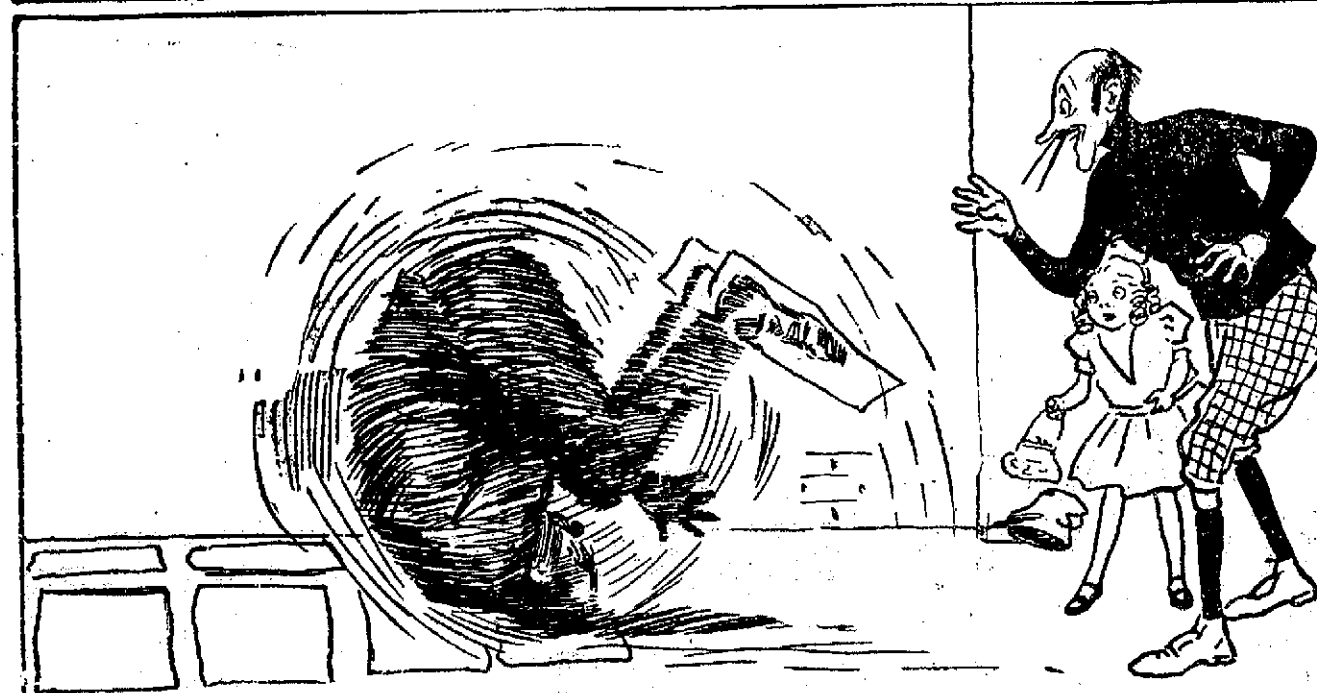
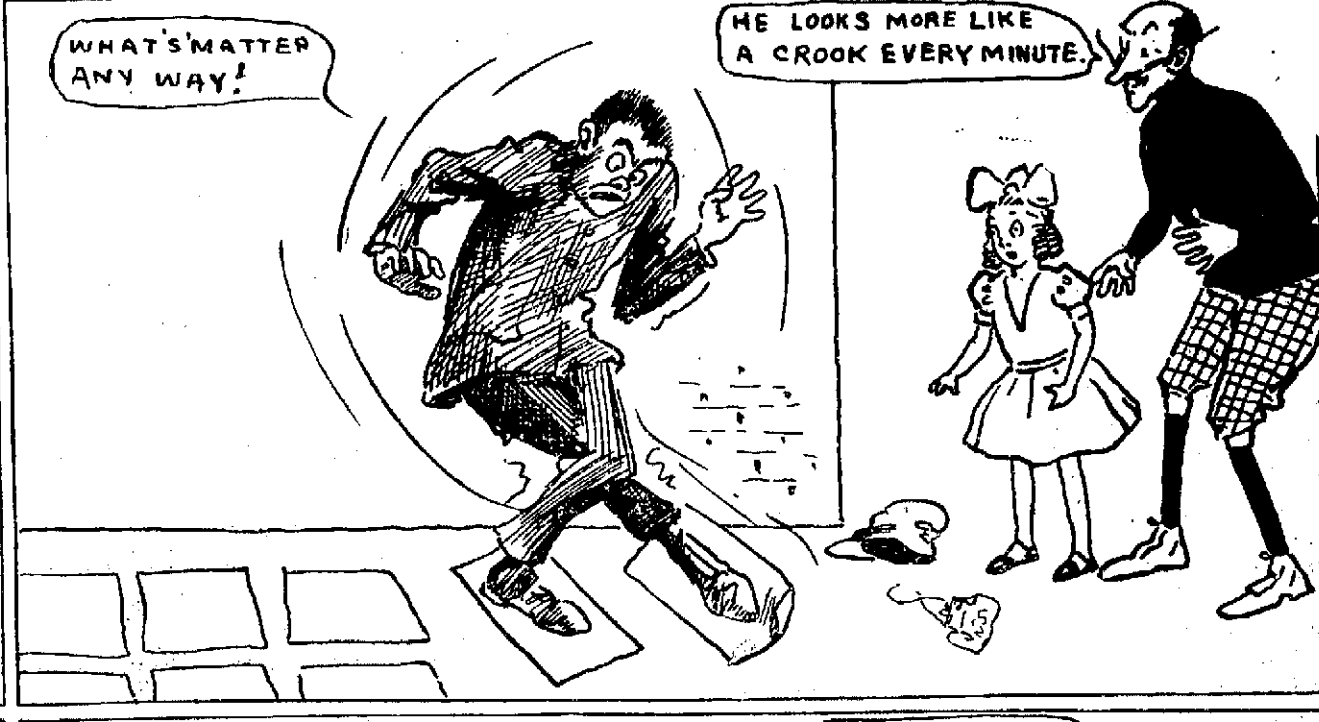
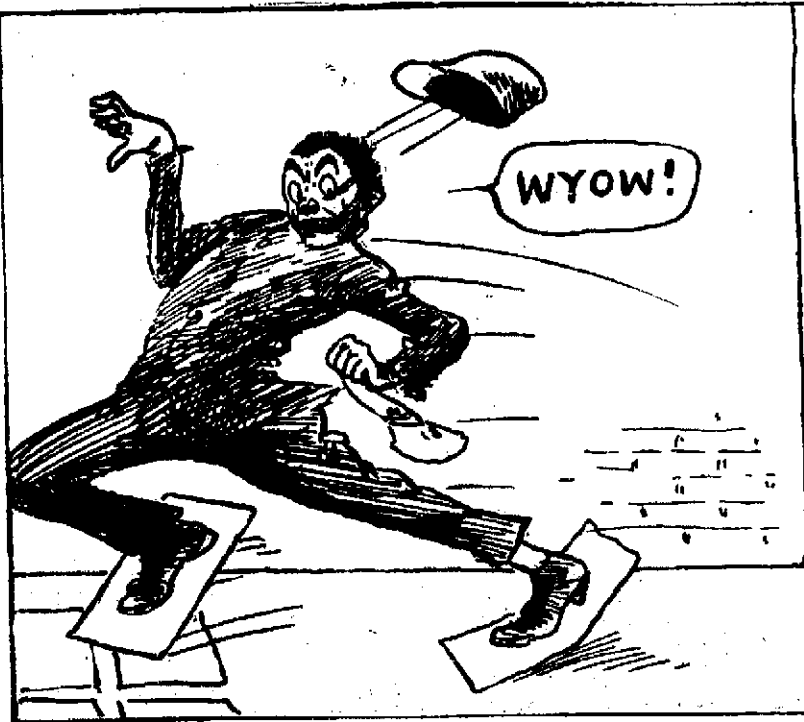
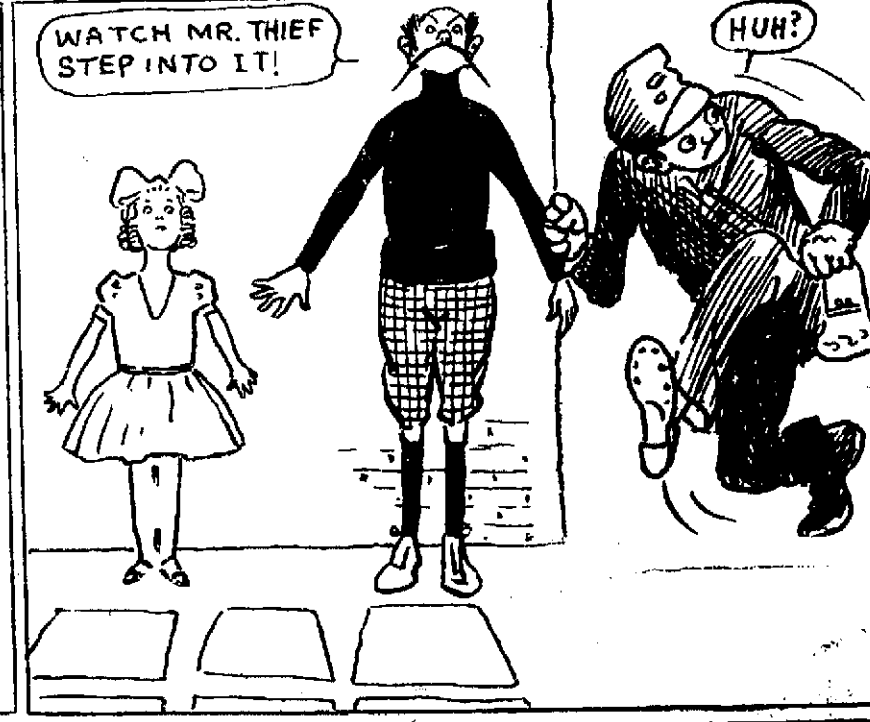
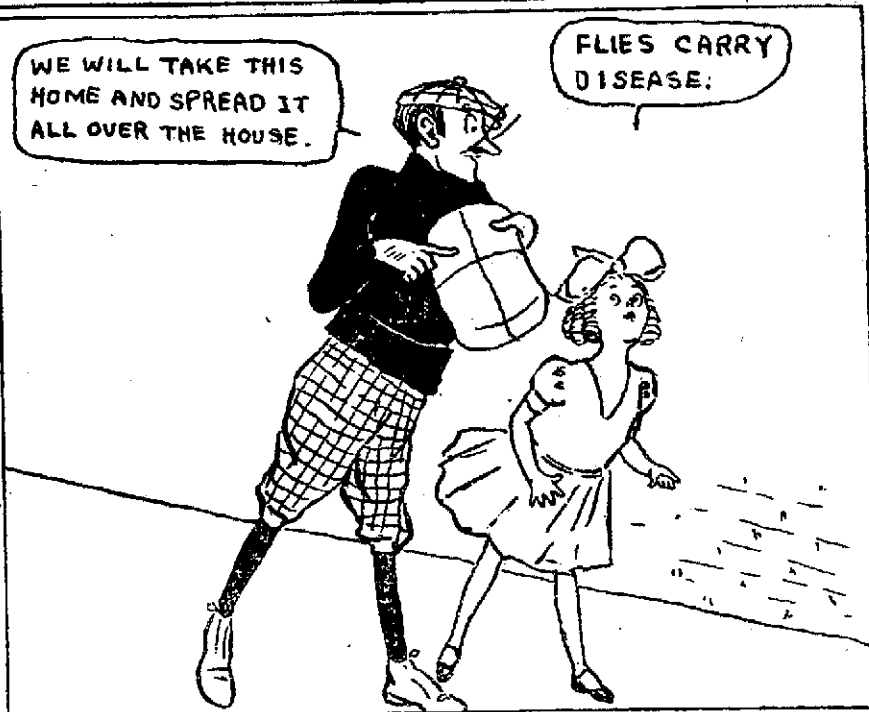
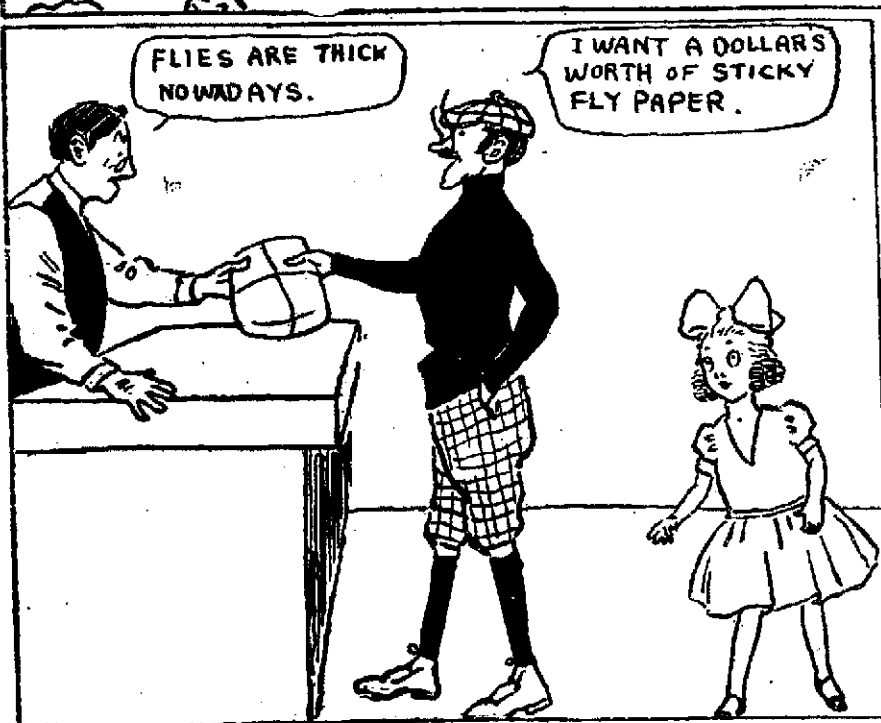
"When I married the defendant," Miss Gillet said, "she supposed his first wife was dead. Our happiness was short-lived, for we had been married only nine days when I received a letter from my brother stating that he had discovered my husband's first wife. We were in Canada on our honeymoon at the time."

I will grant a decree in each case," Justice Crane said, and the defendant need have no apprehension that I will hold him for bigamy, for since his second marriage occurred in Connecticut, I have no jurisdiction of the case."

Hoffman and Miss Gillet left the court house together. The first wife went her own way, taking no notice of either. Hoffman denied that he and Miss Gillet intended to marry after the final decree is granted, but he admitted that there is no quarrel between them.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5, 1911.

## UNCLE MUN





# THE AWFULS:

## THE AWFULLY WICKED

BY JAMES L. FORD



they seat themselves the whole place throws off its lethargy, the piano starts up, and a waiter mops off their table, which is perfectly dry, and says:—"What is it to be, gents?"

As they give their order they note with amazement that the same thirsty ones whom they have met in the other interesting resorts are beside them again and are as thirsty as before. At this moment a girl in a short dress of brick red appears on the little stage and breaks forth in a pathetic song with a chorus of

"And in the night my child was sweetly sleeping,  
And in the morning it was took away."

At the conclusion of this delightful ballad, familiar to every one who has ever come home from Coney Island and on the last boat, the visitors leave, despite the efforts of the waiter, ably seconded by Wicked Bill, to lead them behind the scenes and introduce them to the artist in the brick red dress.

Mr. Moveagain, who has been stung to the tune of \$2.75 for the drinks, now addresses their guide and pompously threatens to go home unless he can show them a real opium joint in operation.

"I see now," says Bill admiringly, "that youse gents is real sports, so I'll take yer to a place dat nobody gets inter, not even de copper on de beat. It will cost each one o' yer a two spot, but yer don't mind dat, I s'pose. Dat's right, four times two is eight. Now den, come up dis alley an' I'll knock t'ree times on de door an' dat'll give Ling Sock de offis' dat youse is all right."

The room into which the sightseers are ushered is filled with the fumes of tobacco, opium and stale beer, and so crowded that it is with difficulty that they wedge themselves in. They soon discover that the assemblage is made up almost entirely of the guests from the rubberneck coach and Professor Snooper's band of investigating students. In a bunk at the further end of the room a forlorn woman is lying, clothed in a dirty wrapper and apparently asleep. A tough-looking citizen announces that "Dopey Annie" is about to indulge in an opium dream and trusts that the "gents will make it worth her while." Deeply interested in this remarkable phase of slum life, the four sports chip in a dollar apiece and the instructive spectacle is on.

### "Dopey Annie's" Dream.

"Dere she goes," whispers Wicked Bill, as Annie, having counted the money and put it away in a safe place, rolls her eyes heavenward and begins to dream:—

"Oh, I kin hear de birds singin' an' de frogs croakin' an' me dear old mudder wanderin' down de lane. Oh, why did I ever leave good old New Hampshire an' come to dis wicked city? Oh, I used to wear diamonds an' drink nothin' but fizz in de little old cot where I was born, but now, s'help me Gawd, I ain't got the price of a can o' mixed ale. Oh, young ladies an' gents, don't yer never leave home or you'll wisht yer hadn't. If only I had the price of a ticket I'd go back again to me dear old mudder an' lead a new life. Hark! I hear de skylarks singin' in de grassy dell."

"Dat's all!" says the tough citizen, and the company adjourn to the comparatively fresh air of the street.

As the four sports seat themselves in the homeward bound street car, Mr. Moveagain, fixing his eyes curiously on Mr. Chibblains' cravat, says:—"I thought you were wearing your pearl pin when we set out this evening."

Mr. Chibblains frantically claws the place where the ornament should have been and utters a dismal wail.

"It's gone!" he howls.



And in the Night My Child Was Sweetly Sleeping. And in the Morning It Was Took Away.

and last tonight will prove a good one for unrestrained vice. Perhaps they should have procured the services of a detective—while they are about it they may as well see sin with the lid off—and if he could have had his say they would have worn disguises.

### Down in Chinatown.

He is just imagining himself in the character that he assumed at the last civic masquerade at the Arundel Manor Casino—a sailor with gold earrings, crying "Heave ho, my hearties!"—when the car stops and the four travellers find themselves entering a crooked, narrow, dirty, ill smelling street, lit up with colored lanterns and electrical signs pointing the way to the various Chinese shops and restaurants. The roadway

Under the guidance of Wicked Bill the travellers enter an evil looking saloon, already tenanted by a great number of idlers of thirsty aspect. They are introduced to the proprietor, a "curis character," Bill informs them, who shakes hands all round, remarking, "Gents, I'm pleased to meet you all," and then stands in an attitude of waiting attention. At the suggestion of their guide Mr. Moveagain treats the crowd. Having quaffed something that tastes like a dilution of carboic acid, they gaze around them and then Mr. Hairspring calls for another round.

Having retired from this quaint and interesting home of vice with credit to themselves and in what might be termed "good order," save that the four sports all try to get out of the door at the same moment, they are next conducted to another similar resort, in which they are surprised to find the same faces that they had already noted in the first round-up. Here the proprietor is such a "curis character" that he forgets to give Chibblains the change from his ten dollar bill. Nor does the Tarentell-made sport dare to ask for it for fear that his trembling voice and shaking knees will betray him. Again does the intrepid and wicked William lead them to an interesting resort, the hang out of "the man who trained Jeffries," known to visiting sports of a past generation as the trainer of Sallivan, and believed to have flourished in the slums of an elder day as the man who made Heenan ready for his fight with Sayers. Curiously enough this gentleman is not in training himself and cheerfully joins his new friends in a drink, followed by a flood of sporting reminiscence that endures two rounds more.

### Song of the Megaphone Man.

As they gain the sidewalk after these delightful experiences thirty-two rubber necks are listening to the voice of the megaphone man:—"We are now entering the regions through which vice and poverty stalk hand in hand. On every side we behold the vicious, the depraved and the habitually criminal. The problems presented here are so numerous and difficult of solution that even the most advanced and intelligent

### TOO WISE TO BE HASTY.

HE was an unruly youngster. Before he had been in the car five minutes all the women present and most of the men were explaining to anybody who would listen to them what they would do if the boy belonged to them.

To the general babel there was one woman who contributed nothing. She was a gentle gray haired body, who remained unruffled by the small tempest.

"If that child was mine," said the woman beside her, "I'd make him mind if I had to half kill him, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," said the quiet woman. "I don't know what I should do."

"You don't!" exclaimed the positive woman. "Well, I know. But then maybe you are not used to children? Maybe you never had any of your own?"

"Oh, yes," said the little woman. "I brought up thirteen. That's why I don't know what I should do."

### THE NAME OHIO WAS A PUZZLE.

ONE of the best navy stories of the sometimes amusing mistakes of the Britisher over names in common use in the United States is told by Rear Admiral W. P. Potter, U. S. N., on duty at Washington.

"Some years ago," said Rear Admiral Potter, "the old U. S. S. Ohio steamed into a South American port and anchored near a British passenger steamship. She interested the passengers of the steamship very much.

"After a little a new man came on deck and began an eyeglass inspection of the battle ship. He stared at the name for several moments and then delivered himself as follows:—

"An O and a h and a 10," he muttered. "Ain't that an 'ell of a name for a ship?'"

### SENATOR FRYE'S REPORT.

SENATOR WILLIAM F. FRYE, of Maine, and Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, had been having a long and somewhat heated discussion as to the authorship of some of the works attributed to Shakespeare.

"Well," said Senator Frye with finality, "when I die and go to heaven I will hunt up Shakespeare and ask him about it."

"Suppose you do not happen to find Shakespeare there?" suggested Senator Curtis.

"Then you can ask him," answered the Maine Senator as he passed quickly out of hearing.



A "Curis Character," Bill Informs Them, Who Shakes Hands All Around and Then Stands in an Attitude of Waiting Attention.

And you say it's your turn to treat? Well, I guess there won't be any death struggle to prevent it. Another round of cocktails, Tony, and a good stiff one for this gentleman. He's three drinks behind already. Then fetch along four dinners, and after that all aboard for the slums."

Was ever proposition more opportune than this? The slums! The Chinese quarter! The congested district! There's a new magic in every one of those time worn phrases as they fall upon simple Chibblains' ears and his brain kindles at thought of the expedition that the dashing and fearless Sykes has outlined with as little emotion as if it were a trip across the Williamsburg Bridge. Ah, little does that jovial companion think of what the night's sport signifies to the pink cheeked young man whose brain has been haunted all day with memories of a sweet, trusting voice rising high above the rumble of the accommodation train, and of the two great violet eyes looking deep into his! For years he has fed his imagination with "human documents" relating to criminal life, "graft exposures," pictures of "the great under world," and other brands of fiction dealing with the lives of the "submerged classes"; but never before has he found an opportunity to look upon grim poverty and ferocious vice in their natural lair, the congested district. He never would have ventured to explore that mysterious quarter alone and unprotected. Now the opportunity has come and at the very moment when he most needs it.

The cocktails come and the four regisseurs drink bravely to the expedition. Then Tony places four thick plates of thin soup before them and the banquet begins. Chibblains drinks deep of the red wine and shows Mr. Hairspring how to bring the repast to a glorious and spectacular finish by burning his brandy over a lump of sugar held over his coffee cup.

On the way down town Chibblains' fancy is busy with pictures of the scenes of horror and degradation that await his eyes. All fear is gone from his heart now, thanks to his deep potations; he hopes that the summer is the height of New York's vicious season

and sidewalk are blocked with throngs of obviously respectable men and women, largely of provincial aspect, who cling to one another timidly while gazing about them with wonder and delight. From time to time sightseeing automobiles from the furthest north deposit loads of gaping rubbernecks who hasten to swell the throng. The real denizens of the quarter, whose gaitals and blouses are supposed to impart local color to the scene, have been driven by the crowds of sightseers to the shelter of shops and doorways, from which points of vantage they gaze upon the invaders with impassive eyes.

The four Tarentell sports, each one bearing himself jauntily and with an air of self-confidence, advance with springy tread and hats cocked slightly to one side, Patty Sykes leading and Chibblains bringing up the rear with a feeling of apprehension in his heart which all accords with his cheery walk and the tit of the freshly lighted cigar in the southern corner of his mouth.

"Well, I declare!" cries Mr. Hairspring, "I never saw a heartier, happier or more prosperous looking set of paupers than these. I suppose it's due to the efforts of the philanthropic rich like that man Martin who came down here and actually shook hands with a lot of tramps. But say, boys, isn't there something a little worse than this that we could see?"

"Wicked Bill," a tatterdemalion of the slums, utters a delighted cry of "Gee, come an' look at that bunch o' marks!" and throws himself upon the advancing host:—"Here y'are, gents! Lemme show ye de sights an' put yer wise to de scenes of horrible degradation. I'm Wicked Bill, an' I'm de wust in Chinatown. Gimme a dollar fer a shell o' dope, an' I'll hit de pipe an' cook pills fer de hull party. I'm de man dat learned Bingham all ne knowed about de slums. Come along wit me, gents, an' I'll take yer to one o' de most curis resorts in de town, a reg'lar old timer, an' interestin' gin pallis where de lower classes gets next de demon rum. I'll interduce yer to de boss, too, a great character—de greatest in de slums, an' nex' to me, de wickedest."



"We Are Now Entering the Regions Through Which Vice and Poverty Stalk Hand in Hand."

mendicants who regularly frequent it, but such duly licensed guides and professional bad men as Wicked Bill and his kind are permitted to bring in visitors at the low rate of half a dollar each and a commission for themselves of twenty per cent on all money expended by the party. Under these generous conditions the four sports are admitted to the dismal, unventilated, smoky room, with its sloppy tables, persistent waiters and jangling piano. Their hats assume a rakish tilt and their faces the hardened expression of the habitual rounder as they cross the threshold in the wake of their guide, who bids them keep close to him if they wish to avoid trouble. As

"You ought to be careful when you travel around such tough joints," says Mr. Moveagain in tones of sagacity and prudence.

"I'm not the only one that's careless," retorts Chibblains. "There's the end of your watch chain hanging!"

Mr. Moveagain claps his hand on his empty vest pocket, while a look of unspeakable anguish comes into his face. "What'll I say to Maria?" he cries. "She gave it to me on my birthday and it will cost me all I've got to square her."

"Damn this congested district anyhow," says Chibblains sourly.

# THE IMPI'S SIEGE OF THE FLAMING ARROWS

**DESPERATE Battle of a Beleaguered Ivory Hunter Who, with a Wounded Servant on His Hands, Defended Single Handed a Thatch Roof Fort in African Wilds Against Hordes of Natives Fighting with Fire and Bullet**



H. W. MARTIN

ARRY W. MARTIN, who relates this remarkable story, is among the foremost shooters of big game in Africa, where he has undertaken many an independent expedition into the wilds and has been employed as guide by various parties. In his eventful career he has faced death more than once, for the man that pits his wits against the cunning of the jungle beast ever carries his life lightly, but no other chapter of his experiences has the singular dramatic intensity of the one appended. The fact that a lack of ingenuity on the part of his foes enabled Mr. Martin, single handed, to hold the fort against the hordes of infuriated blacks does not in the least overshadow the dogged courage and never-say-die spirit of the lone white man battling against the bullet, flame and assegai of the savage.

BY HARRY W. MARTIN.

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NEVER do I see a scrap of typewriting, even in the great city of New York, where hundreds of thousands of machines turn out primly imprinted pages, but my mind goes back to the bank of a muddy stream in the heart of the African wilds.

Elephant hunting and prospecting had brought me in 1904 to the country of Makombe, one of the most powerful of the chieftains of the Barikwas, who ruled like an independent sovereign over this land which bore his name.

Between him and the Portuguese, who held sway over that part of East Africa, there was no love lost. The agents of Portugal had finally given notice to Makombe that if he did not sell his domain to them they would send an expedition and deprive him of it by force. The ultimatum was sent just after the jealous and hostile tribe of the Goronzogas had declared war against Makombe's people. The natives rose as one man to repel all invaders.

I was following a wounded elephant on the south bank of the Pungwe River shortly after the trouble began, when I saw an askari, or Portuguese native soldier, standing on the opposite shore waving a document of some kind and beckoning me to cross. He was in the nondescript uniform of the African auxiliaries, and I regarded him with astonishment for a time, as he was taking a big risk in traversing that territory alone and in the ivory of the hated Portuguese. At any moment his military career was likely to come to an end, and I did not see, either, that I would be greatly benefited by his society. He seemed to be so excited and so much in earnest, however, that I went over and asked him what he wanted.

For answer he handed me a crinkled and creased and none too clean sheet of paper on which was typewriting in the Portuguese language. As I have a working knowledge of that tongue at least, I made out that he was the bearer of a manifesto warning all Europeans who happened to be near the Pungwe that they were in danger and informing them that the best thing for them to do was to get down to the fort at Mapanda. It was also set forth the Portuguese had decided to burn all the villages in the country after ten days had elapsed if the natives did not pay a hut tax which had been levied upon them.

Makombe had ignored the threat and his warriors were ranging the country in search of the soldiers of Portugal; and while they were about it, as I well knew, they were not likely to make any fine distinctions between the various species of white men.

I realized this, yet the thought uppermost in my mind was not of safety, but the property which I had been three years in gathering in peril and privation. Two days' journey to the south was my camp, in which were three tons of ivory, worth about \$3,000, or \$15,000, to me if I succeeded in getting it to the marts of civilization. A man longs for the life of cities, for glimpses of lights and the taste of well cooked food after three years in the jungle. Those tusks in the forest meant many things to me. The jumble of typewriting which the native soldier had thrust into my hand caused me to think quickly of what might be done.

I returned the document to him and went with all speed to look after my camp equipment and property. Manuel, an African servant, had been left in charge of the camp, and I was reasonably sure that I could get together bearers enough to transport the precious store out of the way of the marauding Barikwas and to take it to Mapanda.

My heart sank as I neared the clearing at the close of the second day, for I could see from signs here and there that some large body of men had been moving about it. Through a rift in the trees I got a glimpse of one pile of blackened ashes and then another. The huts of my carriers had been burned to the ground. My tent had disappeared and back further, where the ivory had been piled, there was not a tusk to be seen. The watchers and the carriers had been chased away or captured, and the ivory which I had collected through years of fighting the beasts of the jungle had been carried away by the hostile negroes.

I sat down upon a stump, my head resting in my hands, stunned by the extent of the loss which had befallen me. I was alone in the depths of the African forests, with nothing but what I carried and with a prospect of possibly years in these wastes before again I saw Piccadilly or Broadway. If indeed I was to come from this place alive. I do not know how long I had remained there when I was brought back to the present by a light touch on my arm. There stood Manuel.

"The master will kill me," he said, tapping the barrel of the gun I held. "Manuel does not blame."

"How did all this happen, boy?" I asked.

"I have been waiting," said he. "I know not why. When the master left me and my wife in his camp



"The Burning Arrows," Cried Manuel. I Seized a Blanket, Mounted to the Roof and Tossed It on the Blaze

and the ivory of many elephants did he not say, 'Keep them with thy life? And here am I—and all is gone.'"

The camp had been destroyed only two days before, and at the very moment I was talking with the askari on the banks of the Pungwe my camp was being sacked and spoiled.

"Many Barikwas," continued Manuel. "Impi came with feet of swiftness straight for camp. All had arms of war. I call my wife, who was sleeping in the hut, to hide. Then I went to the master's tent and got his four bore gun and twenty of the cartridges and hid, too, in the bush. My poor wife was not so quick. They of the Impi took her. They took all that was in the master's tent and then the tent itself, and last of all the ivory they lifted up and the goods. All is now with Makombe."

I assured Manuel that he had troubles enough without laying any more upon him. It was useless to treat with Makombe on the subject of returning my supplies and ivory, that I could well understand. If I ever got to his camp I would have only my own words for my pains. The chances were ten to one against my ever gaining such an audience, for the bush was full of wandering tribesmen, and arrow or assegai might at any time decrease by one the population of English hunters.

## Flight for Their Lives.

The only problem that we had before us, as we had been relieved of the care of wealth, was to save our lives as best we might, so we started as soon as we could to find a refuge. I had decided that the place most likely to afford us shelter was a trading station eighty miles away on the northern bank of the Pungwe kept by an old Greek trader named Kapsopolis. We made the station in thirty-six hours from our ruined camp, and found out from his native cook, who was in charge, that the trader had left a week before for Fort Mapanda.

The station afforded some provisions and a change of clothing, to which I helped myself. The cook was

shivering among his pots and pans. Every minute or so he would come out and look about him.

"Many Barikwas," he said at last, "start for fort. They kill you. Stay here, kill you too."

The cook needed a change of situation, and we could not stop him. He went without references, and we were left in full possession of the station. There was no other settlement we could make for, and we might have been in far worse places.

I accepted the view of the cook without reservation and at once we prepared to withstand a siege. What became of the old trader I never knew. He had bequeathed to us a fortification with which at least we could give a good account of ourselves. The post consisted of a large hut and four small ones in an enclosure one hundred and fifty feet square, surrounded by a stockade of logs sixteen feet in height and tightly secured. The uprisings were braced by heavy timbers placed against them within the stockade, and these supports were inclined at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Such an arrangement prevented the logs from being pushed in and also from being drawn forward, as they were firmly attached to the braces.

Climbers were nailed to the timbers, on which the defenders of the stockade could climb up in order to shoot, resting their guns upon the logs of the stockade. The logs themselves were driven into the earth for six feet of their length, thus leaving sixteen feet above the surface. For a hundred feet about the stockade on all four sides the ground had been cleared, and beyond this was a dense forest, with much tangled bush in the front. The stockade was entered through two openings, where no logs had been driven, and into these spaces had been placed, one upon the other, sticks about six inches in diameter, which effectually barred the way when in position.

So much for our own little fort. I thought at the time, and it was with something of the pride of a military commander that I inspected it and gave orders to my garrison of one. Through this compound ran a stream of clear water in an ingenious arrangement of timbers which would have effectually kept out invaders. We patched up several places which looked insecure, and when it was evident that we could do nothing more for our defenses that day I took account of provisions and munitions. There were two hundred pounds of flour, three hundred pounds of maize, fifty pounds of sugar and ten pounds of tea and coffee.

I had Manuel collect all the provisions, bedding and clothing in the strongest of the five thatched huts

Thus we were ready for the siege. Through the night we took turns in watching. The one who slept had his hands always on his weapons ready for fight on the instant.

There is a charm of suspense which precedes the going into action, and after going through such elaborate preparations to receive the dark-skinned foe it would have been a real deprivation to have nothing happen. We were not disappointed. The enemy arrived in force by sunrise, giving notice of their coming by the discharge of several of the muzzle loading muskets with which many of them were supplied. Through the roof of our hut several slugs made of short sections of telegraph wire cut their way. The natives when they find no other metal available for ammunition pull down the telegraph wires and cut them into short lengths and lead them into their smooth bore guns. The singing of the wire missiles in the air has a peculiar note unlike that of any projectile I have ever heard.

Occasionally we could discern movements in the bush beyond the cleared space, but as we could not see anybody distinctly enough to draw a bead we did not reply to the firing of the besiegers. There was not a single round which could be wasted, as I had only 120 cartridges for my .303 rifle and twenty for the four bore.

The natives, who interpreted our silence to mean we were killed, ceased firing and waited for two hours without making a move. Then they sent out a scout. He crept to within twenty yards of the hut in which we were concealed, looked cautiously about him and then rose up, as if he thought that the defenders of the stockade were no longer living. I raised my rifle and fired. In an instant he was lying lifeless upon the ground.

## Attack by the Natives.

Then all the jungle stirred with life. Black forms rushed from out of the depths of the bush, hurling spears in air, sending a shower of arrows over the timbered defence and discharging their blunderbusses as they rushed the stockade. The shrill singing of the slugs, the twanging of bow sinews, the shouts of the assault filled our ears. I felt my nerves tingle. Even under that tropic sun I grew cool and calm. The stockade resisted all efforts of the battering rams of logs which the savages hurled against it, so compactly was it built. Black hands caught the edge of the stockade, and when the dark topknot appeared a bullet went through the owner's skull and down he dropped to the foot of the wooden wall.

Out of the borders of the clearing the natives flung themselves in long lines, their well built bodies gleaming in the sun, bare with the exception of the clout gathered about their loins. Their faces were twitching with fury. They cursed and shrieked as they ran hither and thither, taking shots at us when

**DANGEROUS ADVENTURES**  
TOLD BY AND OF  
+ LIVING PERSONS +

ever we lifted our heads for a moment above the rim of the stockade. These negroes are not the best marksmen in the world, but they came uncomfortably near, and many a ping of the whirling wire and of the beaten bullets and slugs we heard about our ears.

From my position on top of one of the buttresses like braces I was able to pick off several of the largest warriors. The attack was at its height when, under cover of much firing, the Barikwas attempted to pry up the poles of the stockade with levers and pointed sticks. The barrier, with its timber sunk five feet into the sun baked earth, held firm. Then the enemy withdrew to the shelter of the bush, telling their defiance at us until their voices were muffled in the tangle and sounded like the cries of enraged spirits in some earthly hell.

We kept up the watch during the night by turn. The firing ceased and I was going off into a doze at about two o'clock in the morning when I heard something softly drop on the roof above me and then a slight snapping sound. Our hut was on fire!

"The burning arrows!" cried Manuel.

A small tongue of flame was snapping among the dried grass of the thatched roof above us. I seized a blanket, mounted to the roof and tossed it on the blaze. Out of the blackness came a burst of fire and three thunderous reports. The leaves were cut with the hail of metal which was vented from the guns of the savages. There had been just light enough to make me a shining mark in the murky night. The slugs cut about me on the thatch, whistled at the right and the left and then all was still.

I dropped lightly from the roof. The fire of that arrow was out, and then came glowing darts from all four sides. Some fell harmlessly on the well packed earth of the courtyard and flickered out; others started with lambent tips from the gloom of the jungle and were fanned out in their flight; many there were which fell on the huts and caught the tinderlike tufts. Here and there we had tried to wet down the roofs, but little of that kind of work could be done.

The rain of fire lasted two hours. The arrows, which are favorite weapons of all African savages, are slender shafts about the heads of which are wound wisps of dried grass. These tips are then dipped into boiling beeswax and permitted to cool. The natives light them from a smouldering fire which they have made for themselves by rubbing sticks of wood to get the sparks. We kept our little fire department so active, however, that the besiegers soon saw that they did nothing but what we could overcome, and they stopped their archery.

When I was not otherwise engaged I was trying to devise what I would have done if the positions of garrison and besieged had been reversed. We saw on the morning of the second day that they were up to something, so unwonted was the quiet, and we made out that the enemy was working very hard. We guessed, as we subsequently found was true, that they were trying to dam the stream. Through the leafage I got a glimpse of a gleaming headress, and let go a rifle bullet. A warrior dropped out of the bush on his face and did not move. Without water we should have been forced to yield, but the natives abandoned the idea of cutting off our supply in that way, and they did not seem to have the secrets of the gentle art of poisoning.

The rifle which I was using so sparingly was equal to a long arm. For two days there was respite, if the living savages did not know how to corrupt our drink the dead at least were able to poison the air. There were twenty-one bodies lying within our view as we looked over the stockade or peeped through a skillfully masked peephole here and there. The stench which came from them was such that we could bear it no longer. We made a sally toward the evening of the fourth day and dragged nineteen of the bodies further away from our camp. As night was coming on we took no more risk of going so far from the stockade and instead dragged the last two bodies into the enclosure with the intention of burying them.

One of them we got inside the barrier and we had reached shelter with the other one, we thought, when there came a shot, and Manuel lurched forward over the dead forms and lay in a faint. He had been shot in the back of the neck. I then drew the second body well into the stockade, closed up the entrance with the crosswise poles, and made ready single handed to undertake the defence of Fort Kapsopolis. Besides being active garrison it was for me to minister to the wounded and bury the troublesome dead and to watch the movements of the enemy day and night.

## Surgery with a Pocket Knife.

Poor Manuel was unconscious for an hour or so. I should say, but by pouring water down his throat I finally restored him. He opened his eyes and gazed wildly about him. It was another hour before he could summon strength to speak.

"Bullet rubs neck bones," he said, indicating the region of the cervical vertebrae.

I knew little of surgery, but I had a smattering of anatomy. I probed for the bullet with the blade of my knife. Your white coated surgeon, with their talk of sterilized instruments, would have held up their rubber gloved hands in horror if they had seen me going after that bullet with the blade of a pocket knife. The bullet was buried about half an inch in the boy's neck. What a long suffering Manuel! For, although I manipulated in my crude way for nearly an hour before I extricated the ball, he made no complaint.

Manuel's neck had swelled to enormous size, and for forty-eight hours he was delirious. He was out of his head most of the time, calling aloud the name of his lost wife as though she were with him. What with nursing the unfortunate boy, doing all the cooking, inspecting the defence and keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy, I had little idle time. In addition to these duties, I had dug two deep graves for the two followers of Makombe whose introduction to our stockade had been the undoing of Manuel.

It happened, however, that for the next fortnight the Portuguese soldiers were harassing the natives, and the tribesmen therefore raised the siege and went further afield. Manuel did not seem to be getting any better, and I was haggard for want of rest and felt myself growing feeble, although the excitement of seeing what could possibly happen next kept me always on the alert. The lull came to an end when many of the Portuguese soldiers, taken ill with malarial fever, were unable to pursue the natives.

Once more the siege was resumed, and to all appearances by even a larger force. Again the lighted arrows, until it seemed that in my worn out state they seared my brain.

The fever was burning in my veins. I saw visions of implacable impi scorching the walls within which I and I were at bay. I had heavy views of hand to hand encounters and felt the thunders of the assault on the driven timbers. I fired wildly at the advancing hosts and then I fell to the earth and all was dark.

"The Senhor has had a weary sleep," I heard a voice that seemed far above me saying.

I looked up and saw that bending over me was a Portuguese officer, who was also a physician. He was attached to a regiment of natives of which the officers were Europeans.

The Portuguese surgeon informed me later that when his men reached the stockade they heard some one moaning within the main hut. They effected an entrance and there found Manuel so racked with pain that he could scarcely move. I was lying beside him in a semi-conscious state, raving of implacable devils and black devils. Soon after this the rebels submitted to Portuguese rule and came in freely with cattle to pay taxes.

Manuel was in a bad way, but he recovered. I was too ill to be moved for a fortnight after the coming of the troops who had so providentially rescued us. As soon as I was able to travel I was carried on a litter to Mapanda, where I received the best of medical treatment from the Portuguese and was the recipient of many kind attentions.

# MARVELS OF THE SIGHTLESS WAYFARER



There Is Sure To Be Some One Who Will Help Him Cross the Streets.

**J**OHAN C. FOWLER, author of this novel narrative, has been blind since birth. Born in Lowville, N. Y., where his father keeps a store, he attended the School for the Blind in Batavia. He determined, contrary to his friends' advice, to obtain a college education. Not only did he gain this at Syracuse University, but he was graduated in three years, magna cum laude, got the key of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and earned every cent of his expenses meantime. In his fourth year he won the degree of master of arts, became an assistant in the German department and did brilliant work both in class recitation and in typewritten form. In addition to his qualifications as a university instructor, he once made his living by tuning pianos, at which he is wonderfully skilful. But his greatest asset in life is a happy, kindly disposition, a big, hearty laugh, and optimism enough for two ordinary men.

BY JOHN C. FOWLER.

**S**CARCELY a day passes but some one says to me, "How do you get about so well? Aren't you afraid of getting hurt?"

For a blind man, as well as for a good sea captain, "navigation" is both a science and an art. Like the captain, the blind man walking along must study his course pretty carefully, and finds himself in trouble if he does not know every minute "just where he is at." In so far as a blind man "navigates" scientifically his methods can be explained, but there is also a sort of art in the matter, which comes only by experience, and for which it is difficult for him to account.

The sea captain can consult his unerring compass whenever he wishes to find out in just what direction he is going, but most blind people have no sure method of determining direction. Some there may be who have a sense of direction superior to that of the average person, but this is extraordinary. So far as a compass is concerned a blind person is generally without one.

The seaman has his instruments for determining location by reckoning his latitude and longitude, and these the blind person possesses in the shape of the general public. If he does not know just where he is he asks somebody. Almost anybody can be made to serve as an astrolabe, but an intelligent boy who is acquainted in the locality answers the purpose the very best, for the boy is pretty sure to know the details so indispensable to the blind "navigator," and wastes no time in giving advice and offering suggestions, but quickly and politely answers the questions put to him, or gives the assistance needed. Besides, a boy is interesting in and of himself. Boys as a rule are accommodating, and when I am in difficulty in the street I count myself lucky if I meet a boy just then.

The questions one puts to people under such circumstances are like these:—"Pardon me, what is the next corner up ahead?" "Is this the six hundred or the seven hundred block?" "Young man, do you know where Mr. A— lives on this street—No. 421, I think?" "Can you tell me how many blocks further on Hickory street is?"

When there is no one on the sidewalk whom I judge to be promising I usually wait a moment on a corner till some one comes along, or walk on a block, or even back for some distance, until I meet some one. Sometimes a blind person in a strange neighborhood is compelled, like anybody else, to ask for information at some one's door. People make pretty good "instruments of reckoning" if one has sufficient knowledge to use what they tell him, and is willing to tell them

The seaman has his maps by which to judge his course, and likewise the blind man needs a reasonably complete map of the place where he is in order to get about much. A captain's charts are on paper, but a blind man must carry his maps in his head, and frequently they get blurred and illegible. He has a sort of mental picture of his city or village, which includes the principal streets and as many that are not principal as he can remember: the stores, churches, schools, theatres, public buildings, street car lines, and whatever else will enable him to ask intelligent questions of his friends or of people in the street. In a neighborhood where he does not possess this general sort of map inquiry is almost impossible, and "navigation" is too uncertain and difficult to be agreeable.

A seaman steers his ship with a rudder, and to help in steering himself a blind man usually carries a cane. Some use a heavy cane, but personally I prefer a light, "sperry stick," because it is not quite so awkward and does not tire the arm so much. I carry the cane usually in my right hand, and use it to locate the right edge of the sidewalk along which I am going. In this way I am always ready to pass people going in the opposite direction from my own, and I am certain that I cannot leave the walk on the left side so long as I am near the right edge, so that I have to calculate only for the right side.

If I do not get in too much of a hurry, and pay strict attention to the business in hand, I have ordinarily no excuse for not following the right side of the walk. If I tried to keep in the centre of the sidewalk I should have to be careful on both sides of me, which would be difficult, besides having the serious problem of "turning out" for people. Of course, my feet tell me just when I have left the sidewalk, and if I can not tell exactly what has happened my cane helps me to "get located" again. When I am looking for some irregularity, like a step up or several steps down, I carry the cane slightly ahead of me, but this is not so helpful and does not look so well because a cane is generally not so held.

## Value of the Cane.

On a residence street the cane helps in locating houses. With the "weaver" can feel the walks leading to the houses as they leave the main walk, and can discover their width, whether there are steps leading up to the house, whether there is a terrace or a fence or a hedge, and all sorts of similar details necessary to locate a particular house. When the house or crosswalk to be located is on the left side I carry the cane in the left hand, but this remains an annoyance, in spite of practice. In snowy weather, or when a sidewalk or crosswalk is covered with loose dirt, I can sometimes locate myself by means of the sound when I rap with my cane, but many blind people like to carry a cane as quietly and naturally as possible to avoid attracting attention.

A successful navigator on the ocean must have a well trained "weather eye," and so must a blind person walking in the street. The things he must notice are "too numerous to mention"—the material of which the sidewalk is made, and its slope, evenness and width, whether it is built up high or in a depression, whether the street and the cross streets are paved, whether there is a street car line, whether the street is built up, and if so, whether the buildings stand far apart or close together, near to the street or somewhat back, how high the step is at the curbing of the different corners—all sorts of details like these. One is on the lookout also for smells. Nearly every kind of establishment—grocery, drug store, book store, bakeshop, lunchroom, barber shop, shoe store—

**I**NTUITION, Almost a Sixth Sense, an Accute Perception, Enables a Remarkable Blind Man to Thread His Way Unscathed Through Swarming Thoroughfares with Only a Cane as His Guide.



JOHN C. FOWLER.



Stepping Off the Curb.

as soon as he enters a place to make sure that he is right, and by which he can sometimes locate places from without, though generally not so very accurately. Naturally odors help least in winter weather.

Of course one has to keep one's ears open to hear pedestrians or street cars or men digging up the street, or anything else unusual.

Blindness does not seem actually to sharpen the

## SNAILS SLOW EVEN IN DYING.

**A**WELL known naturalist living in Connecticut tells the following incident to illustrate how slow snails are even when it comes to dying:—

"About fifteen years ago," says he, "I made a collection of snails and put them in one of my cabinets. The other day in cleaning I came across these snails. I then decided I would clean the shells. I placed them in a basin of warm water to soak and left the room. I returned in about an hour and to my great surprise found the snails crawling around the bottom of the basin. These shells had been handled hundreds of times during the fifteen years and to my knowledge never showed a sign of life.

"You see," he continued, "I was then very much interested and I looked up some authorities on the subject. I was surprised to learn that the snail can live on indefinitely without breathing an atom of fresh air, although it is an air breathing creature and has lungs and a heart.

"The common land snail retreats into his shell on the approach of frosty weather, and the mouth of the shell is sealed by a secretion which is of a silky texture and absolutely impervious to air. In this condition it is plain that he is deprived of three of the four elements of life—air, water and nour-

ishment, but it often calls into play senses which are seldom noticed or used. A blind person can usually count the trees and telephone poles and other similar objects as he walks past them without touching them, and he notices when a building stands close to the street. He can distinguish a long passage from a square room and can locate doorways along a passage when they are deep, sometimes distinguishing by this same sensation whether the door is open or shut. He can sometimes perceive a hand held near his face or head.

Many persons often make use of this same sense in getting about in the dark. The probable explanation seems to be that external objects, like a tree or a wall, intercept the air currents and this is felt by the nerves of the face and head. The wind interferes with this sensation out of doors, and wrapping up the face and head is highly detrimental to it. This sense is, at the best, generally not unerring, and its use requires more or less strict attention. Unless one is walking carefully it is not sufficient to avoid collision with an unexpected object, but it is nevertheless a fact and is often of real value.

Blind people do not often locate things by counting their steps, as is so popularly supposed, for one takes shorter or longer steps under different circumstances, depending upon one's mood, the weather, the sidewalk and whatever is going on at the time in the street, and the endless numbers of steps which he would have to remember would make it impossible.

The sun and the wind I have not found valuable as a means of locating myself in the city. They vary constantly, especially when interfered with by buildings, and a town is not always laid out by geometry

account, and one of the amusing and sometimes annoying things which people do to help him to make a great ado over "a curb." I suppose that a blind person, though he tries to acquire a normal carriage, habitually and unconsciously carries his body in readiness to receive any jar of this kind, which he has often no way of preparing for.

A step upward or a series of two or three steps downward is not so easily managed, and for these a blind man must calculate carefully. If I have a companion I like to walk with him in such a way that he is just enough ahead of me to step up or down a fraction of a second before I have to take the trouble, so that I have an instant's warning of what is to happen without his being obliged to stop conversation to tell me. A blind person depends in this way upon a companion without effort, and anybody very soon comes to adapt himself to the blind person's needs without thinking about it. Some blind people are said by seeing friends to be unusually sure footed.



Coming Down the Steps.

I am often told that I "ought not to go about alone." Those who tell a blind person this are not discerning. Experience has repeatedly shown that, however many accommodating friends one may have, the choice lies between going alone and going very little. Somehow your friends are never going anywhere when you want to go, and a blind man, like any other American, "wants what he wants when he wants it." People are either indisposed or busy.

If a blind person engages in any sort of business, as most of them are trying to do, he must go to the places where work calls him, just as others have to do. The ability to go about alone, in and of itself, goes far to produce a feeling of independence and equality with others so essential to every one in the pursuit of happiness. Some one engaged in educational work among the blind has said that the three things necessary to the happiness of the blind are intelligence, self-maintenance and the ability to move about gracefully and unabashed among other people.

Like his counterpart, the sea captain, the blind man finds that "navigation" brings into play all his resources. He must ever be intent upon the business in hand, quick and alert for every detail, communicated to him by whatever avenue of perception he possesses. Added to the mere difficulty of arriving safe and sound at his destination is his ever present consciousness of his awkward appearance, which tends only to displace his already slender resources, to "rattle" him, in popular phrase. Contrary to popular belief, he is very often unable to recognize friends and acquaintances who greet him, and of those who happen to pass him without speaking he remains in blissful ignorance. There often seems a "great gulf fixed" between him and his fellow men on the street, over which he would gladly build a wide and strong bridge.

## "Go Straight Ahead."

People often misunderstand his situation, tell him to "go straight ahead," when that is just what he is making a herculean effort to do, offer him information which he does not at all need, and pass serenely by when their assistance is indispensable, or try to give him directions without knowing where he is trying to go.

Certainly he ought not to be annoyed, but rather amused, at these things; but sometimes at a moment of embarrassment or difficulty he is really at a loss to know just how to deal with such a situation, and often lack of tact is mistaken for impoliteness on his part. All these things together make "navigation" fatiguing, and glad am I when some genial acquaintance going my way "rides with me" until one of us has to "get off," where our ways separate.

So, with the general public for instruments of reckoning, with his charts before his mind's eye, with his cane as a rudder, with a good "weather eye" for details and by a good deal of application to the work in hand, the blind man navigates his ship, and most people seem to agree that, after all due allowances for his disadvantages have been made, he does pretty



Walks Up and Down Street Until He Finds Some One Who Will Direct Him.

# CONFESSIONS OF THE QUEEN OF PRESS AGENTS

**I**N Which Miss Nellie Revell Undergoes the Novel Experience of Granting an Interview That Tells How She Keeps Eight Theatres in the Glare of Publicity, Exploits 2,000 Vaudeville Acts Every Season and Supplies Stories to 1,500 Newspapers

me trained) and repeated the words. "How do you suppose we could remember them all? No." She waved a triumphant and illustrative hand at the lettered file behind her. "Every vaudeville act's in there. Words, scenery—everything." An additional triumphant hand bridged the chasm between the words "scenery" and "everything." "And?"

She paused. "A press agent? You must have the ingenuity of a puzzle editor, the perseverance of a Japanese Ambassador, the persistence of a valiant mule and the outer covering of a tortoise. All that."

"A woman press agent? Well, to be a publicity seeker is one of the inherent traits in woman. To be a publicity placer, however, is quite another matter. It is the one condition where the wish of a silk petticoat doesn't get results. It is the one condition where, if she would succeed, a woman mustn't tie her sex around her like a pink ribbon, but must rather put it away in an old trunk somewhere. It is the one condition where results at once count for the most

nial and the Alhambra and the Bronx and the Orpheum—(how will her heart glow when she reads those names)—and all the rest of her interests, not forgetting, of course, Mr. Shonck's Pallsades—all glowing in the eye of popular notice.

"And your press agent beginnings?"

"Liquor has been blamed for many things," replied Miss Revell. "It may even be blamed for the woman press agent. I was the first, and the result of drink."

I looked a little stupefied.

"My predecessor," Miss Revell hastily exclaimed. "He was sick and I was sent ahead. I filled in, and in two weeks they told me to keep on filling. I said, 'I can't write. I can only ride a horse or tame a lion.' But it was no use. They changed me from real lions to far more ferocious beasts—dramatic editors."

Miss Revell's eyes gained the accession of a twinkle. "So I was a press agent before I knew it. P. T. Barnum never bargained for his protégé being a press

**WOMAN IN  
THE BROADER  
FIELDS OF  
THE  
WORLD'S WORK**

tices. After the advance notices are written they are mimeographed and sent out to what I call my local and suburban lists, also all dramatic papers. Then I distribute photographs, after writing plainly on the back of each one who they are, which one of our theatres they are appearing at and the date they open.

"The first thing I do every morning is to look over the newspapers to see what kind of a showing we have. With a well regulated system, everything done at the same time every day, the work isn't particularly hard and has usually enough novelty to offset monotony. I exploit about two thousand acts every season. My big special stories go to a mailing list of 1,500, which include newspapers all the way from Boston to San Francisco.

"I hate to talk like an encyclopaedia," resumed Miss Revell. "I told you before that I wasn't an Emerson essay, but we are the creatures of our environment and if one is worth anything as a press agent one must be adaptable. Look at the training when you go ahead of the show. First you meet the Invariable Mayor, then the inexorable existence of the general passenger agent comes upon you. Then you meet those unchangeable newspaper men and then the—police. Make a composite of these and view your typical representative citizen. As a press agent you must adapt yourself to him.

"And personality to the successful press agent is almost as important as imagination or the ability to write a story. Many of these young gentlemen in this office can write a story better than I can. I know that's so, because they admit it themselves.

"I spoke of intuition. That's the quality that tells you how long to stop in a newspaper office. Another rule is—you must make friends and keep them. That's good for successful press agenting or successful anything else.

"How's that—good, eh? All these people you must come to understand and must make to understand you, for to a press agent popularity is the river of life. You can't be successful and be personally unpopular. An author can; a press agent can't. The man who said 'a knock's a boost' can never have been a press agent. He was crazy. A knock is not a boost; a knock's a knock—and it's likely to get you, too, when you least expect it. And another thing—you see that little card?"

I looked up apprehensively, not unexpected that the guiding footsteps of my mind were to be led to some oasis on the desert of the wall. It was only a notice—"Enter without knocking—remain on the same terms."

"That's also one of the things that make press agents successful," remarked Miss Revell, "and any press agent will find it good for nutrition. Be loyal. I never allow myself even to think a knock about an attraction in which I'm interested. I think that usually any people who continue to get money for long periods for anything are usually worth the money they are getting. Somebody's paying that money for it, and people who hire labor are not always fools. Knockers are usually good things to drown."

Miss Revell paused, gaining refreshment doubtless from the mellifluous mimeograph and the tireless typewriters creating their admirable streams.

"To be a good press agent," she went on, "you must be a good re-press agent. You mustn't strain truth beyond the point of credulity. Many a good story's been spoiled like that."

## Press Agenting More Difficult.

"And does press agenting come easier than it did years ago?" I asked.

"Press agenting," replied Miss Revell emphatically, "is much harder than it was. The public is getting wiser than it was. What has been termed yellow journalism has educated it. Press agents themselves have spoiled it, too, by never looking further than their noses and by 'putting over' stories which, however picturesque, were obviously unpalatable. Newspapers are more conservative, too, and—so many press agents have become editors, and they haven't got a bit of a sentiment about their past profession. And you wouldn't believe how brutal an ex-press agent is with a present one."

"And some of the things you've 'put over'?"

"But you're asking me to talk about myself," said the practical Miss Revell. "That never looks well."

There was Miss Polaire! She was the one, you know, that was supposed to be the ugliest woman in the world. Now, she wasn't—really so ugly. She was also supposed to have the smallest waist. Miss Revell wrote across to her, you see, and told her to pinch herself in as much as possible and to put on as big boots as she could get, and to make her mouth up so that it would look as large as possible. Well, when she arrived the ship news reporters were all down at the wharf and one of them looked at her and said—"I don't believe her waist's fourteen inches. I didn't know how they went with female inducers of publicity. Upon which Miss Revell's voice, changing as her expressions, immediately took on the subdued monotone of introspection.

"There have been more women killed by love than by lions," said she. "I would sooner get a story about one of my attractions on the front page of a metropolitan newspaper than have all the men in the world making love to me. I've never been in love in my life."

I looked at her with wide opened eyes of wonder. There was a knock at the door and Miss Revell's expression changed. I'm sure I don't know if its severity was brought about by the amazed expression of my own or whether it was an uneasy premonition of another example of application humanity for the inevitable free pass.

So I drifted away, the melody of the typewriter and the harmony of the mimeograph sounding in my ears.

"P. T. Barnum Was the Best Friend I Ever Had"

A TEN WORD SERMON.  
Intuition, system, sense of humor and loyalty make for success.—Nellie Revell.

BY GARNET WARREN.

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A week ago some inquiring person had asked me what was the easiest interview. I would indubitably have answered, "One with a press agent." But that would have been a week ago. That would have been before I interviewed Miss Nellie Revell, press agent par excellence, possibly the best known press agent on earth, as Mr. Barnum might have said. I don't know. I only know that Miss Revell is a much better press agent than a subject for an interview; because she, being a press agent, is primarily—a press agent; and she doesn't want an interview as you want it. She wants an interview as she wants it.

Which, of course, is an interview about all of Mr. Percy Williams' theatres with which Miss Revell has anything to do—nine of 'em; Miss Revell will most cheerfully count 'em and enumerate 'em for you—occupy the placid foreground, after which will come in their due order any of Mr. Williams' attractions whose fights Miss Revell considers should not be hid.

But an interview with Miss Revell as you want it, if you're looking for the easiest interview—Oh, lor, as Mrs. Chippins used to say.

Miss Nellie Revell, press agent! Has not the name in so short a space of time blazoned its gentle fame among us? If it be a question of emphasizing the particular degree of ugliness possessed by Miss Polaire, have we not found Miss Nellie Revell ready at the call of duty? Have we not found her at the customs docks, measure in hand, ready to toll off the fourteen inches of that lady's waist, the unimaginable length of her feet, the tribulating area of her extraordinary mouth? Have we not found Miss Revell—still in full pursuit of her particular blue bird—engineering for young couples matrimony in balloons, in whatever particular summer resort Miss Revell happens to be taking care of? Have we not seen her, when the stress of her Pallsades enthusiasm comes upon her, fomenting "red headed days," upon which those with the hair of fabled Helen may pass the glamorous turnstiles free? If we haven't, friends, let us weep for ourselves. It's our own fault. Miss Revell's done her best.

If you want to see Miss Revell busy you may do so at the Colonial Theatre Building, in New York city, almost any day. There is a mimeograph doing its work in the far distance, several gentlemen ticking away at typewriters in the middle distance—minions of Miss Revell—while Miss Revell herself occupies an alert foreground, behind a flat desk, with a lot of yellow paper in front of her and a typewriter not far off.

You knock, and Miss Revell's two large, keen, blue, interrogative eyes are fixed on you, and you are vaguely conscious of bloneness, a complexion of sixteen, the manner of assured masculinity and a concentrated searching regard which indicates Miss Revell's unspoken suspicion that there is another application for one of Mr. Williams' free passes about to be thrust upon her.

"Yes," said Miss Revell; "what is it?"

Afterward came to docket it as her masculine, steel edged, now-don't-waste-my-time-I'm-a-busy-woman tone of voice. I hesitantly commenced to explain. It was the slight matter of an interview.

The typewriters of Miss Revell's minions clicked away, turning out doubtless columns of publicity for Mr. Williams' attractions; the mimeograph in the distance operated tirelessly and probably produced reams of it. It may have been this, it may have been that, but that it wasn't the matter of a free pass, but Miss Revell seemed soothed. At all events, she favored me with a glance that might be set down as the cautiously interrogative.

"An interview with?"

The question seemed to imply any star Mr. Williams might have possessed. I indicated that she was, colloquially, it. Miss Revell's self-containment became warmed into a slowly dawning smile.

"Now, I'll tell you a much better interview," replied Miss Revell, with all her publicity instincts unfolded. "Mr. Williams! Why don't you interview him? He's got inexhaustible anecdote and has made a million dollars in the show business."

I nodded an apologetic negative. I indicated that my only purpose then was the press agent—from the inside looking out. Specifically, the woman press agent.

"There's a bully story on how one man builds and manages so many theatres," continued Miss Revell, unyielding still in the very shadow of my gentle negation.

I shook with a soft discouragement.

"Perhaps some other time," I said propitiously.

"Then how about a bully story about some of Percy Williams' attrac—"

I shook, gently shook.

## Her Theatrical Charges.

"Fancy the Colouial, the Alhambra, the Bronx, the Orpheum!"

I continued my rhythmic disagreement.

"The Greenpoint, the Crescent, the Gotham," poured on Miss Revell, whose press agent heart was apparently set on leaving no theatre untarnished for proper exploitation. But this time my negative was uncompromising, and Miss Revell's shrug indicated reluctant capitulation.

In the meantime, however, the typewriter had stopped writing and the industrious gentleman that operated it had made inquiry, and Miss Revell was understood to say that Miss Zara Somethingsomething's photograph had to go to some Mr. Davies, and that the photograph of some red headed girl had to go to some other lucky gentleman, and that the something news stuff had to go to-night, and not to forget the something Gazette stuff, and asked if so-and-so's bills had been received, and if some one's photographs had come in. All in a breath.

Upon which she briskly crossed both legs and arms, set herself with decision back in her chair and rendered herself up to an interviewer that I'm perfectly sure she considered didn't understand his business in the least.

"Well, then," she said, "do it your own way; only I think you are rather serious to write about me. I only ask you to remember one thing. Remember, I'm not an Emerson essay. Only thin people can be Emerson essays. And—er—don't make me preach, will you? The public likes snappy stuff."

I promised to take it all into account, and, for thorough safety, put to her one of the old ones. I was afraid to try a new one on Miss Revell for fear she might hold it up to scorn or ridicule for my want of appreciation in the matter of the "attractions." So I asked her the old 'un; asked her to what she attributed her success.

"To the quality of being able to choose good bosses," answered Miss Revell, bound to get Mr. Williams in somewhere. "P. T. Barnum, R. R. Murdoch and Percy Williams."

But I incontinently burst in. I was beginning to fear Miss Revell by now and her insidious press agenting arts.

"But the qualities which succeeded in keeping the bosses?" I asked.

"Intuition, system, sense of humor and loyalty," answered Miss Revell, going the trinity one better.

"System?" I repeated. "But I thought press agenting was all imagination and thinking up stunts to warm the polar hearts of news editors?"

"It's all of that," agreed Miss Revell, melting into a sort of companionably diminishing from the crisp masculinity of the businesslike; "it's all of that and a lot of other things besides. It's psychology and returns."

"Returns?" I repeated, at a loss.

"They say you don't come back," observed Miss Revell explanatorily. "If you're a press agent you've got to. And keep on coming back, too, or you won't be a press agent, but only somebody looking for a job. Why, how do you suppose, when there are so many acts in it?"

"Percy Williams' circuit?" I timidly volunteered.

Miss Revell viewed me alertly for a moment (I wonder if she suspected me or concluded that she had

The Persistent Phone



The Precious Scrapbook

and the least. Results! Results! Results! They haunt you as, I'm sure, crimes never do, and when they're attained they last exactly—till the next edition of the paper goes to press.

## A Classic Press Agent.

"Let me see. Who was that classic gentleman who was always rolling stones up the hill, only to have them roll down again? He, I think, was the original press agent. He got results, and they lasted just as long as it took a stone to get to the bottom of the hill again."

"It is the most disappointing possession I know of," went on Miss Revell. "We never know when we send out a story whether it will land or not. Often what one believes a corking good story is turned down, while another one, which has been sent out almost in desperation, commands position on first pages and creates a hurrah never anticipated. Then, again, some stories don't find their way into print until after the attraction will have finished and the story has lost its value from a box office standpoint. Many managers are quick to forget to congratulate their press departments when an attraction has been particularly well exploited. I am particularly lucky in that."

There came a queer little, half humorous twist into her mouth that seemed a strange contrast from the fine forehead and steady eyes. It seemed like vaudeville and high drama collaborating on a production; and one peeped at, as in some suggestive crystal, glimpses of her former career. You glimpsed the vaudeville actress, journalist, press agent for the Colo-

agent, did he? God bless him! He gave me my education. He was the best friend I ever had."

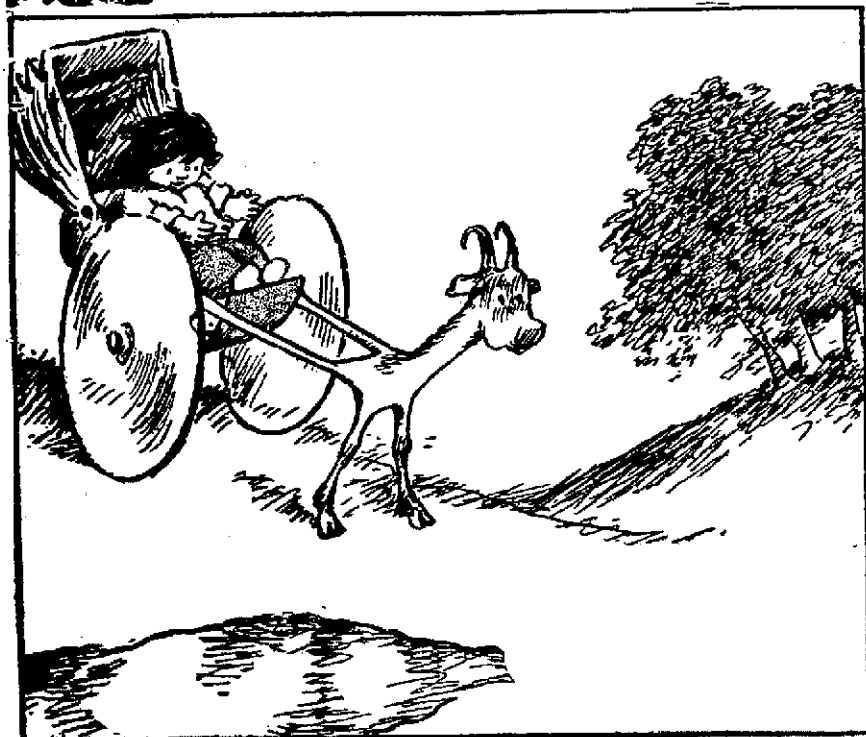
Miss Revell's eyes looked out of the window now. I hate to be sentimental; but the softened fingers of memory were at Miss Revell now, so—why not? "The best friend I ever had"—and what was that? Something low and soft in her voice? The interrogative eye had folded whatever tents it metaphorically might possess and departed.

A little shyly, I asked Miss Revell if she systematized all her work—how she managed it.

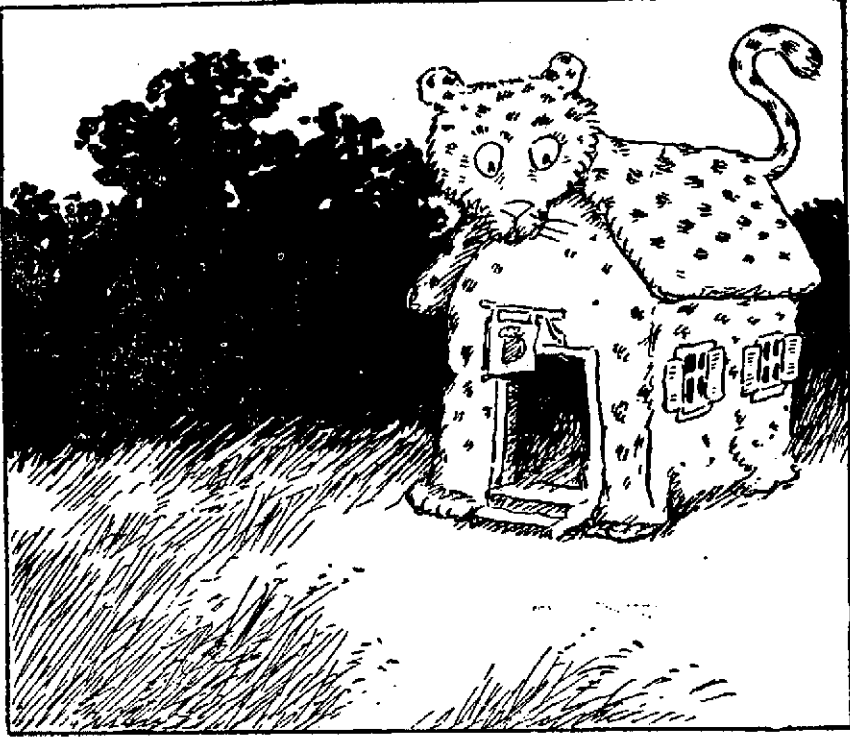
"I supply twenty-three dailies, 350 suburban lists and about fifteen hundred mailing lists of press matter from the theatres," she said. "Monday morning I usually occupy myself by looking over the Sunday papers and marking out my own stuff in them. Monday afternoon is devoted to watching the Colouial show, because most of our new acts open there. Monday night I usually attend the Orpheum, especially if there is something new on the bill, and while I am there run across the street to the Crescent, which is Mr. Williams' stock house."

"Tuesday morning I call at the office of Mr. Williams, in the Putnam Building, to confirm my bills for the following week, and then set to work getting our Sunday's advance stuff, and in order to do this authentically one must have a thorough knowledge of vaudeville personages. We must know who the agents are who book the act, so that we can find out where to get the photographs from for our Sunday display. We must know what kind of an act they do and how many people are in the act, so that we can accurately describe it in our advance material and program."

# THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS



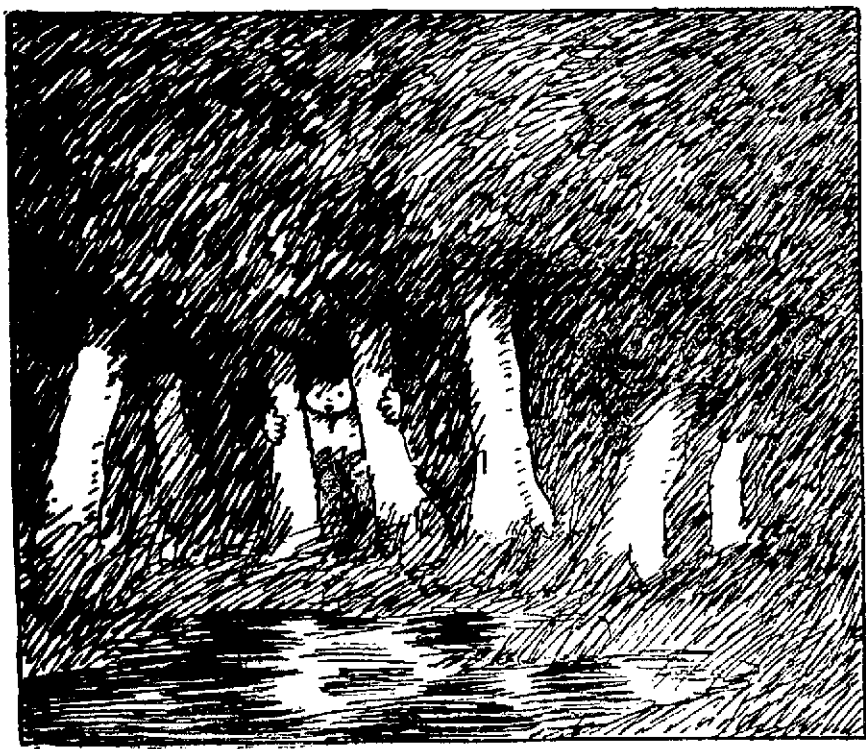
1—This Jirikishamote's very nice, because he likes to go And take the Tiny Tad to where the funny creatures grow.



2—He takes him to a Cheetahvern, who offers them a bite. "No, thank you," says the Tiny Tad, "I don't think I'll alight."



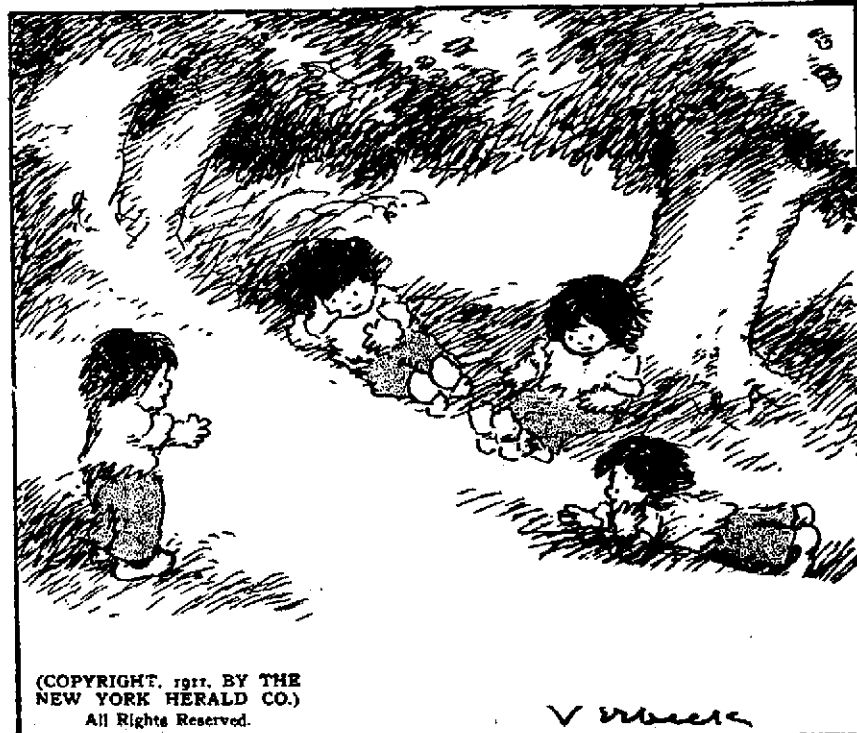
3—They stop at a Forestaurant half hidden in the trees, And there the Violinkeeper gives them some bread and cheese.



4—But all at once they hear a noise! The Tiny Tad, he hides. He doesn't care for eatings now, he doesn't care for rides.



5—And looking out he sees a thing that dances up and down, And does all kinds of antics that remind him of a clown.

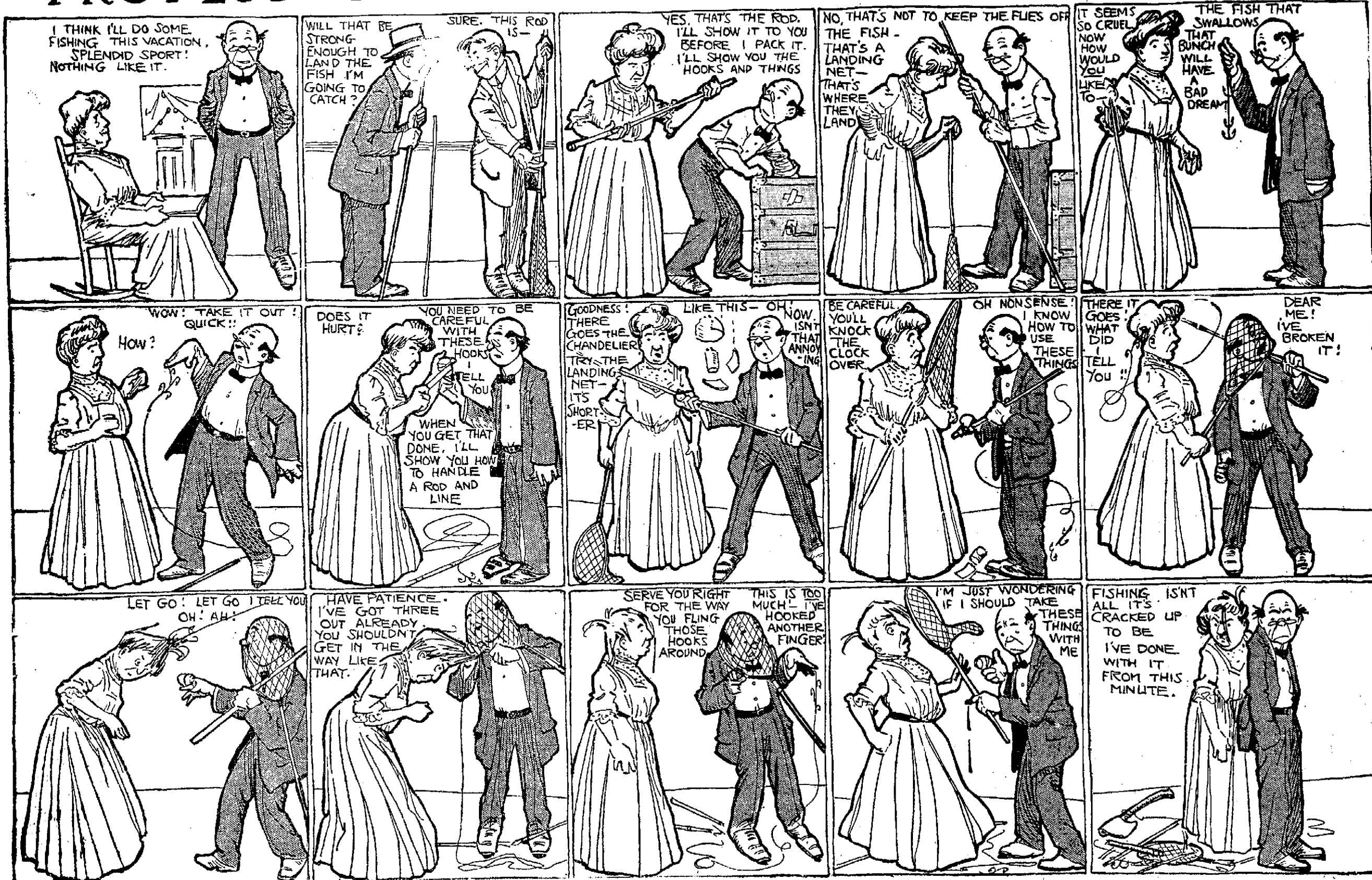


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V. M. B. S.

6—"I'll tell my comrades," says the Tad, "about this funny stunt I saw a funny thing," says he—"a Punchinellophant."

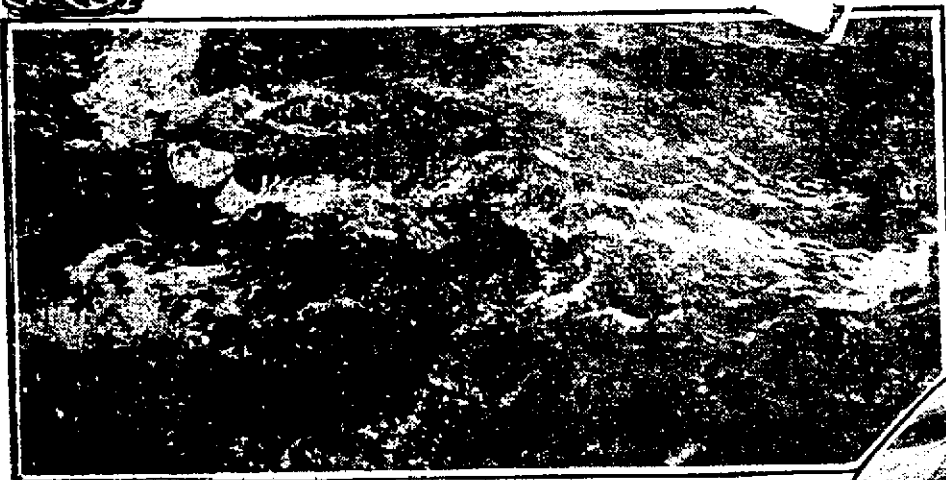
## PROFESSOR HOWLERS CALAMITIES



# FOR THE GIRL WHO WOULD SWIM

PRACTICAL Hints on How to Master the Different Strokes.

## A Page for Misses



Floating.

TO be ignorant of the art of swimming is considered almost as great a social sin now as to confess to not knowing how to dance. Ever since girls were expected to acquire attractive accomplishments tripping the light fantastic toe, according to the fashionable steps, has been looked upon as one of the most important features in the social and physical education of the growing American girl. But without depriving this artistic drawing room exhibition of any of its beauty and charm other accomplishments have been added to the social curriculum, and among those said to be the most beneficial is swimming.

There are physical instructors in colleges and schools who assert that no exercise known to their profession produces results as excellent as swimming. It is ideal, they declare, and they encourage every girl in their classes to learn to master the different swimming strokes, whether she expects to devote much of her time to the sport or not. And after dwelling upon the physical effects they have a great deal to say about swimming as a developer of the altruistic spirit in young girls, and in support of this statement they explain how almost unconsciously girls learn to think of the welfare of others and how frequently they have helped to rescue lives by being able to swim.

HOWEVER, while altruism in swimming may count with the instructor, it is not that phase of the exercise which appeals strongest to the young girl. She likes swimming because it is a splendid, wholesome sport and because she feels so refreshed after her daily dip in the sea or the lake. She has discovered for herself another point which teachers might overlook, and that is that the swimming girl is the socially successful girl in the summer time. And she wisely decides that she will be a success, become a mermaid, and her decision is quickly reached because swimming is a wholly agreeable sport.

All swimming instructors insist, however, that girls who desire to learn to swim must undergo physical examination as to their heart action. The surf or the lake is not a safe place for one whose heart action is weak. Not only does the girl thus handicapped run the risk of accident to herself, but she cannot learn to swim distances or make rapid progress through the water.

Other girls have nothing to fear and if they feel somewhat timid at the beginning of their course of swimming lessons this feeling is soon overcome, and with the gaining of confidence real advancement is made.

There are always willing friends who will undertake to teach a novice something about the strokes she should learn and excellent swimmers have been de-

veloped in this manner, but it is far more satisfactory in a majority of cases to learn the rudiments from a professional instructor. A beginner falls into bad habits and ways so readily and these are so difficult to overcome later that by avoiding such errors at the start more rapid progress is sure to be made in the end by learning the strokes carefully and scientifically.

WHEN a girl puts on a swimming suit for the first time and prepares to propel herself through the water she thinks that the faster she moves her arms and legs the surer she is of keeping afloat.

About two lessons will be sufficient to undeceive her in this matter, and she learns that quickness of motion in a beginner is sure to mean disaster, and that the body can be kept afloat a comparatively long time without moving so much as a hand, and, furthermore, that slower and strong movements send the swimmer through the water faster than short, quick strokes.

Beginners start with the breast stroke, and even this is usually divided into arm



Breast Strokes.



Side Stroke.

and leg movements. After each set is mastered and two are tried together, and

it is by no means easy to send the arms forward, then swing them straight out from the body at the sides and complete the stroke by drawing the hands close under the chin preparatory to making the second forward movement, while all the time the legs are executing a froglike motion, timed accurately with the movement of the arms.

The breast stroke is easier than the side stroke for beginners, but it is slow, and as soon as a girl finds that she can actually swim she is seized with a desire to acquire speed. The side strokes vary in their motions, but they are not difficult, and by knowing how to swim in different positions it enables the mermaid to rest herself if she tires of practicing one stroke.

A rubber bathing cap huys up the head



Side Stroke with Head Half Way Under Water.

and makes floating one of the simplest lessons to master in the aquatic sport. If there is any doubt in the mind of the beginner as to just how much of her skill in being able to keep her head out of water while she lies there motionless depends upon her cap let her try the same thing without it, and she will soon find what an important assistant the rubber covering is.

Resides the rubber cap which protects the hair girls are wearing this season

charming head coverings which fit tightly over the rubber cap. These bathing head-dresses are designed to go with the suit, and the material is usually the same as the bathing costume or something to harmonize with it. One of the most attractive caps worn at a lake resort was of corse and white and black striped silk folded softly around the head and ending in front of each ear in two large rosettes. The cap provided the single bit of color in the costume, for the suit was of silk made especially for bathing suits and woven in such a fashion that it did not cling to the figure as ordinary silks do.

It is said that French girls wear the most fascinating bathing costumes, although they are most impracticable, and

swimmers use medium weight black silk tights in place of stockings and bloomers. The tights have feet like stockings, and they pull up over the body and shoulders as a union suit does. This fashion does away with hose supporters and belts and the band that must confine the bloomers if they are not fastened to the bathing suit waist. And if they are so arranged, then it means that the skirt is made separate and must have its own belt.

With silk tights and a light weight bathing dress, a girl feels that she has almost no hindrance to her speed and ease of movement when in the water. The English swimmers favor jerseys for their costumes, and invariably the waists of their suits will be made of this clinging fabric, while the skirt will be of silk or mohair and attached.

One of these purely practical costumes worn with tights had a long waist of black jersey cut away at the throat and trimmed with a broad sailor collar of black and white silk, with a tie fastening the points together at the opening. To the lower part of the jersey there was attached a short skirt of the same black and white striped silk, finished above the hem with a bias fold of the material. Completing the joining of the skirt and jersey over the hips was a draped sash or a

was a very short skirt of the root material. There was a space of at least six inches between the bottom of the skirt and the edge of the bloomers. The waist was plain with a black silk collar stitched down. It did not meet at the front, but was cut away and two rows of black buttons with silk covered simulated buttonholes trimmed the waist and skirt from collar to hem.

Another row of buttons and decorative buttonholes trimmed the upper part of the sleeve from the collar over the shoulder to the wide black satin cuff which came above the elbow. The high waist had a canvas belt on the inside to keep it in shape and to serve as a foundation for the smart little cord that was twisted around the top of the skirt.

Equally simple to adjust and comfortable to wear was another swimming costume designed for a girl who insists upon having the greatest freedom when she is in the water. This also was worn over the regulation bathing tights of black silk. The suit was of dark blue silk made all in one piece and did not require a belt to define the waist line. It was cut in a corse and was quite plain, without any finery at the top, but at each side of the panel extending down the front of the suit, waist and skirt were three or four deep pleats which were stitched flat at the side of the panel until within eight inches or so of the skirt hem, where they were left loose to give the wearer plenty of room for a kicking stroke. A band of narrow blue and white striped silk finished the edge of the skirt and was fastened on the wide kimono sleeves and around the collar.

A touch of bright colored or striped silk as trimming seems essential to the effect of this season's bathing suits, and an attractive use of cherry colored taffeta on a black and white striped costume proved most pleasing. The skirt was made in two wide but graduating panels, one in front and the other in the back, with two inverted pleats over the hips. These were stitched almost to the hem of the skirt. There was a belt of the cherry silk and the waist was cut in a loose peasant blouse, with a flat collar and sleeve bands of the cherry colored material. The cap to go with this costume was a large square of cherry silk wound around the head in turban fashion and without bows or rosettes. The folds of the cap came well over the ears for protection and completely concealed the rubber one worn underneath.

There seems to be a sort of unwritten rule about bathing shoes not being considered necessary when tights are worn. Of course it is easier to swim when not hampered by bathing shoes, however light they may be, and the tights, being heavier than silk stockings, the feet are fairly well protected except on rough and rocky

If bathing shoes are worn, however, white will be found most satisfactory, and those with medium soles, low cut uppers and broad toes which cross over the instep, run through a loop at the top of the heel, part and then wind two or three times around the ankle, will not slip off or twist uncomfortably. There are many styles of bathing shoes, and each swimmer must select the one that fits her best and keeps its shape in spite of continued drenchings.

## Easily Made Lingerie Throws

LINGERIE throws are among the most readily tucked into the corner of a most convenient little trifle which have recently been devised. They are designed to be spread over the pile of lingerie in case an intimate friend is invited into the dressing room while the hostess is still in negligee, or even in bed, and they also protect the underclothing from any dust which may blow through the open windows during the night.

The throw consists of a two yard square of China or any soft silk that is figured and attractively colored, preferably to harmonize with the cretonne or wash silk draperies of the room. Yard wide material should be chosen in order that there need be but one seam, which runs through the center of the throw and is French finished so that both sides of the article are practically alike.

The edges are finished with equal neatness, for the four or five inch wide and very full ruffle which borders the throw is whipped on to a rolled seam with infinitesimal stitches and the finest of sewing silk.

Some girls are making lingerie throws of plain China silk of a color precisely matching the principal tone of the wall paper and curtains of the bedroom and bordering them with mousseline de soie ruffles of the same shade. These look very well, but they lack the character of the figured sort. If the draperies of the room are of the same material, and some charming ones of this sort have wide silk ruffles edged with baby ribbon, which gives them body and seems to prevent them from drooping and wrinkling. Cretonne, denim and other rather stiff and thick fabrics have been made into throws, the better to accord with the decorative scheme of a sleeping or dressing room, but, truth to tell, they have a stretched look and greatly resemble a table cover that has strayed from its proper place.

Throws of white batiste, linen, handkerchief linen, fine lawn or any of the usual lingerie materials are very pretty if they are made of extra size, say three yards square, so that they shall not be mistaken for pillow shams. Better still are the throws of all-over embroidered muslin or dotted Swiss, since these need not be decorated with needlework or lace insertions or a monogram, as in the case of the plain sheer materials.

When the lingerie throw is intended as a gift it should be sent in an envelope shaped case of the same material, so that the little dressing room convenience may be easily packed when the owner is starting for a week end visit. The envelope should be of seven by fourteen inch dimensions, as that is the size and shape

## HAT AND DRESS BAGS.

A SCHEME which a girl will find a great comfort in any place where she has insufficient closet space is a bag to hold her hat or her dress. In travelling it is well to take one or more of these bags, and in a camp they are almost indispensable. A girl can very quickly make all she wants of them, and if she wants to economize space they can be made of silkoline, which folds up into the smallest kind of a package, is light in weight and very inexpensive.

For a hat, make a bag three-quarters of a yard deep and half a yard wide, with a drawing string at the top. The bag is hung up by this string and the hat is kept free from dust and out of the way. This measurement is for a hat of ordinary size; if your hat is an unusually large one the bag must be larger.

For a dress the bag should be about five inches longer than the dress itself, the width being a little more than enough to slide the dress in easily. When camping it is best to put one's travelling dress and hat into these bags and leave them there, for they are seldom wanted until one is ready to leave. In making the bags for camping there are some advantages in using cretonne instead of silkoline. Being so much thicker, it keeps out the dampness better, and it is often damp enough in a tent to have a rather disastrous effect on a hat.

## COFFEE WARMER COSIES.

THE "cozy girls" who keep the coffee warm are the fancy costumed dolls whose skirts are made so full and long that they cover up the coffee pot completely. These dolls, whose heads and the upper parts of whose bodies are of porcelain, have been fashionable for some time as pin cushions, bonbon boxes, electric light shades, etc., are becoming more and more perfect in costume. They are now made in exact replica of many historic grand dames. Lucretia Borgia, Marie Antoinette, Daupadour, Anne Rognon, etc., are among those represented. Lucretia would not seem to be a pleasant sort of doll to preside over one's domestic bliss in a shape of a coffee cozy, but at least her costume is most effective and her features are not recognizable. The making of these beautifully costumed dolls is most amusing and easy to be made of bits of exquisite brocade, embroidery, rich lace and delicate or elaborate fabrics of all sorts in contriving their handsome costumes.

## Baskets for the Wardrobe.

BASKETS are beginning to take the place of boxes as receptacles for the various accessories of the wardrobe. One reason for this change is that dust does not stick to willow, wicker and bamboo as it does to most box cover fabrics, and also that whenever the women's three become badly soiled it may be either cleaned or painted. The fact came in with the adoption of hampers of the low, flat order for shirt waist receptacles, and these hampers by degrees have been improved until they have become small trunks, with two trays placed one above the other, but so carefully fitted that the weight of the upper one does not in the slightest degree jeopardize the freshness of whatever is placed on the lower tray.

The first tray, which is intended for the finest blouses—those which are the most expensive to get done up, and therefore must be carefully preserved until the moment for wearing them comes—is first covered with heavy white linen, then with a sheet of lavender scented cotton batting and finally with muslin embroidery or dotted Swiss, and attached to the inner long side of the tray are a half dozen little sheets or leaves of linen, one of which is laid over each freshly laundered blouse as it is placed in the hamper.

The lower tray, which is several inches deeper than the upper one, is for the tailored linen waists and the various sorts of outing shirts, and while it is sachet lined its covering is of lawn and its sheets of the same substantial material. The lavender sachet is nicest because its evasive odor suggests the freshness of country laundering rather than a decided perfume, and it should be the only one associated with any garment that goes regularly to the laundress.

Baskets, plain and fancy of weave and color, take the place of the square, oblong and round boxes designed for holding handkerchiefs, veils, gloves and collars. These baskets are of the same general size and shape as the toilet boxes, and if not quite so ornamental, look more practical and have very substantial fastenings of leather running through a nickel hasp and sufficient decoration in the shape of a big bow of satin ribbon matching the general color scheme of the dressing room in which they are to be used.

Manicure sets, talcum powder and cologne combinations and sewing outfits are placed in finely woven baskets from

South Africa and the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands. These receptacles are lined with natural colored pigskin, Morocco of every shade or white glacé kid, all of which peltas are more sanitary as a lining than a silken or lingerie material. All of these charming little baskets have perfectly fitting lids and locks with practical levers, which make their contents as secure as though they were in a jewel case. The so-called jewel baskets are really cubes of from ten to twelve inches, lined throughout with a felt and fitted with separate trays for pins of various lengths, necklaces, watches and rings, and as these baskets are lighter of weight than the jewelry cases of all leather or hardwood, they are more easily carried when travelling.

The basket writing desk set is the invention of a college girl and was primarily a short and very narrow suit case of wicker. The originator of this convenience first of all had a stout, thin board fastened firmly to the top edge of one side of the case, and this, covered with blotting paper, made an excellent lap desk. The other side of the suit case was then lined with rubberized silk and partitioned with silk covered cardboard into three compartments, one of which is for stationery, another for dictionaries and a third for various small conveniences, including bottles of ink and mullage, which, of course, are in portable cases of their own.

## SHOES FOR LONG TRAMPS.

GIRLS who have had little experience in outdoor life often do some foolish things when they begin to try this form of enjoyment. One way in which many of them interfere with their own comfort is by going on a tramp with the wrong kind of shoes. A girl who has played tennis and found the soft, rubber soled shoes comfortable will think that they will surely help her to enjoy a tramp, but they are the last thing to wear for a long walk, as these girls have found to their cost. They come home with their feet aching and the calves of the legs tired out from the lack of the spring that is given by heels. These tires the feet and may sprain the ankles. The only shoes that are really satisfactory for "roughing it" are strong high shoes with thick soles. The strongest ankles need support in rough walking, and it is often wet in the woods. The girl who has once tried the two ways of tramping will never again be persuaded to wear low or thin shoes.

Quite as bad as the tennis shoes are low shoes with thin soles and high heels. These tire the feet and may sprain the ankles. The only shoes that are really satisfactory for "roughing it" are strong high shoes with thick soles. The strongest ankles need support in rough walking, and it is often wet in the woods. The girl who has once tried the two ways of tramping will never again be persuaded to wear low or thin shoes.

Like any other civilized human being, she may have afternoon tea, provided that she take the beverage clear, and she may also eat a civilized dinner instead of a freak one consisting of uncooked atrocities, but she should not drink

that the English daughters with athletic tastes go in for the purely utilitarian suits, while American girls have followed a fashion combining both. It is quite true that American girls have chosen a distinctly practical bathing dress, one that permits the greatest freedom of movement and yet looks attractive when the wearer rests on the sandy beach or shaded shore.

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## PRACTICAL TALKS BY THE APRIL GRANDMOTHER

MISS PORTLEY is staring heron, self old instead of this," announced the April Grandmother, as she surveyed the noontime butlers from the shelter of her wind stool. "And in her case it is a serious mistake, for in ridding herself of her curves she is also ridding herself of her sole claim to beauty, youth. Of course the going out of fashion of hips has been a great hardship to a number of girls and young women," admitted the April Grandmother, the while a smile of satisfaction came into her face as she glanced from one constitutionally slender granddaughter to another, and from her to a third descendant of the same type of physique.

"Yet a girl who is built on generous lines would better acknowledge the fact—at least to herself and her dressmaker—and instead of interfering with Mother Nature's plans endeavor to make the best of what she considers a misfortune and not grow any fatter. The trouble with most inordinately plump girls is that they deceive themselves into believing that they are not really stout and persist in pernicious habits of diet and laziness until they have finally attained a degree of avoirdupois which puts a severe, not to say dangerous, strain upon every garment in their wardrobe. Then they suddenly become lunched with the ambition to possess a withlike figure and begin to reduce by every known means within their power."

"Usually the first resort is semi-starvation, and logically this is one of the quickest methods for attaining slenderness. It also is one of the best means that I know of for growing old. When an actress wishes to impersonate an aged woman she blue pencils deep shadows to represent hollows in her brow and cheeks and throat. Starvation is doing the same thing for Miss Portley, who at this moment is so weak from lack of food that she can scarcely battle with the waves and is looking utterly miserable and careworn. She would really enjoy her sea bath, which certainly helps to reduce the flesh, if she would get up early in the morning, take a cup of black coffee and several slices of dry toast and then run briskly to the ocean for a ten minute swim. The half mile trot back to her home in the cool, fresh air would give her a hearty appetite for the meal, which she should not have until two hours after bathing, but at that time she may eat as much as she likes of corn, tomatoes—any vegetables that grow above ground—green salads without oil dressing, stewed or fresh fruit and ice cream—in fact, a substantial early luncheon.

Like any other civilized human being, she may have afternoon tea, provided that she take the beverage clear, and she may also eat a civilized dinner instead of a freak one consisting of uncooked atrocities, but she should not drink

"Usually the fat girl who reduces rapidly loses a friend with every pound of fat, because the having to deny herself so many things that she really loves makes her irritable to beyond the verge of rudeness. Moreover, long continued irritability causes wrinkles, and wrinkles, as everybody knows, spell old age. This is especially hard upon a girl who has been assured by some tactless friend that her abnormal size makes her seem older than she actually is, but she should not allow herself to be thus misled. Curves are far more suggestive of youth than are angles, and it is infinitely better to be fat than to be friendless. Instead of striving to get thinner the fat girl should resolve not to get fatter, and she may comfortably do this by bathing daily in cold water, taking a brisk, long walk no matter what the weather may be, doing without between meal luncheons and all manner of sweet beverages at all seasons and by cutting out mid-day naps.

"But to seek to get rid of flesh by starvation, violent exercises, vinegar drinking and cigarette smoking will soon change her, as it has Miss Portley, from a large, calm, restfully serene and wholly satisfactory person to a languid, disaffected, fretful looking woman, made old before her time, because she has foolishly regarded a tendency toward excessive plumpness as one of the most dire of personal misfortunes."

# The WATCH DOG

By P. G. Wodehouse

**A**FTER three minutes of silent and intense thought, John Barton gave out the statement that the moonlight on the terrace was pretty. Aline Ellison said, "Yes, very pretty."

"But, I say, by Jove," said a voice behind them, "you should see some of the moonlight effects on the Mediterranean, Barton. You really should. They would appeal to you. There is nothing like them, is there, Miss Ellison?"

Homocidal feelings surged up within John's bosom. This was the fourth time that day that Lord Bertie Fendall had butted in just as he had got Aline alone. It was maddening. Man, in his dealings with the more attractive of the opposite sex, is either a buzzer or a thinker. John was a thinker. In ordinary circumstances a tolerable conversationalist, he became when in the presence of Aline Ellison a thinker of the most pronounced type, practically incapable of speech. What he wanted was time. He was freight, not express.

The advent of Lord Bertie had blocked the line. From the moment when Mr. Keith, their host, had returned from New York bringing with him the son and heir of the Earl of Stockleigh, John's maneuvers had received a check. In Lord Bertie he had a rival, and a rival who was a buzzer. The Englishman had the gift of conversation, and a course of travel had provided him with material for small talk. Aline, her father being rich and her mother a sort of female Ulysses, had gone over much of the ground which Lord Bertie had covered; and the animation with which she exchanged views of European travel with him made John moist with agony. John was no fool—members of the New York Stock Exchange would have testified to that—but he had never been east of the Statue of Liberty; and, in conversations dealing with the views from the summit of the Jungfrau or the paintings of obscure Dosses in Florentine picture galleries, this handicapped him.

On the present occasion he accepted defeat with moody resignation. His opportunity had gone. The conversation was now dealing with Monte Carlo, and Lord Bertie had plainly come to stay. His high-pitched voice rattled on and on. Aline seemed absorbed.

With a muttered excuse John turned into the house. It was hard. To-morrow he was leaving for New York, owing to the sudden illness of his partner. True, he would be coming back in a week or so; but in that time the worst, probably, would have happened.

As he paced the terrace after breakfast, waiting for the automobile, Keggs, the Keiths' butler, approached.

"Excuse me, sir," said the butler, "but Frederick, who has charge of your packing, desired me to ask you what arrangements you wished made with regard to the dog, sir."

The animal in question was a beautiful bulldog, Reuben by name. John had brought him to the country at the special request of Aline, who had met him in New York and fallen an instant victim to his rugged charms.

"The dog?" he said. "Oh, yes. Tell Frederick to put his leash on. Where is he?"

"Frederick, sir?"

"No, Reuben?"

"Gruffing at 'is lordship, sir," said Keggs tranquilly, as if he were naming some customary and recognized occupation for bulldogs.

"Gruffing at—'What?'"

"'Is lordship, sir, 'ave climbed a tree, and Reuben is at the foot, gruffing at 'im very fierce,"

John stared.

"'Is lordship, sir," continued Keggs, "'as halways been uncommon afraid of dogs, from boyhood up. I 'ad the honor to be employed as butler some years ago by 'is father, Lord Stockleigh, and was enabled at that time to observe Lord 'Erbert's horrible aversion for headless dogs. 'Is 'boutness in the presence of 'em—'is lordship's toy Pomeranian was 'gaily marked—and much commented on in the servants' talk."

"So you had met Lord 'Erbert before?"

"'Is butler of the castle a matter of six years, sir."

"Well," said John, with some reluctance, "I guess we must get him out of the house. Being afraid of old Reuben! Why, he wouldn't hurt a fly."

"'E 'ave took a 'umorous dislike to 'is lordship, sir," said Keggs.

"Where's the tree?"

"'At the lower end of the terrace, sir. Beyond the road station, sir."

John ran in the direction indicated, his steps guided by an intermittent sound as of one gurgling. Presently he came in view of the tree. At the foot, with his legs well spread and his massive head raised, stood Reuben. From a branch some little distance from the ground peered down the agitated face of Lord Bertie Fendall. His lordship's aristocratic pulchritude was intensified. He looked almost green.

"I say," he called, as John appeared, "do for Heaven's sake take that bally dog away. I've been up here the dickens of a time. It isn't safe with that animal about. He's a bally menace."

Reuben, glancing over his shoulder, recognized his master, and, having no talk to speak of, wagged his body in a welcoming way. He looked up at Lord Bertie, and back again at John. As clearly as if he had spoken the words his eye said: "Come along, John. You and I are friends. Be a sport and pull him down out of that."

"Take the brute away!" cried his lordship.

"He's quite good-natured, really. He won't hurt you."

"He won't get the bally chance," replied Lord Bertie with acerbity. "Take him away."

John stooped and grasped the dog's collar.

"Come on, Reuben, you old fool," he said. "We shall be missing that train."

The automobile was already at the door when he got back. Mr. Keith was there, and Aline.

"Too bad, Barton," said Mr. Keith, "your having to break your visit like this. You'll come back, though? How soon, do you think?"

"Inside of two weeks, I hope," said John. "Hammond has had these influenza attacks before. They never last long. Have you seen Reuben's leash anywhere?"

Aline Ellison uttered a cry of anguish.

"Oh, you aren't taking Reuben, Mr. Barton! You can't! You mustn't!"

John cleared his throat.

What he wanted to say was, "Miss Ellison, your lightest wish is law. I love you—and not with the weak two-by-four limitation of affection such as may be offered to you by certain knock-kneed members of the British peerage. Take Reuben. And when you look upon him, think, if but for a moment, of one who, though far away, is thinking always of you."

What he said was: "Er, I—"

And that mind you, was going some for John.

"Oh, thank you," cried Aline. "Thank you so much, Mr. Barton. It's perfectly sweet of you, and I'll take such care of him. I won't let him out of my sight for a minute."

"I—"

"I was reading an article in the newspaper, your lordship, on 'ow sparrows an' such is painted up to represent bullfinches, canaries, and so on, and I says to myself 'Why not?'"

"Why not what?" demanded his lordship irritably.

"Why not substitute for Reuben another dog painted to appear identically similar?"

His lordship looked fixedly at him.

"Do you know what you are, Keggs?" he said. "A blithering idiot."

"Your lordship halways 'ad a spirited manner of speech," said Keggs, deprecatingly.

"You and your sparrows and canaries and bullfinches! Do you think Reuben's a bally bird?"

"I see no flaw in the idea, your lordship. 'Oress and such is frequently treated that way. I was talking the matter over with Roberts, the chauffeur—"

"What! And how many more people have you discussed my affairs with?"

"Only Roberts, your lordship. It was hunaavoid-

horse, with a nasty look out of the corner of his eye whenever a fellow came up and tried to say a word. The whole bally situation, decided his lordship, was getting dashed impossible, and if something didn't happen to change it he would get out of the place and go back to New York.

"Might I 'ave a word, your lordship?" said Keggs.

"Well?"

"I 'ave been thinking over your lordship's hoffer."

"Yes?" said Lord Bertie eagerly.

"Ham I to understand that it 'olds good irrespective of the manner in which the hoffer is achieved?"

"What do you mean?"

"The method of eliminating the hanimal which your lordship indicated would 'ardly do, I fear. Hawkward questions would be asked, and a public hexpose would inevitably ensue. Elf your lordship would permit me to make a halternative suggestion—"

"Well?"

"I was reading an article in the newspaper, your lordship, on 'ow sparrows an' such is painted up to represent bullfinches, canaries, and so on, and I says to myself 'Why not?'"

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ing forgetting the process. Him two days Roberts will be able to treat that hanimal so that Reuben's hown mother would be deceived."

Lord Bertie looked with interest at the artist.

"No, really? Is that a fact?"

Roberts, an economist in speech, looked up, touched his hat again in a furtive manner, and fixed his eye once more on the dog.

"Well, he seems friendly all right," said Lord Bertie, as the animal endeavored to lick his hand.

"'E 'as the most placid disposition," Keggs assured him. "A great improvement on Reuben, your lordship. Well worth the five 'undred."

"Well, go ahead, then."

"And the five 'undred, your lordship?"

"I'll give it to you when you've made the change."

"Very good, your lordship," said Keggs.

Roberts touched his hat.

Hope fought with scepticism in Lord Bertie's mind during the days that followed. There were moments when the thing seemed possible, and moments when it seemed absurd. Of course, Keggs was a silly old fool; but, on the other hand, there were possibilities about Roberts. The chauffeur had struck his lordship as a capable-looking sort of man. And, after all, there were cases on record of horses being painted and substituted for others, so why not bulldogs? Nevertheless Lord Bertie congratulated himself on his wisdom in withholding payment till the goods had been delivered.

"Look here, Keggs," he said on the third morning, "I can't wait much longer. If you don't bring on that dog soon, the whole thing's off."

"I 'ave already reflected the change, your lordship. The delay 'as been due to the fact that Roberts wished to make a hespecial good job of it."

"And has he?"

"That I will leave your lordship to decide. The hanimal his now asleep on the porch."

He led the way to where a brown heap lay in the



"Run!" she panted. "I can't hold him."

able. Roberts being the owner of a dog which could be painted up to be the himage of Reuben, your lordship."

"What?"

"For a hadequate honorarium, your lordship."

Lord Bertie's manner became excited.

"Where is he? No, no, Roberts, I don't want to see Roberts. Roberts is a cheat."

"'E 'as Roberts' cousin, your lordship. 'E is a great favorite with the children."

"Is he, by Jove? Good-tempered animal, eh?"

"Extremely so, your lordship."

"Show him to me, then. There might be something in this."

Keggs coughed.

"And the honorarium, your lordship?"

"Oh, that. 'Oh, I'll remember Roberts all right."

"I was not thinking exclusively of Roberts, your lordship."

"Oh, I'll remember you, too."

"Thank you, your lordship. About 'ow hextensively, your lordship?"

"I'll see that you get ten 'ollars a piece. That'll be all right."

"I fear," said Keggs, shaking his head, "it could 'ardly be done at the price. Him a hearlier conversation your lordship mentioned a 'undred and fifty."

"That was the hestest figure your lordship mentioned. That, 'owever, was for the comparatively simple task of poisoning the hanimal. The substitution would be horemore hexpensive, owing to the nature of the process. I was thinking of five 'undred, your lordship."

"Don't be a fool, Keggs."

"I fear Roberts could not be induced to do it for less. The process 'eats' hexpensive."

"Five 'undred? No, it's dashed absurd. I won't do it."

"Very good, your lordship."

"Here, stop. Don't go. Look here, I'll give you two 'undred and fifty."

"I fear it could not be done, your lordship."

"Three 'undred. Four—. Here, don't go. Oh, very well, then, five."

"I thank you, your lordship. If your lordship will be at the bend in the road in 'an hour's time the hanimal will be there."

Lord Bertie was a little early at the tryst, but he had not been waiting long when a party of three turned the corner. One of the party was Keggs. The second he recognized as Roberts, the chauffeur, a wooden-faced man who wore a permanent air of melancholy. The third, who waddled along at the end of a rope, was a dingy white bulldog.

"The hanimal, your lordship."

Lord Bertie put up his glass and inspected the exhibit.

"Eh?"

"The hanimal I mentioned, your lordship."

"That?" said Lord Bertie. "Why, dash it all, that bally milk-colored brute isn't like Reuben."

"Not at present, your lordship. But your lordship

moment was ripe for falling back; and he did so, over a chair.

He rose, with a scraped shin, to find Aline holding the dog's collar with both hands, her face flushed with the combination of wrath and muscular effort.

"What did you do that for?" she demanded fiercely. "I told you he was ill!"

"I—I—I—"

"The thing had been so sudden. The animal had gone off like a bomb."

"Run!" she panted. "I can't hold him. Run! Run!"

Lord Bertie cast one look at the bristling animal, and decided that her advice was good and should be followed.

He had reached the road before he slowed to a walk. Then, feeling alone, he was about to light a cigarette when the match fell from his fingers and he stood gaping.

Round the bend of the road, from the direction of Roberts' cottage, there had appeared a large bulldog of a dingy white color.

Keggs, swathed in a green-baize apron, was meditatively polishing Mr. Keith's silver in his own private pantry, humming an air as he worked, when Frederick, the footman, came to him. Frederick was a supercilious young man with long legs and a receding chin.

"Polishing the silver, old top?" he inquired indignantly.

"In answer to your question, Frederick," replied Keggs with dignity, "I am polishing the silver."

Frederick, in Keggs' opinion, needed to be kept in his place.

"His nibs is asking for you," said Frederick.

"You hallude to—?"

"Bertie," said Frederick definitely.

"If," said Keggs, "Lord Herbert Fendall desires to see me, I will go to 'im at once."

"Another bit of luck for 'Erbert," said Frederick cordially. "'E's in the smoking room."

"Your lordship wished to see me?"

Lord Bertie, who was rubbing his shin reflectively with his back to the door, winced and glared balefully at the satiny figure before him.

"You bally old swindler!" he cried.

"Your lordship."

"Don't stand there pretending not to know what I mean."

"If your lordship would hexplain, I 'ave no doubt

"Explain! By Jove, I'll explain, if that's what you want. What do you mean by dopping Reuben and palming him off on me as another dog? Is that plain enough?"

"The words is hintellegible," conceded Keggs, "but the hagnosis is hoverwhelming."

"Do you deny it?"

"Your lordship," said Keggs soothingly, "'ave been deceived, has I predicted, by the really hextraordinary likeness. Roberts—as huncoubtedly escaped 'imself."

"Do you mean to tell me that dog is the one you showed me in the road? Then how do you account for this? I saw that milk-colored brute of Roberts out walking only a moment ago."

"Roberts 'as two, your lordship."

"What?"

"The himage of one another, your lordship."

"What?"

"Twink, your lordship," added the butler softly. Lord Bertie upset a chair.

"Four lordship," said Keggs. "If I may, say so, 'as halways from boyhood up been a little too 'asty at jumping to conclusions. If your lordship will recollect, it was your lordship's 'asty hassertion, as a boy, that you 'ad seen me hoccupied in poisoning 'is lordship's father's port wine that led to my losing the excellent situation, which I might be still 'olding, of butler at Stockleigh Castle."

Lord Bertie stared.

"So that was why?" he said. "Been trying to get a bit of your own back, what?"

"Your lordship! I 'ave done nothing. Apply—I can prove it."

"Prove it?"

The butler bowed.

"The resemblance between the two hanimals is hextraordinary, but not habsolutely complete. Reuben 'as a fall set of teeth, but Roberts' dog 'as the last tooth but one at the back missing. If your lordship," he went on with the dignity that makes the good man, wronged, so impressive, "wishes to disprove my hassertion, the modus hoperandi is perfectly simple. All your lordship 'as to do is hopen the hanimal's mouth and submit 'is back teeth to a puseonal inspection."

John Barton alighted from the automobile, and, in answer to Keggs' respectful inquiry, replied that he was quite well.

"Where is everybody?" he asked.

"Mr. Keith is hout walking, sir. 'Is lordship 'as left. Miss—"

"Left?"

"'Is lordship was compelled to leave a few days back, sir, 'avin' business in New York."

"Ah? Returning soon, I suppose?"

"'Eon that point, sir, 'is lordship seemed somewhat huncertain."

"How is Reuben?"

"Reuben 'ave enjoyed good 'ealth, sir. 'E is down by the lake; I fancy, sir, at the present moment, with Miss Ellison."

"I guess I might as well go and see him," said John awkwardly.

"I fancy 'e would hprecipitate it, sir."

John turned away. The lake was some distance from the house. The nearer he got to it, the more poignant did his nervousness become.

Aline was standing at the water's edge, encouraging Reuben to growl at a duck. Both suspended operations and turned to greet him, Reuben effusively, Aline with the rather absent composure which always defined him of the power of speech.

"I've taken great care of Reuben, Mr. Barton," she said.

Something neat and epigrammatic should have proceeded from John. It did not.

"I'd like to have you all for my own," wouldn't I, darling?" she went on, bending over the snuffling Reuben and kissing him fondly in the groove between his eyes.

It was a simple action, but it had a remarkable effect on John. Something inside him seemed suddenly to snap. In a moment he had become very cool and immensely determined. Conversation is a safety-valve. Deprive a man of the use of it for a long enough time, and he is liable to explode at any moment. It is the general idea that the cave-man's first advance to the lady of his choice was a blow on the head with his club. This is not the case. He used the club because, after hanging round for a month or so trying to think of something to say, it seemed to him the only way of disclosing his affection.

John was a lineal descendant of the cave-man. He could not use a club, for he had none. But he did the next best thing. Stooping swiftly, he seized Aline round the waist, picked her up, and kissed her.

She stood staring at him, her lips parted, her eyes slowly widening till they seemed to absorb the whole of her face.

A minute before, John would have wilted beneath that stare. But now the spirit of the cave-man was strong in him. He seized her hands and pulled her slowly toward him.

"You're going to have us both," he said.

Reuben gave an approving grunt.

Superior, 1924.

## MORAL ASPECT OF GOOD ROADS

Henry Wallace Says We Must Get Practical Christianity Into the Making of Them.

The greatest difficulty in securing good dirt roads is not in the cost of the work, which we are recommending, for that is merely nominal, nor the time required to operate it, but a moral difficulty; we came very near saying an immoral one. A great many farmers look upon the subject in this way:

They say they have paid their taxes in cash, as the law requires, and it is the business of the trustees to see that it is expended properly. It is the business of the road supervisor or contractor to do the work under the direction of the trustees, and having done this, why should they go to the trouble of smoothing up the roads along their farms?

They do not intend to do something for nothing. The responsibility is not on them. It is on the men to whom they have furnished the money to do this work, and they do not propose to do it.

This is especially the case with a retired farmer. He is a little disgruntled, anyhow. Here tofore he has been a man who has been paid for his services, and he is now a man who is not paid for his services. The new law comes in and says it must all be paid in cash. The trustee says this is part of the taxes and he does not have to pay it; it is the part of the landowner to pay his taxes, and he is not going to help him out.

This is the hardest proposition we are up against, and the only way which we know that it can be removed is to develop a different code of ethics among farmers; in other words, to get a little practical-applied Christianity into this road business. The disciples of Christ were a good deal in the position of the average farmer; they wanted first to get the most there was in it for themselves, hence they were constantly scrapping among themselves as to which should have the highest honor in the temporal kingdom which they believed until the last that Jesus was about to establish.

He laid down this law for our guidance and by which to measure character: "He that is greatest among you, let him do the most service." He never said a word to them about standing up for their rights, but He had a great deal to say to them about their duties.

Now, if we could get the farmers in sections where this good roads train has visited to quit thinking about the money that they have paid for taxes and think about the duty to themselves as well as to their neighbors and the whole community of having a good, smooth road in front of their farms, we could solve this good roads problem, in those localities at least, within the short space of one year.

It will cost the farmer with a half-mile road from 75 cents to \$1.00 for a drag; probably 75 cents worth of labor where he has a log which he can split up, or perhaps \$2.00 in labor and lumber where he has to buy the lumber.

It will cost him not more than \$1.50

in labor which would otherwise be wasted in keeping his half-mile road smooth each year. The simple question is whether he will forget about his road taxes and do this without asking anybody for any pay but as a service done to the public, or whether he will sit back and say:

"I have paid somebody else for doing it, and let them do it or let it go undone." As a matter of fact, it will go undone unless the farmer or landowner has this public spirit that will induce him to do it without remuneration.

The railroads, the elevator men, and the town merchants are quick to see the value of these good roads. They know very well that there is just a certain amount of business to be done in any community; in other words, just a certain amount of farmers' wants to be supplied, so much grain and live stock to market, and so many goods to be bought.

They see perfectly clearly that while the farmer may be indifferent about the road in front of his farm, he is not indifferent about the roads between his farm and town.

Where, for example, there are two towns ten miles apart which are competing for the farmers' trade, the merchants see that if they can get the roads put in first-class shape the farmers who are nearest the next town will haul their stuff a mile further in order that they have the advantage of the good road.

They want to enlarge their territory as much as possible and they see very quickly that the best way they can do it is to make the roads leading to their town the very best possible.

The towns that start in now will have the advantage of the towns that have not awakened to the situation, and by giving their new customers the right treatment they will hold and maintain this trade for some time to come.

If the farmer were wise he would see that it is to his interest to have the roads good to both towns so that he could go to one quite as well as the other and stay with the one that treats him best.

It is quite possible to make in one year a good beginning at the solution of this problem which has vexed us ever since the west was opened up, but the greatest obstacle in the way of it is this feeling on the part of farmers that they have paid for doing the thing and why should they now turn around and do it themselves.

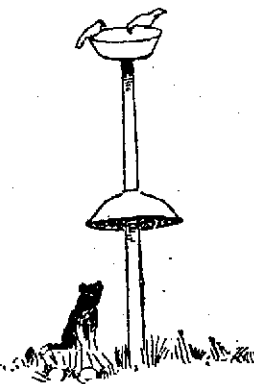
They do not seem to understand that if they would adopt this simple method of keeping the roads smooth one year without money and without price it would not be necessary to levy road taxes in the future except for drainage, bridges and culverts, and this in many counties in the west would cut the road tax somewhere in two and save a two-mill levy.

Turn the question around and look at it from this way, and if you will not look at it from the standpoint of public spirit and applied Christianity, take a good square look at it from the point of future savings.

## A Drink in Safety

A drinking place for birds which offers protection from cats should be on every farm and every suburban home yard should contain one.

The water is furnished in an old



tin fastened to the top of a post, below which is an inverted pan which should extend out at least six inches from the pole. Such a drinking place is cheap and easily constructed.

The pepper called Paprika, which is in great demand and can now be grown in the Southern states profitably. The government has conducted some valuable experiments during the past few years, and has grown and marketed about 7,000 pounds of the pods of fine quality.

Short rows cause frequent turning and a consequent loss of time and wasted energy for both man and team.

## CONTRACTED FEET.

Owing to bad shoeing and also many other causes many horses suffer with contracted feet.

The heels are narrowed and the horse steps gingerly with a desire to extend himself when forced to trot or gallop.

The writer is now using a horse 21 years old and when he drove him for the first time in December last saw that he experienced great difficulty in extending himself and especially on rough or stony roads.

He was shod with heel calks on the front as well as the hind feet and it was very perceptible that the heels of his front feet were too narrow.

After three unsuccessful trials with regular blacksmiths the horse was examined by a competent veterinary surgeon who pronounced his trouble to be contracted heels.

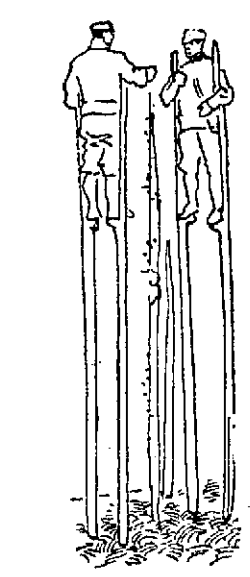
He has them shod perfectly level in front, springs were placed in between the back of his shoes to keep the heels spread and a piece of sole leather was tacked across the hollows of the hoof below the hoof and shoes to protect the sole of the foot and break the jar of traveling on rough and stony places.

About once or twice a week a hoof ointment consisting of one pint of Neat's foot oil with two tablespoonfuls of oil of tar was applied on the outside of the front feet with a soft rag and then, raising the edge of the leather, a little is poured over the sole of the foot and a few drops in the heel cleft.

Since the last shoeing and following the treatment above described the horse has improved wonderfully in his road work and rarely flinches, even going at a 12-mile-an-hour clip.

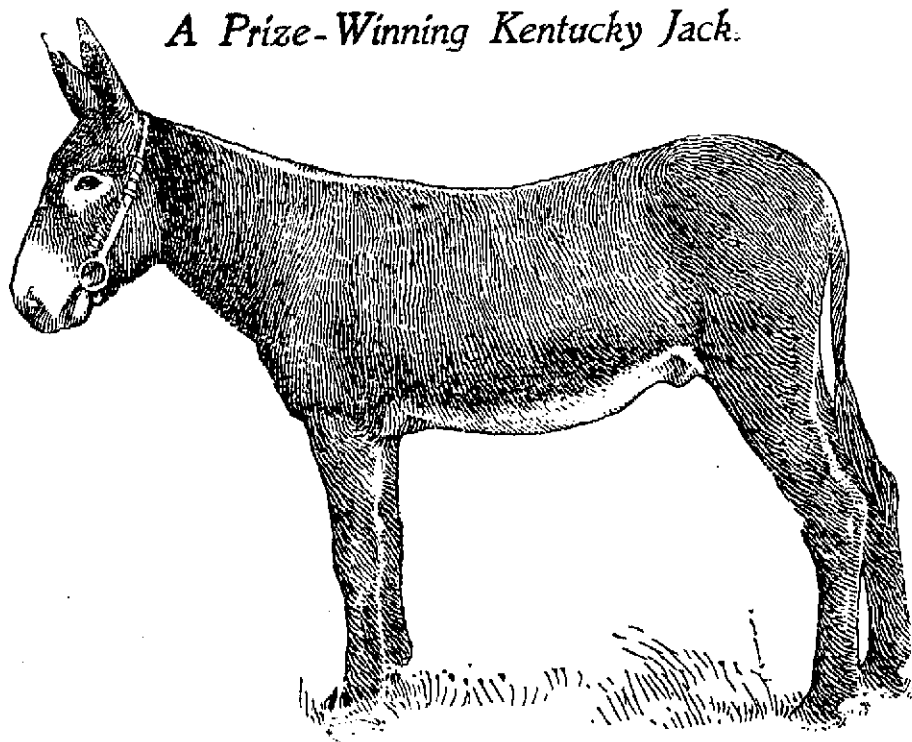
## Still Hopping for Hops

Hop-growers of Kent, England, have discovered a novel way of fixing the wires on the tall poles on which the hops are trained to grow. The poles are about twelve feet high, and placed



in rows at intervals of four or five feet in the fields. Upon these, wires must be stretched, and for this operation the ingenious farmers have devised long stilts, which are fastened to their legs, enabling them to stand at a height of seven or more feet from the ground.

## A Prize-Winning Kentucky Jack.



## RATIONAL CARE OF DAIRY HERDS

Cows Must Have Good Care and Comfortable Surroundings if They Are to Give the Best Results.

To increase the profits from our herds or decrease the profits of production we must eliminate the cows which individually run us into debt.

In the second place we must feed our cows more intelligently. The feeding of a dairy herd to produce profits more economically is a hard proposition to put to a man at the present time. Under the present conditions the only way to produce butter fat at less cost than we did last year is by increasing the efficiency of our home-grown dairy foods.

The feeding value of our home-grown foods will depend largely upon their palatability. By feeding a variety of feeds we make our rations more appetizing and palatable than a few foods.

Ensilage and roots are more palatable than dry fodders. Cows that are fed these appetizing feeds with clover hay will eat more hay than when confined to clover alone.

Early cut hay is more suited to the ration than late cut hay and the cows will consume larger quantities of it. In feeding home-grown feeds we must feed such foods in a practical way, as will induce the cows to eat more.

The more easily digested the ration, the larger the milk flow. A certain amount of energy is required to prepare the foods for assimilation. In feeding coarse foods we find this is a large per cent.

Tender pasture grass is more easily digested than dry fodders. Again we see that succulent foods are more easily digested than dry fodders; that early cut hay is more easily digested than late cut hay and that grain and concentrates are more easily digested than hay and coarse fodders.

We can make a balanced ration from corn ensilage and alfalfa hay, but such a ration contains an excess of coarse fiber and requires too great an expenditure of energy to digest and assimilate it.

Such a ration may be greatly improved by the addition of a few pounds of concentrates.

Cows that are giving milk must have an abundance of protein. The more protein we feed up to a certain point the larger the milk flow. It is the amount of food over and above that required to maintain the body that goes to stimulate the milk production.

The German standard of feeding calls for one and one-quarter pounds of protein for every ten or twelve pounds of milk.

Another principle is that feeding concentrates rich in nitrogen and mineral matter increases the value of the manure and much of the profits from high feeding must be made

through the fertility brought onto the farm by the increased value of the manure fertility.

But high feeding is not always the most profitable. This is a matter that must be worked out by the man himself according to his farm and conditions. Conditions are not the same on two farms. The difference in cows, the kinds and amount of available home-grown foods, the market prices of dairy products and dairy foods, compel each man to work out the problem as it applies to his own particular farm, always watching the milk flow, increasing the foods and protein until a point is reached that yields the most profit.

Cows must have good care and comfortable surroundings if they are to respond to intelligent feeding. The great problem in connection with the stable is to keep it warm and well ventilated at the same time. Pure air is just as necessary to the cow as food. Sunlight is another essential. Dark stables where sunshining never reaches breed disease. Sunlight is a tonic, a stimulant and invigorator to all animals.

There seems to be a wide diversity of opinion among dairymen as to how much exercise the dairy cow should have, and I wish to say that I am not a member of the class who believe in shutting in the cows from October until June without turning them out for exercise.

There is a muscular tone and vigor that must be kept up to maintain health. With all our present-day systems of ventilation and improved methods of tending the cows, we must give the cows some out-door exercise if we secure the best results of production and procreation.

If we look upon the cow as a milk-producing machine alone and do not place a value upon her ability to bring a strong and vigorous calf, it may be more profitable for us to keep her inside all the time where she can turn all of her energy toward the producing of milk alone and be discarded in two or three years and another cow take her place.

Such practice may pay the milk producer but not the man who is trying to build up a herd of economical butter-makers.

If any man thinks a little exercise a waste of energy let him shut himself up in a close room kept at the right temperature all winter and confine himself to just such kinds of food and see if he comes through the winter in condition to start a hard spring's work.

If the experiment worked well by himself why then he might be justified in trying it on the cows.

We must fight the encroachment of the gutters on our hillside farms as we fight weeds. Both can be held in check and often entirely eliminated.

Jealousy and envy are like weeds—they grow quickly and flourish on many soils but produce nothing that is not despised.

If we were always as ready to forgive the faults of others as we are to overlook our own, the world would not be so awfully bad.

Some people always are worrying about the troubles which may come, forgetting that there are enough troubles already here to keep us busy.

## PREPARE THE WHEAT-SEED BED EARLY

I have had a good many years of experience in growing wheat and have found that the earlier the seed bed can be prepared the better.

To endure the vicissitudes of winter the wheat plant must have a firm root, but not too deep, spreading near the surface, rather than striking down.

The wheat plant makes its growth while there is plenty of moisture in the soil, so it does not send any of its top roots down into the subsoil in search of moisture, as does the clover or corn crop.

I find that early plowing gives the best opportunity and conditions to the seed bed in perfect condition for the wheat crop.

It is the only way we can insure a compact, firm soil with the right kind of seed bed on top to insure a good crop.

The seed bed should be two or three inches deep, with a well-hardened stratum of compact soil below that which has been thus settled by rains and the pressing of the roller and tramping of teams.

I have found that when the soil below the seed bed is open the crop is unsatisfactory.

A large acreage of wheat is now grown after crops of spring grain, and it is equally as necessary to get the planting done early as it was when the summer fallow was the prevailing method of preparing for wheat seedling.

The stubble and weeds are in themselves an injury to the seed bed. They help to hold up the furrow under which they are turned and some time is required to allow them to settle down and rot. The manurial value of this rubbish is next to nothing and

is more than offset by the injury it does to the seed bed by making it too light and dry.

When the plowing is not done early it is better to rake up and burn this trash before plowing.

Some humus in the soil might be lost, but this will be more than made up by the increased yield of grain secured. The stubble is always a hiding and breeding place for insects that prey upon, and if gotten rid of either by early plowing or burning, the crop is more certain.

One of the chief advantages I find of early plowing of stubble land is in getting grain up and out of the way before the wheat is sown. It should be harrowed every ten days or two weeks after plowing to pulverize lumps and keep down the weeds and grass and also to compress the furrow beneath the shallow seed bed.

On no account should this cultivation go deeper than two or three inches, and perhaps an inch of depth might be better still, if there were frequent rains about seedling time. Rains help to compact the seed bed for wheat better even than cultivation.

When cultivation is too deep the seed is apt to be put too deeply in the ground.

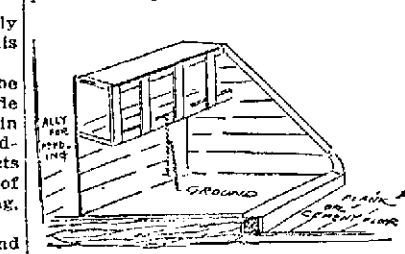
I never sow my wheat when the ground is very loose, waiting for rains to settle it. It is better to wait past the season for favorable seedling time than to cover the seed deeply in a bed of fine dust, which is sure to run together and compact when rains do come.

Wheat sown in this manner will not come up as well as it otherwise would and it is sure to winter kill.

W. H. Underwood.

## A GOOD COW-STALL.

There are many kinds of stall fixtures. The stanchions, cribs and racks and the empty stall with no place for hay but to throw it in front



of the cow, and what she does not clean up at once is trampled on. The stanchion is not very good for the cow. She must stand there in one place and is not free as in a stall.

In a properly built stall, when the cow feeds, the hind feet are on the plank floor, and when she lies down she will get up into the stall with her head under the rack.

With the old style cribs it is reversed. When she feeds she must get up, her head into the crib, and when lying down get back into the dirt, and if not kept well bedded she will be dirty clear to the ears.

## HOW TO GROW WHITE CARNATIONS.

The common garden soil will not do for the carnation. It should be composed of about three-fourths rich dark loam and one-fourth well-rotted manure. This should be thoroughly mixed several times and by September the first cuttings should be placed in boxes about five inches deep. Set the plants about 10 inches apart.

Syringe thoroughly with water until they get a good start. The plants should be staked in order to keep the flowers above the foliage.

The soil should be frequently treated with liquid manure—cow, sheep or hen droppings are excellent—but it should not be too strong, say about the color of weak tea.

If you want large flowers you must disbud the plants judiciously. Give them plenty of water and ventilation and syringe with tobacco extract to discourage the red spider.

Disbud them more or less quickly discovered and checked, and better methods of feeding are encouraged.

Both owners and help are stimulated to increase the product and it educates them in the matter of dairy economy.

They induce better business in the management of the business. A place where business methods have been too long ignored.

They serve as an excellent guide in selecting heifers that are to be raised to replace the cows we annually discard from the herd.

ated they will bloom within a month or six weeks.

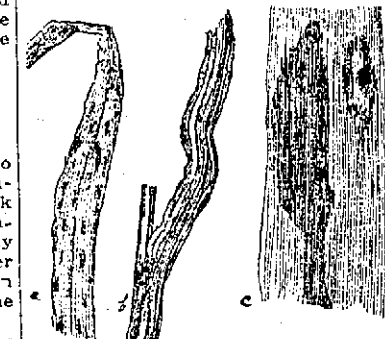
While carnation growing is not particularly difficult the plants must be attended with great regularity. They are rich feeders and therefore must have very rich soil, plenty of water and all the air and sun they can get at the last in order to bring them forward quickly.

## TWO BARLEY BLIGHTS.

During the past two seasons there has appeared in many sections, a widespread disease on barley, commonly called rust, but in no way related to this disease. It is caused by an imperfect fungus.

There are two forms of these leaf-spot diseases of the barley, one an early blight which has been designated as "the yellow leaf disease," and the other "the late barley blight." The yellow leaf disease appears early during the season. This is characterized by yellowish longitudinal stripes alternating with darker lines. This is transmitted by the seed.

The late barley blight causes brown spots of irregular outline, and occurs on the leaves, glumes and seed. The



a.—Barley leaf affected by "late blight." b.—Barley leaf affected by "yellow leaf disease." c.—Blade of corn affected by this fungus.

leaves are easily broken up and completely destroyed in some cases.

There are many species of this fungus on grasses, and one occurs on the leaves of corn, sometimes doing much injury.

## RAIL FENCE PHILOSOPHY.

A harsh word spoken to the wife or children or a simple act of injustice is often the germ which grows into a monster which strangles affection and starves our hungry hearts.

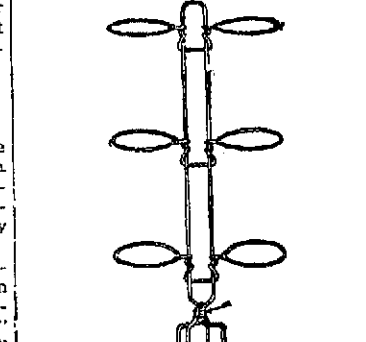
The man who really loves his wife does not forget at 75 how beautiful she was at 20.

It is all right to ask the Lord to aid us in our work but all the same, he expects us to do our level best.

There was never a woman whose heart has not been touched with jealousy. If there was no jealousy there would be no love in the world.

## A USEFUL PLANT SUPPORT.

The accompanying picture shows a support for plants which can be used to good advantage, both for vegetables and flowers. It is a patented article.



but the cost is not great. It is made of galvanized wire, which will not rust, and can be raised and lowered to suit the plant. When not in use it can be rolled and packed away for the next season. It is very useful for training tomatoes, cucumbers, roses or any plant that needs support.

## SOME MIDSUMMER SUGGESTIONS.

Hunt ant nests and destroy them. If the little insects persist in troubling scatter powdered borax about the infested plants.

Remove stalks of Tea Roses that have bloomed; stir the soil about them and apply some good fertilizer, either liquid or solid. On wash days soak the soil with soap suds.

Don't apply liquid manure when the soil is dry. If the soil is dry and you do not wish to wait until it rains, soak the soil with water and then apply the liquid manure.

Many of the annuals, if sown now, will make a fine show in late fall.

If you do not have the so-called German Ivy, procure cuttings if possible this summer. It makes a charming plant for the window even though it does not bloom.

The perennial Sweet Pea is an excellent plant for growing on fences and the like. It is perfectly hardy and improves with age.—Josephine de Marr.

Stark Bros., who own a large nursery near Louisiana, Mo., gave to the school children of nearby towns a cartload of fruit trees, all of which were planted and yet there were not half enough to around. The cart contained 4,000 apple trees, 2,500 pear trees, 4,000 cherry trees, 2,000 peach trees, 10,000 grape vines and 1,500 rose bushes.

Some women are so unreasonable as to expect a man to stop pitching horse shoes just to saw wood for the kitchen stove.

## ARE LICE EATING UP YOUR MONEY?

Not long ago in looking over a bunch of hogs in Western Illinois, we observed that most of the animals were afflicted with little sores, red spots, on the thin places in their skins.

These eruptions were particularly noticeable back of the ear and on the flanks. The farmer complained that his hogs were not eating well and he could not understand what caused the sores to break out.

This bunch of hogs of all ages, from three-months-old pigs to three-year-old sows, ran on a pasture during the day but at night slept in houses which were used for the winter quarters.

I suggested that the trouble might be caused by lice, and the farmer caught two or three pigs and found them almost alive with parasites. He was astonished and admitted that he had never examined one of his animals before.

Many farmers do not realize that lice are a source of tremendous loss in the raising of hogs. They worry the animals and prevent their feeding well, and in many cases produce sores or eruptions which naturally retard growth.

It is not difficult to rid the pig of lice by dipping or spraying, but these remedies are of no use unless the pens and sleeping quarters are rid of the lice as well.

The best dip to use is some of the tar solutions as they are harmless. We do not believe in kerosene emulsion because unless great care is taken to keep the solution very weak the animals will blister it and be allowed to run in the hot sun after being sprayed.

When a bunch of hogs is badly infested the animals should be dipped, although spraying may be used, provided the hogs are tied and thrown

so that the spray may cover every portion of the body. It is no use to spray the upper part of a hog and leave the under side untouched, because every louse will multiply and soon spread all over the animal's body.

After the hogs have been dipped or sprayed they should be turned into a clean lot that has never been used for hogs and the old quarters should be abandoned, or if this is not practicable, every particle of bedding and litter in the yards must be raked, swept up and burned, and every foot of ground in the yards and the fences and sleeping quarters, as well, thoroughly sprayed with a strong disinfectant.

Kerosene emulsion, which is cheap, can be used in this way to advantage.

The hogs should not be returned to the old quarters for several weeks, and a second spraying or even a third before the hogs are turned in is advisable.

If the hogs are allowed to occupy the same pens and sleeping quarters year after year, which are not frequently cleaned and sprayed as above suggested, lice will surely get into the herd.

As this parasite multiplies with tremendous rapidity it only takes a short time to thoroughly infest hogs so that their thrift will be impeded.

The hog louse affects no other animal, but devotes his entire time and attention to the swine. While he is quite tenacious in his efforts to live, still a moderate application of dips and sprays and the burning of old bedding and whitewashing of the interiors of sleeping quarters will quickly put him out of business.

## SUGGESTIONS THAT MAY HELP.

It is a losing game to buy staple supplies in little dribs. The reason so many city people are poor is because they buy groceries and coal in five and ten cent lots.

Farm machinery comes pretty high, we sometimes think, but there is one thing in its favor, it is not eating three meals a day when it is not working.

How we admire the man who never talks about anybody or anything except himself and his own doings!

If your neighbor comes along and offers to let you in on a ground floor gold mine or any other sure thing proposition "Just because you are a good fellow," ask time to think it over and then refuse.

Swamps on the farm are like dark spots on the human character. They are neglected and misunderstood and may be redeemed to usefulness and beauty by proper cultivation.

To avoid criticism say nothing evil about your neighbors.

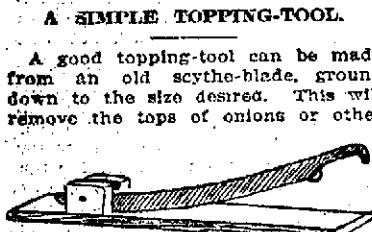
## A QUIET LITTLE SMOKE.

A farmer living in Wisconsin scraped together a pipeful of tobacco out of his son's pocket without noticing that the young man carried revolver cartridges loose in the same pocket. The old man had just fired



up and settled down for a comfortable smoke when a cartridge which he had placed in the pipe along with the tobacco, exploded, clipping off a portion of his left ear, passing within an inch of his granddaughter's head, and finally burying itself in the piano.

America can produce as good mud-mat as England. We have the climate, the sheep and the feed. All we lack is the inclination.



vegetables and saves the hands and time. Place the vegetables directly under the blade, which if kept sharp, does such work in good shape.

Before you buy foundation stock make a close study of the breeds and their adaptability and buy the kind that are adapted to your needs. Do not buy anything that is a sheep, simply because it is a sheep.

He is the real wise man who can keep from getting the big head when folks praise him for his good deeds.

# MEL SHEPPARD "THE PEERLESS ONE"

**PERSONALITY and Spectacular Career of  
the Record Breaking Runner—His Compeer  
Among the Professionals, Billy Queal.**

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If a track athlete with a weak heart can win two world's championships and break one and equal another record on the same day, what can an athlete with a normal heart do?

That was the question asked of the physicians who three years ago declared Melvin Sheppard, the king of all middle distance runners, physically unfit to be a policeman in New York city, on the grounds that his heart was weak. Three weeks later the same man, representing America at the Olympic games in London, electrified the world by taking into camp Britain's best distance men, and running eight hundred metres faster than this distance has ever been run. He is not "pounding" a heart now. That question has been settled long ago. He is now a valued member of the customs service of the port of New York by special appointment from President Roosevelt in recognition of his work at the Olympic meet.

With the exception of the great and only Len Meyers, Sheppard is perhaps the greatest middle distance runner that America has ever produced. From the time he started running as schoolboy at Brown "Prep" School, of Philadelphia, he was always in the public eye, and has remained there ever since. His life has been a most picturesque and eventful one. He has crowded into his twenty-eight years of existence experiences that would do credit to a man twice his age.

Even as a schoolboy his ability was recognized in a singular manner.

"You know," said "the Peerless One," as he is sometimes called, "over in Philadelphia they did me the honor of hiring private detectives to keep on my trail. As you are probably aware, the age limit in scholastic circles is twenty-one years. I was a rather husky looking youngster in those days, and while I was older than many of my competitors, I can honestly say that I never competed in a schoolboy meet when I was ineligible.

"My mother was the innocent cause of an uncalled for bit of notoriety, as she furnished the information which led up to an article in one of the Philadelphia papers concerning my age. One of the schools hired a couple of private detectives to find out all about me, as I was regularly defeating all of the best men they could turn out. It was thought that I might be a professional, and my whole record was put through a sieve without anything being dug up to disqualify me. Finally the plan was hit upon to have me declared ineligible on account of age.

"As I stated before, I was not exactly a youngster. I could not afford to go to school at the same time as the others and had to support myself almost entirely on my earnings. The detectives posed as census takers, and took the pedigree of the whole family, finally asking where I was born, and then it was easy to get my birth certificate.

"Finding out that I was eligible to compete, they waited until I was twenty-one years of age, when I was ready to drop interscholastic athletics. On the date of my twenty-first birthday I picked up an evening paper and, as usual, turned to the sporting page. To my amazement I read in glaring headlines the following announcement:—

"Sheppard Is Now Eligible to Vote.  
"But Is Ineligible to Run."

"The article then went on to explain that I was twenty-one years of age and that I could not compete in scholastics. It was undue notoriety, perhaps the most that has ever been handed to a schoolboy athlete, but I fooled them all, because I didn't enter a meet after or three weeks before my twenty-first birthday."

Sheppard's experiences have been trying. When he joined the Irish-American A. C. he made his home in New York and found himself a job as a boss of street repairs with one of the large contracting firms in the city. He had a good chance to display his sprinting powers on more than one occasion, according to his own statement, for there were times when workmen, aggrieved over some fancied slight, would get after him with picks or shovels or some other equally pleasant implements of torture. He was always in shape in those days and did not have to go out to any athletic field to train. He had all of the running he wanted while at work.

## His Schoolboy Records.

Sheppard was the first schoolboy who ever negotiated the mile route under 4 in. 30s. He ran the distance in better time on several occasions and was practically in a class by himself at the middle distance events. In the last four years he has confined himself to the half mile and the thousand yard races, being until recently without a peer in the world in these events. In the last year Harry Gissing, a youngster who has had the benefit of advice by Sheppard and his coach, Bernie Webers, has come to the front and bids fair to take Sheppard's place as the best middle distance runner in the world.

Sheppard's possibilities as an athlete in his early schoolboy days were discovered by "Mike" Murphy, the famous trainer of the University of Pennsylvania; "Al" Copeland, who was then trainer of the New York Athletic Club track team, and "Ernie" Hjorthberg, trainer of the Irish-American Athletic Club. Both of the big New York clubs tried to get the athlete. Copeland, who later discovered "Billy" Queal, the greatest professional distance runner in America, tried hard to get Sheppard, but the Winged Fists club had begged him, and, of course, "Mel" stuck to his first choice.

Copeland was very much "let up" over the affair. "That boy is a world beater," he said, and Copeland certainly knew what he was talking about. His greatest feat as a trainer is probably the discovery of "Billy" Queal, who, like Sheppard, has had a varied career, and is regarded among the professionals in the same manner that Sheppard is among the amateurs. Their careers are almost parallel. Queal was mak-



MELVIN W.  
SHEPPARD

Queal followed Copeland's advice and trained as directed, and "Al" departed for Princeton to take charge of the Tiger athletes.

"I read the papers one day," says Queal, "and saw a notice about a team race in Brooklyn for professionals. I needed the money badly and I really thought that if I got a good team mate I could win. As I did not know any one my first thought was to find Mr. Copeland in New York if I could. As I did not have the time (or money) to wait for a regular train I departed for New York on the first freight

train. In one of the greatest finishes ever seen in the half mile race.

It was only his great will power and stamina that carried Sheppard through that race, for he had been greatly weakened by the heat. He said it was the hardest race he had ever run.

Sheppard regained his title of national half mile champion at Pittsburgh on July 2, where he broke the American record for the distance. In this race he did not meet Gissing, who ran in England on the same day in the British championships at Shepherd's Bush, London, and was unplaced in his event. His defeat was surprising, considering the slow time of the race, but this was probably due to climatic conditions. He ought to do better in his other races. Sheppard showed his great finishing powers at Pittsburgh in the race which regained his title for him by coming up from the rear and winning in the last stride. His spurt took the heart out of Edmundson, of Seattle, who collapsed two feet from the tape and could not finish. Those who witnessed the race say that it was the greatest ever run in this country.

He is probably one of the most popular athletes that ever wore a spiked shoe. Last fall he was easily elected king of the Coney Island Mardi Gras. The "Peerless One" certainly entertained in regal style when he wore the crown for a week at that famous resort.

"It just about cleaned me out, but I had a run for my money," he said, happily, "and what more does a fellow want?"

Like most good athletes, Sheppard and Queal are hard workers. Of the two Queal is the steadier and works harder. He follows Copeland's system, which has been proven the best. The trainer has had a varied experience with distance runners, and it is a peculiar fact that all of his men were world beaters when under his wing, but sank into oblivion when they left him. St. Yves, the Frenchman, "cleaned

mile, and ought to win from Gissing. The latter when in top form is a dangerous man and would welcome an encounter with the champion.

It is Sheppard's cherished ambition to hold the world's record for the half mile. After many attempts to break the figures set up by Kilpatrick he almost gave up in despair after he had come within one-fifth of a second of equalling the mark, when Emilio Lunghi, the great Italian runner, broke the record in the Canadian championships, two years ago. This disheartened Sheppard, but he has taken a new lease of life now. He holds the English half mile and the world's 800-meter record.

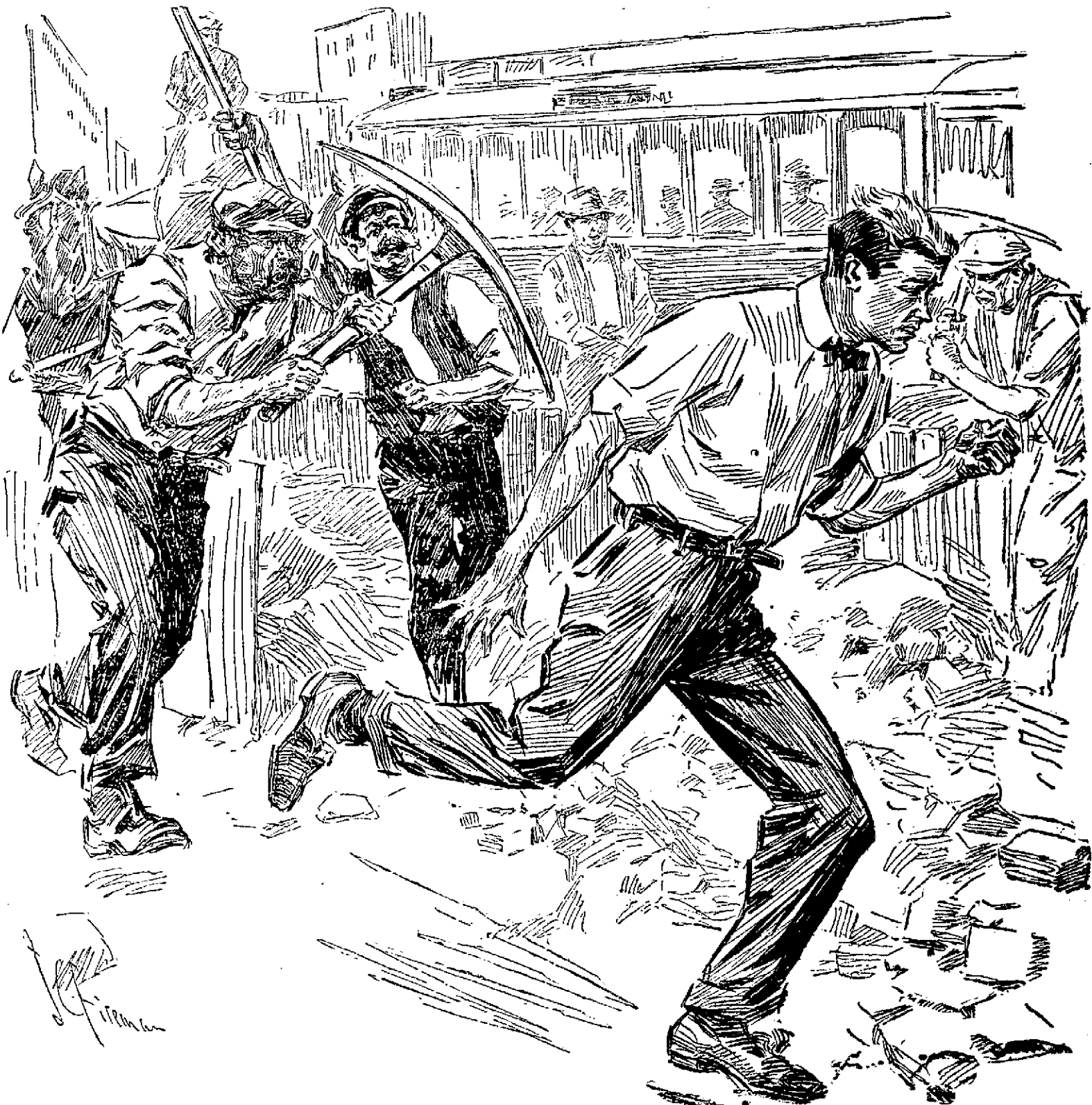
Gissing, a former New York A. C. runner, is a youngster of great ability and also has a chance to break the half mile record. He is an athlete of great strength and will bear close watching. It would not be surprising if he did succeed in setting up new figures, although experts agree that 1m. 54s. is about the best he will ever do.

Sheppard did not get a chance to go over for the English championships, as he could not get a leave of absence before the meet. He will compete in the Scotch championships and the German title races at Berlin.

In relation to his previous English trip Sheppard tells a story which gives an idea of how some races are run in England. He was asked by one of the British amateurs before a certain race whether he was going to win. Sheppard was surprised at the question and said, "Of course I am going to win; that is, if no one else is better." The event was a quarter mile run, and the athlete calmly announced that he was going to run third in his heat.

"He kept his word," said Sheppard, "and while he could have easily won the heat, as he had a good handicap on me and I was not trying very hard to win the British runner jelled behind and finished third. He explained to me afterward that his friends had placed a number of bets against him and of course he could not win out."

The man who confided this to Sheppard has since been found out, but in England these occurrences are common, for bookmaking is common at the places where athletic meets are held, and naturally there is a tendency to do this sort of thing. Betting on races in this country among the amateurs is not allowed, although many secret bets are placed by various supporters on their favorites.



There Were Times When Workmen Would Get After Him with Picks and Shovels

ing pictures and running a photograph gallery in the summer at Alexandria Bay, N. Y., two years ago, and now he is one of the most talked of men in the athletic world. It took him just three months to establish himself in the professional running world by beating Alfred Shrubbs, Hans Holmer, Gustave Ljungstrom and all of the other good men in special races and making world's records.

Both Queal and Sheppard have been in some hard races where it required the utmost heart power and sheer grit to win. After his race against "Pony" Wilson in England, when he won the 1,500 meter championship, Sheppard said:—

"I was practically beaten in that race, but I wouldn't believe it, and it was my will power more than my running ability toward the end that put me across the tape a winner.

## Value of Confidence.

"The great thing in running is to keep your head about you and to be confident of success at all times. Never believe the reports of the vaunted prowess of an opponent until shown. I recall a race at the Madison Square Garden, New York, last winter, when Abel Kiviat, one of my teammates, who was entered in the event, called my attention to the entries, which included the best men in the country for the mile, and said to me, 'Mel, do you think I can get away with the race?' 'Why, of course you can,' I answered. 'You can beat them all.' Coach Robertson and I then instilled the necessary confidence, and when he took the mark he was convinced that no one could beat him.

"He was pushed to the limit to win, but simply would not believe that he could be beaten, and when Hedlund, of Boston, ran him neck and neck, Kiviat made a superhuman effort and barely held his advantage at the tape. Confidence is half the battle, and a man must have a good supply to win."

Queal was not sure of himself when he ran against "Al" Shrubbs for the first time. He knew that he was fast, but was frightened a bit by the wonderful record of the Englishman. His coach and trainer, Copeland, impressed upon him the idea that he was the better man, and Queal ran the whole race like a scared rabbit, beating Shrubbs by a narrow margin, and making a world's record for twelve miles.

After that it was easy. He met Shrubbs three times and beat him on every occasion. It is doubtful if Shrubbs will ever be able to defeat Queal now. For, after meeting with so many reverses at the hands of the American runner, the Englishman has probably lost confidence and will hardly feel sure of himself in a race at any distance with Copeland's protégé.

Queal was making a rather poor living at his trade in Alexandria Bay when "Al" Copeland appeared on the horizon. The trainer watched Queal win a half mile race at a set of picnic games and decided that there was a good opportunity to make a runner out of him.

train that came along, and after a number of enforced changes finally arrived in the big city.

"I found Copeland and got a chance to run. I'll never forget that race. It was a tryout for me and I had to make good. I was fortunate in having a good partner, and we won. I tell you I thought that I had been running a year before that race was over, and I earned money for the first time as a runner. After that," he concluded with a smile, "it was easy."

The running game with Queal has been all pie. He has not been in it long enough to taste some of its disadvantageous dishes. Sheppard, on the other hand, has drunk full from the cup of happiness and has been forced to swallow many a bitter draught.

"Mel" has had many narrow escapes trying to keep his amateur status, and in the last few years has been hauled before the A. A. U. committee on various charges, which, he asserts, are the outcome of his success against the athletes of other clubs. The Irish-American A. C. has stood by him on every occasion and he has gone through with flying colors. Two years ago his career was almost wiped out when he was brought before the Military Athletic League on charges of asking too much expense money for competing in Philadelphia at one of the armory meets. This was at the time when the Military Athletic League was in the throes of a reform movement and Sheppard was said to have been picked out as the "goat." He came through O. K. after a blare of trumpets and a trial by the officers of the league.

Sheppard has the wonderful record of making twelve world's and American running records in a period of three months last summer. It was the most remarkable bit of running ever witnessed in America. Every record from 500 yards up to 1,000, with the exception of the half mile record, went by the board. Most of the records were made at Celtic Park, New York, and in some instances he made two in one day. He did too much work during the summer, however, and when he went to New Orleans in the fall to compete in the national championships he had gone stale and was beaten by Harry Gissing, of the New York Ath-

letic Club, easily when he came here and trained with Copeland, as also did Svanberg, the Swede, and Hans Holmer, who won the Powder Hall Marathon in Scotland. As soon as they left Copeland they did very little, and were easily beaten by the veteran trainer's new material.

## Training for Races.

Speaking of training for the middle distance races in general, Sheppard said that it is impossible to give a general method of training. Every man has his own particular style and trains according to his build and general physical ability.

"As a general rule," says Sheppard, "a man should, when he takes up distance or middle distance running, build up endurance and stamina. This is obtained by taking long jogs on the track and over the hills, or running cross country frequently. When his stamina is fully developed he should get speed, an essential quality."

"When a man has these two qualities he must learn to judge pace. He ought to know the speed with which he is travelling and then judge himself accordingly in a race. The idea in running one of these races is to run with the least possible exertion and at the same time cover enough ground at each stride to make up for the quicker but shorter strides of your opponents."

"To run a half mile in 1:55 a man ought to be able to cover the first quarter of a mile in at least 54 seconds. He should then have enough power left in him to finish up the other quarter in close to 60 seconds. It is easy to give advice on the matter of how to train, but there are practically no two cases alike, and experience has taught me that almost every man in the game has different methods of training."

Sheppard expects to retire from the game in a year or two, and wants to garner a couple of European championships this summer before he lays away his shoes for good.

While abroad he probably will have another chance to meet Harry Gissing, for the latter is looked to start in races in England, Scotland and Germany, and is bound to clash with Sheppard.

If both men meet on a good track a new world's record may be made. Sheppard in his present form is good enough to beat any man in the world at the half

In one race last winter at the Madison Square Garden, in which some of the best men in the world started, at least \$2,000 changed hands as a result, but none of the athletes had any share in it. The money was simply placed around by enthusiastic supporters.

In the professional races, of course, betting on the result is in vogue. Queal and his admirers have made a good deal of money by the former's victories. He is always ready to back himself against any man with whom he competes, and thus far has never lost out. If the professional running game is good abroad next season Queal will make a trip to the other side and see what he can do against the European stars. According to Copeland there will be nothing to it but Queal.

In Sheppard and Queal America has probably the two best men in the world in their different branches. The contrast between these two is great. Sheppard is the graceful runner, with a nice long stride, and looks to be the perfect athlete. You can tell the class when you look at him taking his work out. He appears to be the best in the field, and when he gets out in front in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he stays there.

## Queal's Choppy Stride.

Queal does not make a great impression. He is a medium sized, well built chap, and has an awkward, flatfooted manner of running that would deceive the layman at the first glance. He shows his calibre at once, however, when he gets out after another man. His choppy, flatfooted stride carries him over the ground with a speed that is absolutely marvellous for a man who runs long distance races.

In one of his races with Shrubbs he ran his first mile well over 4:50 and was breezing along at the finish as fresh as a daisy. He is not particular about the distance he is asked to run. They all look alike to him and he is always there in front.

America has produced stars in the past and will keep on producing them in the future, but it will take some time before any man of the calibre of Sheppard and Queal are turned out. Sheppard's days of running are not many. He probably will be good for a couple of years.

Queal has great possibilities. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word and has uplifted the professional end of the running game. With more athletes of his stripe in the game, professional running would be booming again in the United States, and the sport would be in a far better condition than it enjoys at present.

# THE BETRAYAL OF A MODERN GOOD SAMARITAN

**CRITICALLY Wounded by the Treacherous Half-breed He Had Succored, He Was Treated by a Negress with Clay Pipes and a Bag of Salt, Thus Surviving Until a Physician Interrupted His Own Wedding to Save Him by a Notable Operation**

**DANGEROUS ADVENTURES  
TOLD BY AND OF  
LIVING PERSONS**

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**THEOPHILE M. SOLOMON**, general manager of the Central American Commercial Company, together with another American, is owner of the great Campusano estate in Nicaragua. Fighting his way up from the position of a small rubber trader in the forest he has become the owner of the only ice plant in the Republic of Nicaragua and owns the electric light and power plant in Managua. The Campusano estate comprises 57,000 acres of land, 2,500 head of cattle, 225,000 rubber trees, thirty-five miles of barbed wire fences, numerous sawmills, docks and industrial plants, constituting a tremendous export trade.

This story is a true account of an adventure which Mr. Solomon met with in 1887 while a trader in one of the great Nicaraguan rubber forests. The facts are detailed as he remembers them and as friends supplied them. Most of his life has been spent in Nicaragua, but he recently came to the United States for a few weeks' rest after a nervous breakdown. He will travel for a time, but will make his headquarters in New Orleans, where are situated the main offices of the company of which he is general manager.

Dr. William F. Thornton is a specialist in diseases carried by mosquitoes and has done notable research work in that line. The fee and donations which Mr. Solomon tendered him have enabled him to carry on the work.

In the lonely heart of the great rubber forest of Nicaragua, Theophile M. Solomon sat in front of his low roofed bamboo hut and puffed blue nicotine rings skyward. The smoke from the breakfast fire rose in a straight, smudgy column against the clear azure of the March sky, and the crisp, appetizing odor of well fried bacon still lingered in the air.

All about were trees, great monster, age-old trees that rose like giant temple pillars out of the rich, tropical soil, and through the dim aisles, where they were not too close together, Solomon could glimpse the silver dazzle of the Plantain River, down which lay the outskirts of civilization and the way to home, America, where there was chance to spend the money which had been accumulating.

It was near the end of the month and Solomon had been figuring on his accounts. Trade had been lively. There was much crude rubber and heavy bags of chugging English shillings which were to be sent to the coast by the trusted messenger who would soon arrive, the messenger that Solomon envied every time he paddled off down the sweeping Plantain.

Placidly contemplating the wealth that was growing, the American sat and half dozed, dreaming of his partner in Bluefields, Henry Brown, a native of Texas.

In the midst of his brooding he became conscious of a sound, not of the forest. Long seclusion had accustomed him to the wild sounds, and he could sleep through the cries of all the beasts that chattered or howled at the fringe of the little clearing. But this was something different and Solomon was alert on the instant, scenting danger with the instinct of the animal.

An irregular crackling of brush, as of somebody dragging slowly, close to the ground, was followed by a low moaning. The man of solitude knew it; knew it for the distress noise of one of his own kind. Plunging into the forest, he followed the sound for a few paces. It was dark in the wood, the slanting sunlight scarcely penetrating the dense foliage, and not until he almost stumbled upon it did Solomon discern the grovelling, emaciated form of a man wringing his way, slowly, painfully, along the ground.

At the same instant the stranger saw his rescuer, and with a cry that began in a shout of joy, but ended in a wail of torture, the ragged man reared upright, like a mountain tiger wounded to death, then toppled sideways and lay very still. In his lithe strong arms Solomon carried the wasted form to the hut and stretched it on the floor.

He was no physician, but the ways of the forest had taught him a rude surgery, and in a matter of seconds he had learned that the stranger's kneecap was broken. Stimulants helped the feeble heart action, and after consciousness was restored the American placed the other in his hammock and, tearing his own white shirt into strips, bathed and bound the injured knee.

Days and nights the stranger tossed and raved in fever and in pain, and often Solomon bound him tight in the swaying hammock to prevent him falling or doing himself further harm. Sleep followed delirium, and delirium followed sleep, but during the wild wanderings of a mind that was well nigh destroyed, Solomon gathered the details of the other's story.

The man he had saved was a half breed Spaniard named Fernin Guerro. Travelling in the mountains he had been lost and, short of provisions, had attempted to thread a dangerous pass by night. Pitching over into the inky darkness he had tumbled down a precipice and fractured the bone of his knee.

Memories of what the half breed had actually suffered in dragging himself over the cruel ground almost to the door of the little bamboo hut were mingled with fever fancies and imaginative horrors of his tortured brain. How far he had wriggled, serpentine, Solomon could not learn, but for days it looked as though the feeble spark of life which was left for the American to nurture would of its own weakness flicker out.



Wading Into the River, While Martin Steadied the Canoe. She Bathed the Wounds in His Neck and Back.

During three long, weary weeks Solomon slept but little, snatching his rest whenever and wherever he might. Mostly he slept on the floor with an ear and an eye alert for trouble. Many times during the long nights he administered to the sufferer's wants and in the daytime his greatest efforts were used in nursing back the spent strength.

For some reason the messenger from Bluefields was detained and Solomon's own stock of provisions began to ebb startlingly. The best of everything was given to the sick man, whose health slowly returned under the constant, unrelenting care, until at last, helped by the American, he could walk about and sit erect without a prop for his back. Sunken cheeks filled and the eyes that had been dim and filmy took on a lustre and a sparkle that gratified the trader.

From hard wood, which he cut himself, Solomon hewed a pair of crutches, with which his patient learned to hobble about with ease and rapidity.

And still the messenger from Brown did not appear. A month passed and the cripple was able to walk without the sticks, limping badly on one foot.

At last Solomon decided to make the trip himself. There was much to do in preparation, and after breakfast one morning he started to count the money, pack it into a trunk and close his accounts.

## Treachery of the Half Breed.

In the hammock, which Solomon had abandoned for his own use, the half breed lay swinging lazily, seemingly asleep. The clink of the English shillings did not seem to disturb him, and the trader continued to count the heavy stacks, tumble them into bags, and pack them in the strong trunk. There was nearly \$2,000, and most of it was in shillings.

Life alone and in the forest makes men suspicious of all things. Like animals, they see an enemy in all nature until friendship is proven, and once or twice Solomon looked narrowly at the sleeping Spaniard. His breathing was deep and even, punctuated with snores, and the American felt a flush of shame for his suspicions.

But Guerro, too, had been watching. From narrow eye-slits he had seen the lightning glances Solomon

had cast at him, and he judged that his suspicions were lulled. Stealthily, with the noiselessness of a puma, he slipped from the swaying hammock. In bare feet he crept across the floor, his hands gripping the handle of a machete, which he had somehow concealed.

There was not a sound above the clinking of the shillings, yet for some reason Solomon turned quickly, savagely, as though he knew already of the other's treachery. There was a flash of flesh hungry steel, the American sprang sideways from his sitting posture, wrenching for his pistol, but the heavy knife bit deep into his shoulder and, grinding against bone, severed the tendons of the neck.

Like a steer under the pole axe Solomon dropped with a dead thud, and Guerro in fever haste turned to the pile of shillings. As though in a nightmare the American saw him, and said later that he was unable to stir. Wounded and bleeding, but conscious, he lay there, and all the efforts of his iron will to drive his body into motion were futile. Unable to stir, he watched the half breed gather up pockets full of the silver coin and start to lift the bags from the trunk.

Then at last a torment of pain shot down his side and seemed to loosen his deadened muscles. He struggled partly to his feet, but Guerro heard the noise and turned wildly. Snatching Solomon's own rifle, he aimed it at his breast. Frenziedly the American clutched the barrel, supporting his head with one hand, for the cut cords let it hang helplessly toward one shoulder. Guerro pulled at the trigger with the muzzle of the gun point blank at Solomon's chest. Sickeningly the American was conscious of waiting for the roar of the report which did not come. The trigger was locked and the rifle would not fire. Neither man had known it.

In the struggle which followed Solomon fought blindly, with all the passion and desperateness of a man animal at bay and goaded into frenzy by pain. As though it were a wicked dream he remembers it. About the room the death grapplers staggered, biting, kicking, lunging, wrenching. Each was fighting furiously to get the rifle. Solomon's head wobbled and dragged over his shoulder in a ludicrously grim manner. The great open gash in his neck bathed the other

in the crimson flow that was fast sapping the American's life, but the unequal battle continued.

Suddenly there was a hot, stinging blow in Solomon's back and he staggered away from his opponent, crumpling to the ground. The fight was over. Guerro had managed to reach his knife and had plunged it into the other, consummating his dastardly act of treachery.

How long it was before the trader regained a hazy consciousness he did not know. Dragging himself, staggering, running wildly for a few steps and falling headlong, he managed to reach the water 250 yards away. Three times in the distance he lost his senses. At the river he dropped to drink greedily, but not a mouthful of water could he swallow to slake the hell-like thirst. From the great open wound in the tortured man's throat the water trickled in a reddish, ugly stream, tantalizing his parched palate until a curtain of unconsciousness again stopped his sufferings.

What followed is like a horrid myth to Solomon. Through the endless weeks of pain and suffering he had no sense of time, only pain. There was quality to his feelings, that was all. Time, space, intensity, all were obliterated. He simply knew he suffered. Months afterward, when he was strong enough to listen, friends told him the story of all that had happened.

For seven days he lay at the river's edge while Death crouched at his head, waiting only for the dissolution of some mysterious, tenacious something before claiming the body that seemed already his.

One night, just at the brief, fleeting, tropical dusk time, when the shadows of the great forest were settling and wrapping the grewsome scene in more intense sombreness, a Jamaican negro paddled leisurely down the gently rippling Plantain. He knew the clearing where Solomon dwelt and meant to stay the night there. Pushing softly in toward the shore he came suddenly upon the sight and was seized with terror.

Distorted in the flickering shadows, the wreck of what had been a man held terrors for the black which were not to be faced. Fear made him bend the supple paddle in his efforts to get away, and the graceful canoe shot out into midstream, leaving the trader to die. But further from the scene the Jamaican's courage returned, and Dick Martin, mumbling broken prayers and trembling so that he could scarcely paddle, returned and lifted Solomon into his boat.

The presence of life, however feeble, soothed his fear, and he started down the river for Rama, eight days' journey away. Medicine he had none, and the American could not eat nor drink, but the negro paddled viciously, never sparing himself, and covered mile after mile in his race against the ebbing of the trader's life.

## Saved by a Negress.

Once a negress, smoking before a mean hut near the river edge, called to him. Martin swerved toward the shore, shouting news of his errand to the woman. "Wait!" she cried, and ran to the hut, returning with a towel and a pound bag of salt.

Wading into the river, while Martin steadied the canoe she bathed the wounds in his neck and back. Then together they stuck the stems of five clay pipes between the teeth of the dying man.

It was heroic treatment, but it was life or death, and there in the river, while the little craft bobbed and bowed in the waves, the man and woman poured the salt onto the raw wounds, disinfecting them. The gnashing jaws of the American ground the pipestems into powder, but his teeth, strained by the agonized working of his mouth, were saved.

While a relentless sun almost baked them and the

great spindle trees on either side of the river swayed comfortably of their own weight and a breathlike breeze, the two negroes tortured the white man, oblivious of his groans, in order to save his life. Then they bound the wounds with the towel and, spreading a thin sheet over his body, renewed the race to Rama.

Hardly had the last knot been tied in the rough bandages when Martin dipped his paddle, and with perspiration streaming over face and limbs shot the canoe forward, while the woman waded to the shore. There was never a backward glance, for Martin knew that the fight was resolving itself into a matter of hours, and Rama was many miles distant. All that night he paddled, and all the next day and far into the next night, before the twinkling lights of the town, timid beacons of relief, shone round a bend in the river.

Too weak to lift the American from the canoe, Martin stumbled through the deserted streets and roused a surgeon. All that could be accomplished was done, but there were not the means in Rama to save the man's life, and it was decided to rush him to Bluefields. It was a long trip by water, but the land journey, over wretched roads, meant certain death, and although Solomon's chances were not one in a thousand it was decided to try the forlorn hope.

In a chugging launch the surgeon from Rama watched his patient incessantly and loaded him with contrivances to delay the fast approaching death, and when they arrived at Bluefields Solomon was still alive.

Upon a stretcher they bore him off toward the hospital through sun baked streets, in which a healthy man could scarce endure, and yet the tenacious spark of life glimmered.

In a little church in Bluefields Dr. William F. Thornton, of St. Louis, was being married to the daughter of an English consular official. The guests were assembled and the ceremony was about to begin when Dr. Thornton saw through the open door the little group of men carrying the stretcher, and between them the pallid, wasted face of his old friend, Solomon.

It would take much to call a man from his own wedding, but Thornton remembered his oath, and with a few hurried words to the bride and to the minister he ran from the church. Kneeling beside the stretcher he did what he could to insure the man's living until he reached the hospital, then he ran ahead to prepare for him.

Hours he worked over Solomon, cutting and tying and plying needles and instruments in what seemed frantic haste. A slight slip of a knife would mean death, but so would the delay of a fraction of a second, and it was a desperate chance at best. Just what Dr. Thornton did is subject for a technical treatise. He performed the great operation of his life, and has since lectured on it in Paris. But he saved Solomon and sent him from the operating table to the ward with multiplied chances for recovery.

Late that night when the American, bandaged and reeking of disinfectants, was unconsciously battling for existence on a soft, comfortable cot Dr. Thornton returned to the little church and was married.

Thereafter he shared the watch at Solomon's bedside with Brown, the rubber trader's partner. Tenderly as women the two men guarded the life of their friend, and the needs of every minute of day and night were promptly tended. Solomon grew stronger, but his fight had been terrific and the surgeons held out little hope.

At times he seemed to recuperate, then in a hot spell his strength would wane and death crept in close again. The eternity of torture seemed to have sapped the man's vitality, and after weeks of rest and care it looked as though there was no hope.

But ruling the broken body was a will of iron that was adding the surgeon and was finally to win.

One day while Dr. Thornton was sitting on the edge of the cot in the hospital, his eyes dimmed, and with a broken voice he said:

"Sol, old boy, I ought to tell you the truth. You've fought like seven devils, but you haven't a chance. If ever a man deserved it, you do, but I can't pull you through."

Solomon's voice was not strong and the wound in his neck marred his speech, but with an effort he replied:

"That so, Doc? Well, you watch. I'll bet you a hundred that I get out of this bed, and I'll bet you another hundred that I bury you."

Heavy of heart Thornton humored his friend, but later he paid the first bet.

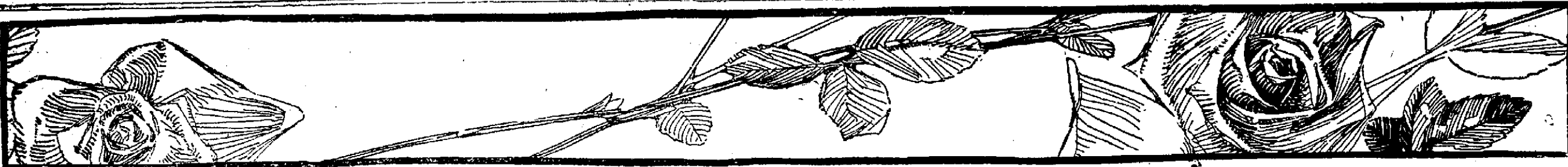
While Solomon was in the hospital a reward of \$5,000 was offered for the capture of Fernin Guerro, who had tried to murder him. That was in 1887, but for twenty years Guerro was not heard of nor seen. Then he was arrested in Culebra, where he had backed off a rubber worker's hand in a quarrel. When Solomon heard that the half breed was in jail in Wanli, he went there to press the old charge against him, but revenge was denied him.

## Escape of Guerro.

Guerro escaped while he was being transferred from Wanli. How he eluded his guards is not known. Heavily manacled, he was taken in a river boat with his jailers and chained to the thwart, but during the night he somehow gained his freedom and swam away.

Mr. Solomon, who is now general manager of the Central American Commercial Company, with headquarters in New Orleans, has made a standing offer of \$1,000 for the arrest of Guerro, but the half breed has disappeared as totally as though he were dead. Down in Rama, in a neat little house in a clean section of the city, lives the negress who probably saved Mr. Solomon's life until he reached Rama. The house was a gift from him and was accompanied by money. To Dick Martin were given a house in Torre Alto, \$100, and 300 pounds of tobacco, and Lucy McCoy, a creole who helped to nurse Solomon in Bluefields, received a house and money.

This is the story of Theophile M. Solomon, one of the wealthiest men of Nicaragua, and though his active life has been crowned with success the nightmare of torture which he endured in the early days is not a thing to forget. Often at night he wakes to feel the torturing rays of a torrid sun beating down on a mangled dream body, an anguished cry for water hovering on his lips and the sense of towering, suffocating forests rearing damply above him.



# THE WIDOW WISE

Verses by Paul West ▽ Drawings by W. H. Loomis

1—The Tegern See reposes 'mid the green Bavarian hills,  
A stylish inland watering place for folks of frocks and frills,  
And there to spend a week or so beneath the azure skies,  
We find our touring, most alluring, friend, the Widow Wise.

2—Her stay was very pleasant, and of course ere she'd been there  
A single day, she found her heart once more in Cupid's snare,  
Another handsome officer hit her affections hard—  
Lieutenant Hugo Schmickase, of Prince Lutpold's bodyguard.

3—But though he was attentive, she discovered with dismay  
She had a stubborn rival who came motoring down one day—  
The charming actress, Mitzi Klein, a fav'rite in the land,  
Who'd also set her cap to win the Herr Lieutenant's hand.

4—"Aha!" exclaimed the Widow. "Well, she's pretty, I admit,  
But when it comes to matching charms I do not yield a bit."  
And Mitzi seemed to think the same, so both plied every art  
To please the young Lieutenant's eye and captivate his heart.



5—At last the Widow thought, "Well, now the race looks close to me,  
I'll play my highest trump to-day and the result we'll see.  
I'll don my Paris bathing suit and in the lake I'll go,  
For he is most susceptible to form, they tell me so!"

6—So in a bath "machine" she went and donned her garment trim.  
"Ah, now," she thought, "it's daring, but it ought to settle him!"  
But as she started out she saw proceeding down the shore  
Fair Mitzi in the scantest garb that e'er a bather wore!

7—The Widow gazed, surprised, amazed. She blushed a ruddy rose.  
"I quit!" she cried, and bade her maid array her in her clothes.  
"Though marriage may be Paradise," she thought with downcast eyes.  
"TO ENTER IT I'LL NOT PLAY EVE!" exclaimed the Widow Wise.